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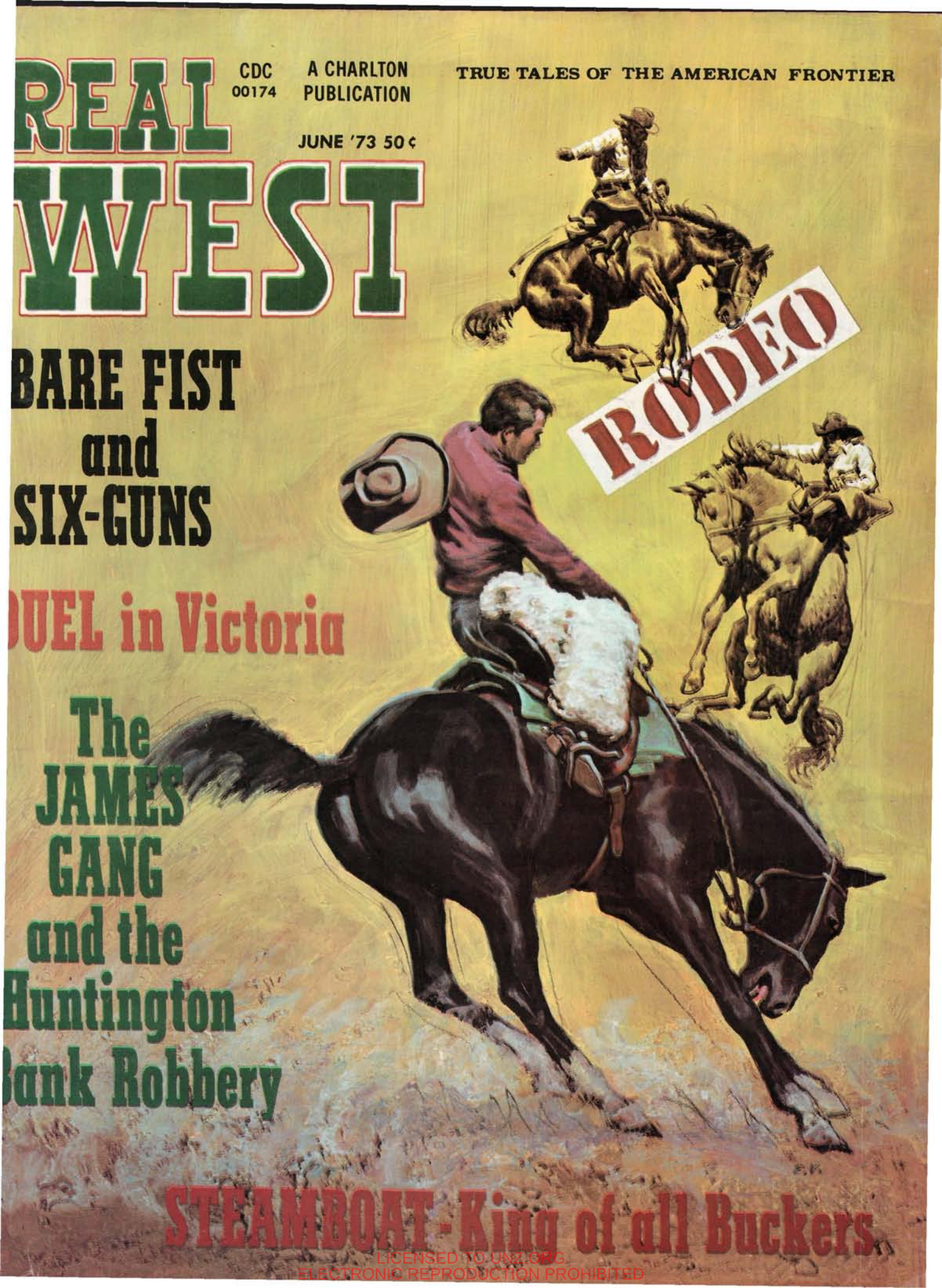

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MANAGING EDITOR/John Cofrancesco
EDITORIAL MANAGING EDITOR/Edward T. LeBlanc
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The Brand of Quality

Volume XVI
Number 116
June, 1973

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By Carl W. Breihan

●

THE BOX SUPPER RIOT
By Maurice Kildare

●

NEW MEXICO'S STOCKTON GANG
By Calico Jones

●

CUSTER'S LUCK
By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

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FABULOUS OLD CALICO LIVES AGAIN
By Harriett Farnsworth

●

HENRY M. STANLEY AND THE OLD WEST
By Xanthus Carson

●

THE BATTLE OF THE TEN DOLLAR COW
By Stephen Eastin

●

THE WEST OF ALFRED JACOB MILLER
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●

EL PASO'S DOUBLE HEADER HANGING
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●

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WILD WOOLY AND FULL OF FLEAS
By R. M. Eggleston

●

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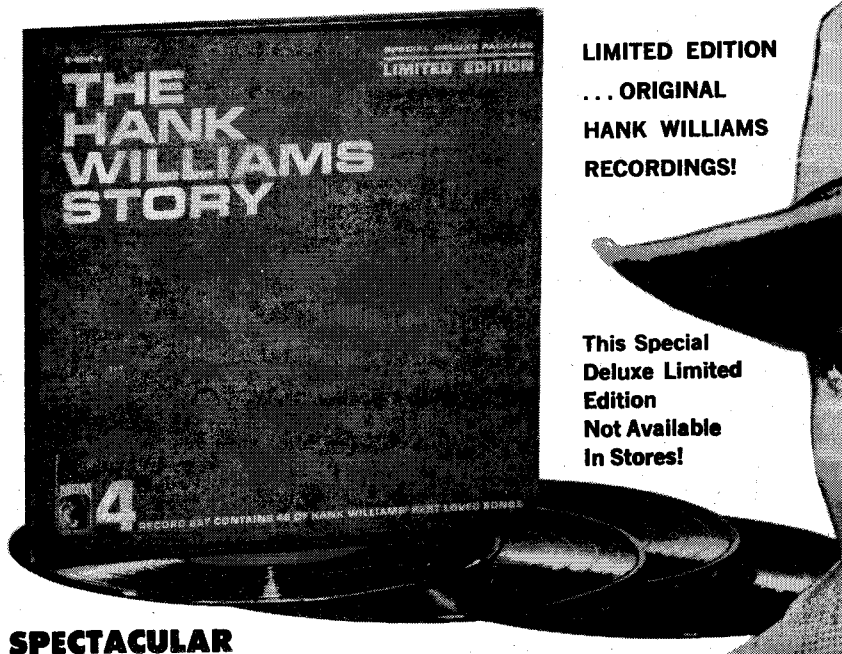

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. What can you tell me about the Indians of Colorado, about 1861, like the population of the various tribes, names, etc. J. D. Crouse, Kingman, Ariz.
A. I'm afraid the limitations of this column will not allow the space required for a substantial answer such as you obviously require. We offer two addresses to which you can write:

Department of the Interior
Bureau of Indian Affairs
Washington, D.C.

Tread of Pioneers Historical Commission
Fifth and Oak Sts.
Steamboat Springs, Col. 80477

Q. I don't know if this is the place for this question, but if it isn't, maybe you will know where I can ask. While traveling in the Southwest, I picked up some stones in a shop (sample enclosed). I would like to know from what they are made? Are they man-made? B. Cunningham, Plymouth, Wisc.
A. This is as good a place as any to ask, but since a complete answer will no doubt consist of geology, we urge you to contact the University of Wisconsin, Geology Department. Send them a sample.

Q. In your September '72 Volume XV Number 107, you wrote of Randolph Scott. I would appreciate the same type of information on John Wayne, also his mailing address or fan club address. D. Taylor, Mesa Ariz.
A. Real name Marion Michael Morrison. Born May 26, 1907, Winterset, Iowa. Brought up in California, attended Glendale High School. Won athletic scholarship to USC, was an outstanding tackle. Teammate was Ward Bond ("Wagon Train"). In 1927 director John Ford hired entire team for part in SALUTE starring George O'Brien and started long friendship with Wayne. Start in film was due to Ford's friendship. Sorry, don't have addresses.

Q. In a Western story I read recently there was a reference to a man being struck in the head and knocked out by a "bootjack". What is it? V. Trifero, Memphis, Tenn.
A. Although used as an effective weapon in your story, that is not the purpose of a bootjack. It is a metal or wood device shaped like the letter V and used for pulling off boots.

Q. Please explain the Western game "mumblety-peg". B. Connor, Urbana, Ill.
A. It isn't essentially a Western game; it was, and no doubt is, played in other parts of the country. The meaning is "mumble the peg", originating from a loser having to remove with his teeth a peg driven into the ground. Now it involves a game in which the players try to flip a knife from various positions so that the blade will stick into the ground.

Q. Does bulldogging a steer involve using your teeth on his ear? D. Roe, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
A. We don't know to what lengths enthusiastic early bulldoggers went in order to throw their steer, but bulldogging today involves the man's right arm over the steer's neck, gripping either the loose bottom skin at the base of the right horn or the animal's nose with his right hand while seizing the tip of the left horn with his left hand. The man then rises clear from the ground and, by lunging his body downward against his own left elbow, so twists the neck of the animal that the latter loses his balance and falls.

Q. Is a gelding the same thing as a steer? M. Sheean, Milwaukee, Wisc.
A. The operation is the same, but the animals are different. A gelding is a castrated male horse; a steer is a castrated male bovine (cow) animal.

Q. Why are not white horses popular in the West for use as night horses? L. Carroll, Springfield, Mo.
A. Because of a fairly popular, if erroneous, belief that white horses are more likely to be struck by lightning.

Q. What are "witch knots" in relation to horses? R. Cotter, Scranton, Pa.
A. Witch knots are caused when some object, such as a cockleburr or a twig, is caught in the hair on the mane or tail of a horse. It gradually forms a matted mass that eventually becomes so large that when it gets between the animals hind legs and swings side to side, it interferes with running.

Q. Please give me a definition of the ridiculous word "jerky" used in reference to meat. P. Deacon, Cedar Rapids, Ill.
A. It's really a mispronunciation. The original word is "charqui", from the Spanish, and means dried beef, which it is.

Q. What does the Western term "watered stock" mean and how did it get to apply to stocks and bonds? W. Barniss, Jackson, Miss.
A. According to our references, it did not originate in the West; it was first used in New York in the early 1800's, and referred to the crooked practice of denying water to your cattle until they were frantic with thirst, then allowing them to glut themselves just before going to market, making them heavier, thus bringing more per pound. It naturally was applied to a stock (Wall St. type) which is inflated for sale.

Q. My mother's brothers, four of them, owned the Good Hope Gold Mine in Arizona, also known as the Douglass Brothers Gold Mine. Would you know anything about the mine? Mrs. S. Martinez, Douglas City, Calif.
A. We regret that due to the paucity of information and the essentially local character of the subject, we cannot help you. We suggest that you forward all your information to the city government in Arizona where the mine was located. You neglected to mention this. The records of the city where the mine was, or is, located, should reveal all you wish to know.

Q. Could you give me the details of the Lincoln County War in New Mexico? C. Kinzer, Sedgwick, Kansas.
A. Yes, we could, but you can understand how it would take three or four columns, at least. We suggest you go to your library and have them obtain for you NEW MEXICO: A HISTORY OF FOUR CENTURIES, by Warren A. Beck, published 1962 by University of Oklahoma. It contains the story of the Lincoln County War.

Q. What in the world is "loco weed"? R. Sperling, Albany, Ga.
A. Locoweed, or crazyweed (from the Spanish "loco" meaning "crazy") are leguminous plants that, when eaten by horses, cattle or sheep, cause a nervous disorder called loco disease. The plants are perennials native to the West and Southwest and have pea-like flowers and pinnately compound leaves. ●RW

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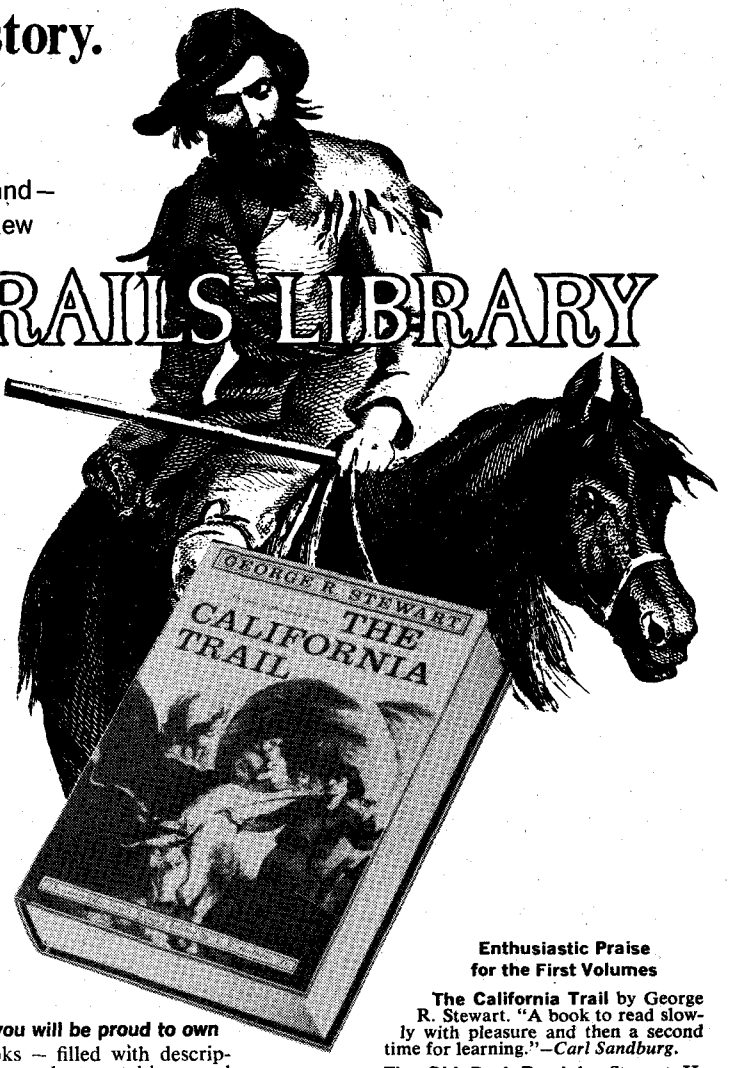

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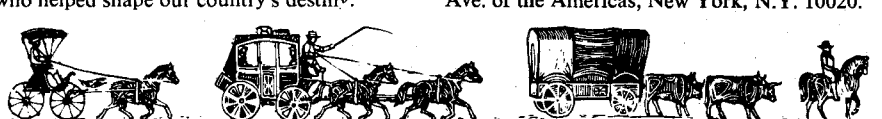

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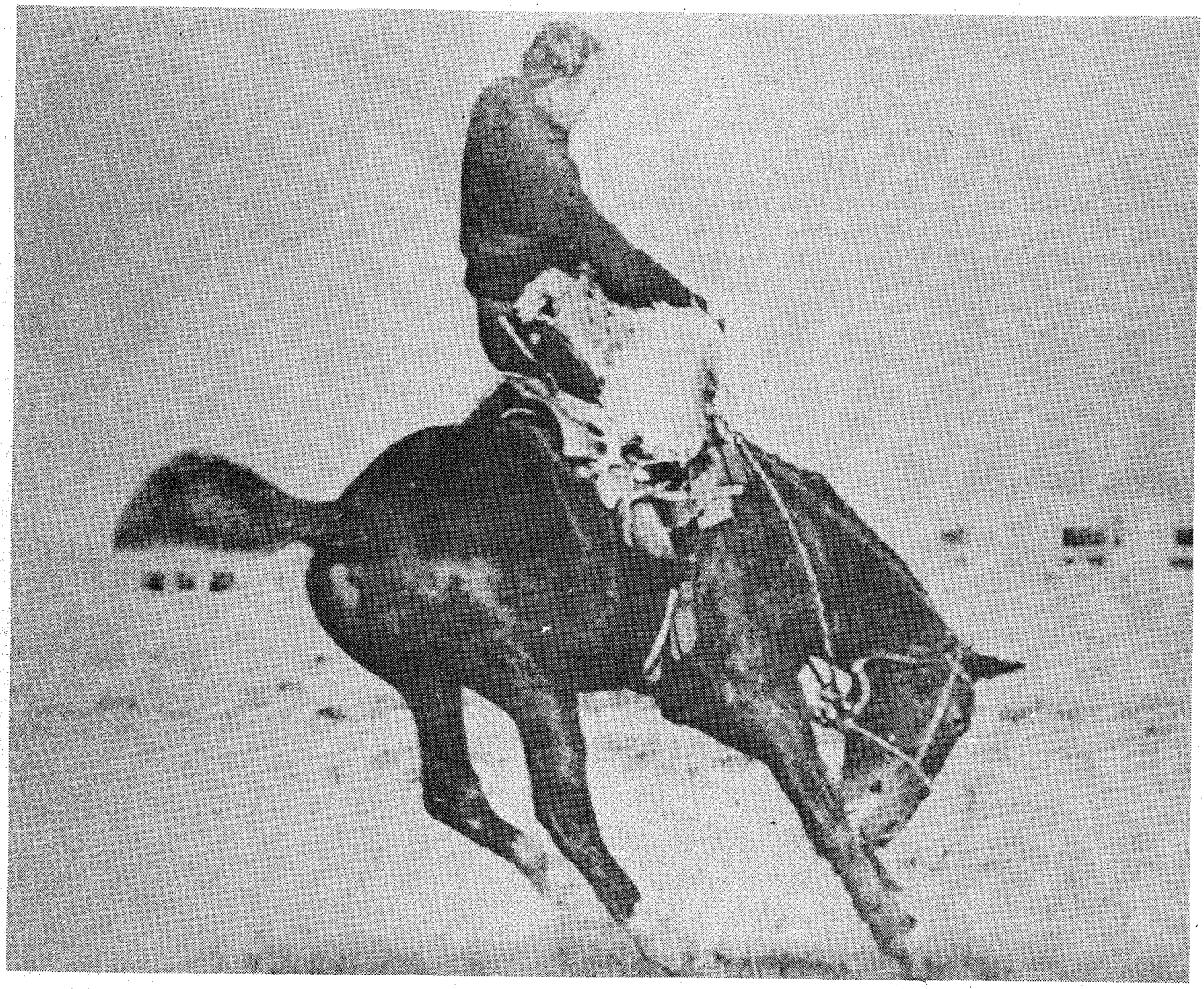
STEAMBOAT
King Of All Buckers

By Art Fee



Photos from the author's collection.

One of the great pictures of Steamboat. It was taken by Professor B. C. Buffum in 1903 at Cheyenne. Guy Holt, the rider, is in real trouble.

If we could turn the clock back 50 years or more and sit in the grandstand at Cheyenne, Wyoming, during one of those early rodeos, we would witness one of the greatest shows of all time — the riding of Steamboat, king of all bucking horses.

Steamboat unleashed thunder and lightning into any rodeo. Rough riders, cowboys, ranchers and stockmen would come from hundreds of miles away to see him perform. Artists would travel halfway around the world to try and paint his actions on canvas. Steamboat was the greatest attraction west of the Mississippi during that time. When he was led into an arena it was the high point of the show. A hush would settle over the crowd, men's cigarettes would go out, women would appear slightly pale and children would cuddle close to their parents.

When the rider mounted and the blindfold was pulled, Steamboat would explode into a cyclone of fast bucking, high plunging, end swapping, hard kicking, sunfishing, twisting and wicked gyrations that have never been equalled. His rider either hit the dust or won another championship if he could stay on top without having to pull leather.

For 15 years Steamboat traveled the rodeo circuit and reigned as the undisputed king of the buckers — in a day when bronc riding and horse breaking was a popular occupation. Here are a few statements by some of the greatest riders of the day concerning the great horse. (These riders were the world's best, world cham-

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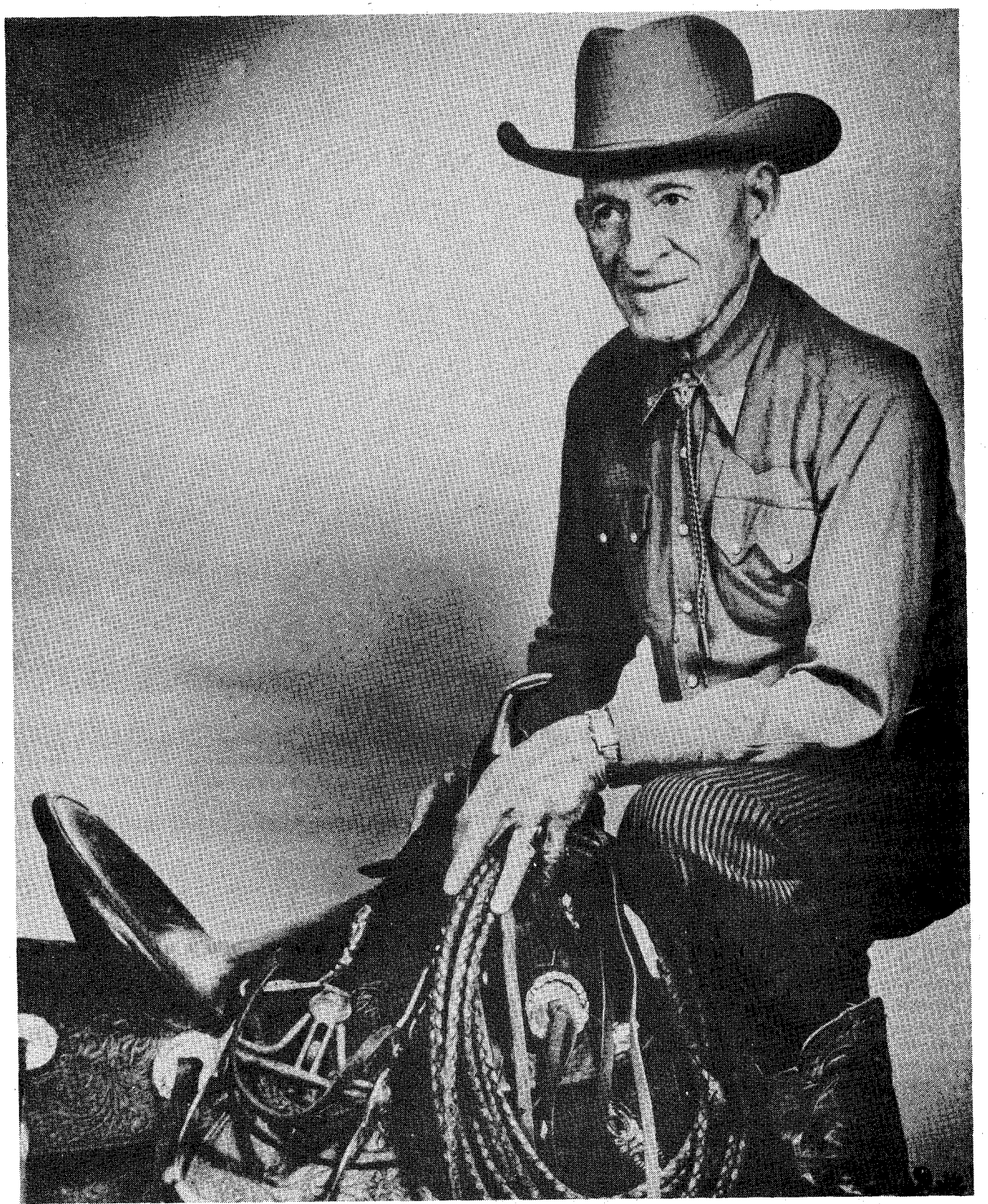

The late Clayton Danks, known as the grand old man of Wyoming. Twice Clayton won the World's Champion Saddle Bronc Riding Contest, both times on Steamboat.

pions and contenders for the world's championship).

Jake Manning said, "I have done nothing but ride bucking horses all my life. For nine years I have followed the rodeo, and I can conscientiously say Steamboat was the hardest bucking horse I was ever on. I never rode a horse that was any comparison to him as a true, hard-bucking horse. After riding Steamboat I was unable to eat anything for several days."

M. E. Cartnell: "Steamboat had everything a bucking horse could have — speed, strength, crooked jumps, and when he hit the ground he really jolted you. One of the great surprises of my life was when I found myself in the saddle at the end of the ride."

Jimmy Danks, the rider who named him: "Steamboat bucked like a demon. He was the hardest bucking horse I have ever rode, and he

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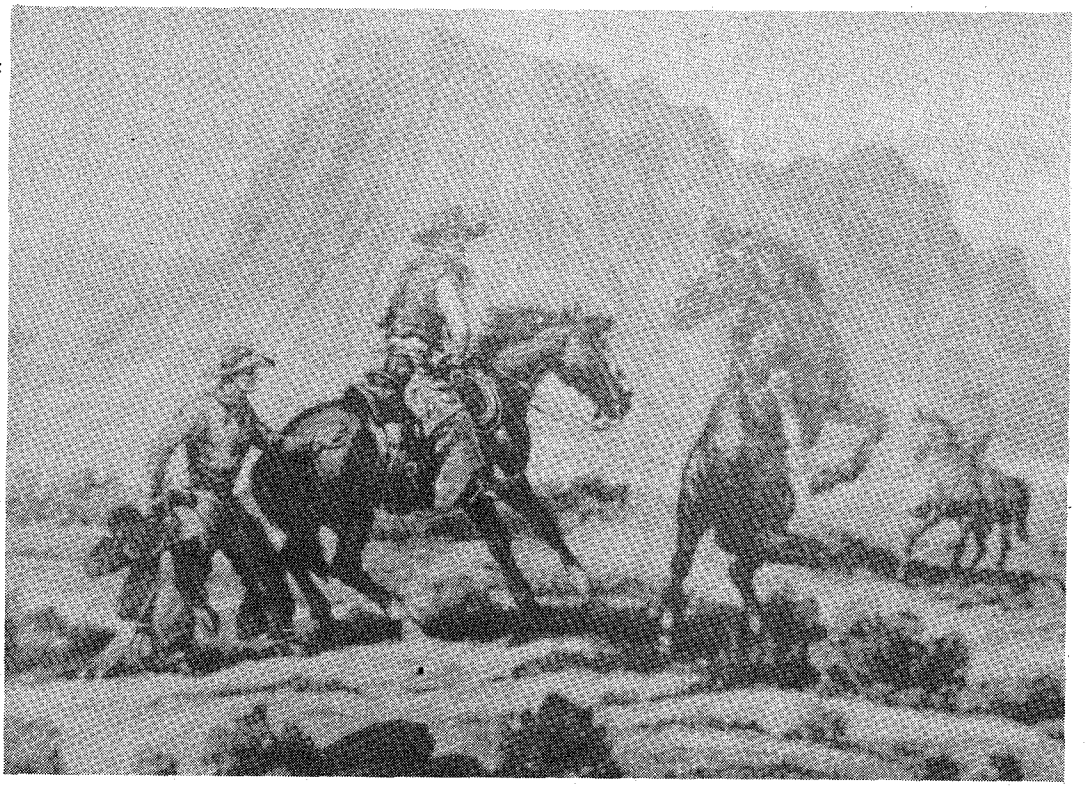
Artists came from around the world to get a glimpse of Steamboat. The picture above painted by an unknown artist shows Clayton Danks and his brother, Jimmy, saddling Steamboat.



became worse as he grew older."

Joe Cahill: "Old Steamboat, in my opinion, was in a class by himself. When his front feet hit the ground the saddle was usually empty."

I knew the late Clayton Danks very well. We both lived in Lander, Wyoming then. Clayton was one of the world's truly great riders. Twice he won the world's saddle bronc riding championship and both times on Steamboat. I said to him, "Clayton, as one bronc rider to another, tell me what was there about Steamboat that made him such a hard-bucking horse to ride?"

"Art, I can truly say I have rode all the great buckers of my day. I would travel miles to get a chance to ride a good bucker. That's how I happened to find out Steamboat was such a great horse. My brother, Jimmy, told me about him being such bad medicine. I can say without question I have ridden all the worst bucking horses of my time. Among some of the best were Rocking Chair, Teddy Roosevelt — he was bad, and I think I would rate him next to Steamboat. Then there was Sand Creek, Airplane, and Arch Bishop, but none of them compared to Steamboat — he was in a class by himself. In my books he will always rank as the world's greatest bucker."

"But Clayton," I asked, "How can you say that, you never rode Trail's End, Midnight, or Miss Kalama."

"You're right," he replied, "but I was judge at the Cheyenne Rodeo from 1908 to 1930 and I've judged a lot of other big rodeos since then. I have tallied the great riders and the great horses such as Yellow Fever, Midnight, Hell's Angel, Five Minutes to Midnight, Chief Tyie, Miss Kalama and many others, but I still maintain

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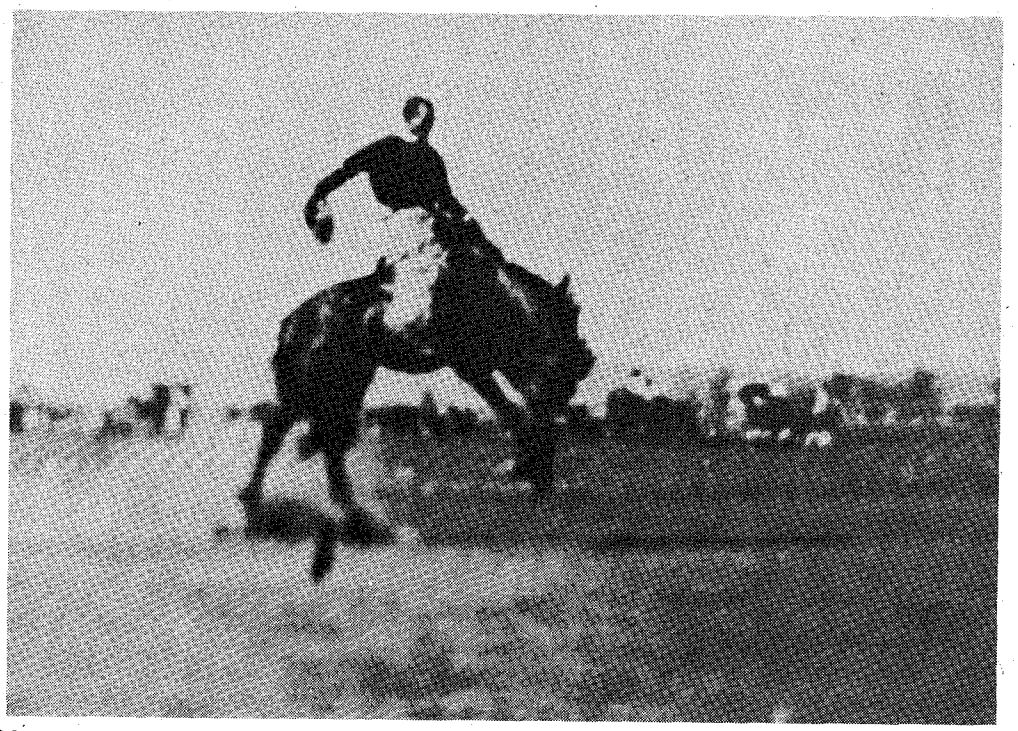

Clayton Danks on Steamboat, 1904. He won first money on this ride at Lander, Wyoming. From an old snapshot.

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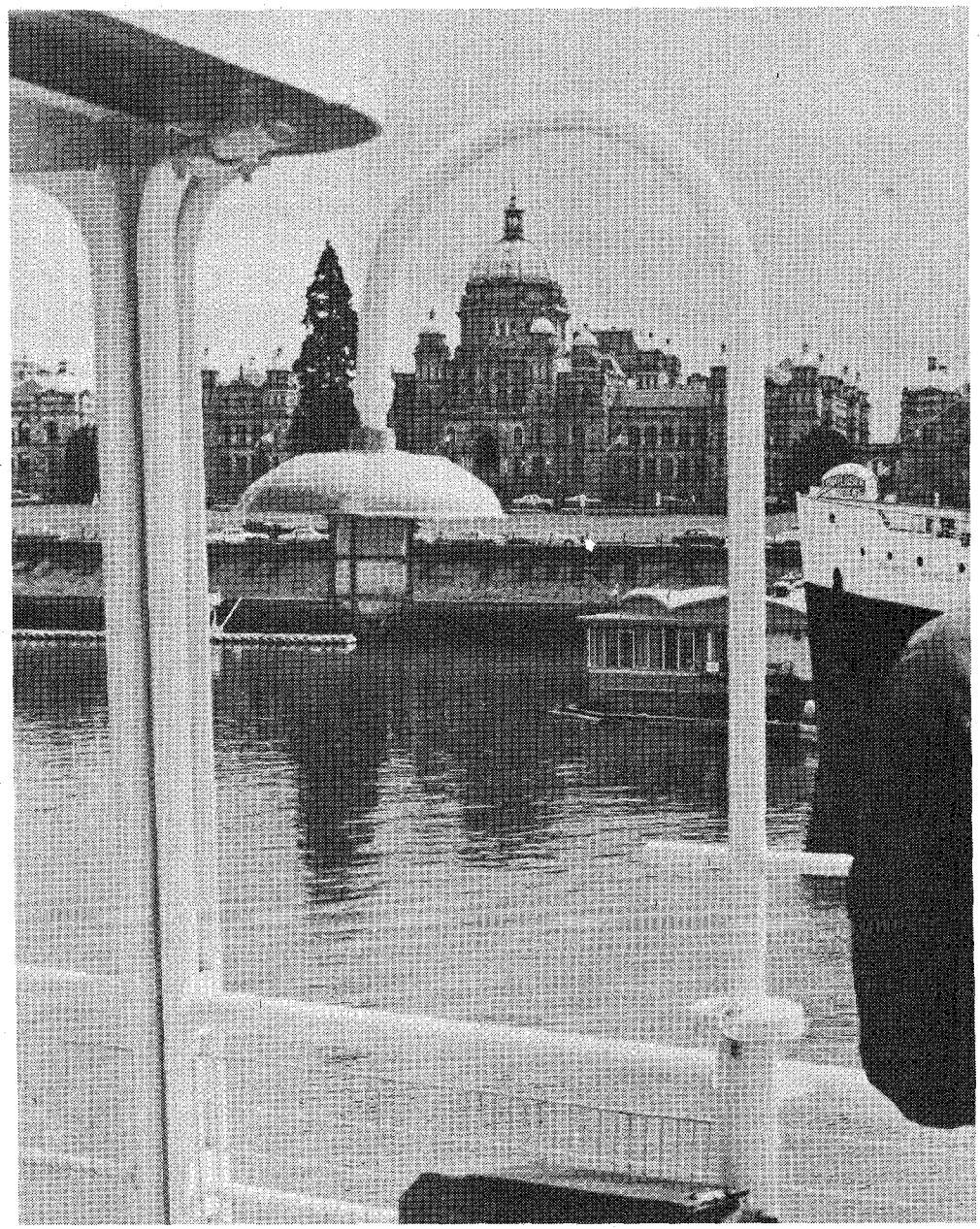
DUEL IN VICTORIA

By T.W. Paterson

The first shoot-out the young reporter saw in Victoria, British Columbia in July, 1858, was between two Englishmen and it ended in death for the one who didn't deserve to die.



British Columbia Provincial Archives

Where Victoria's imposing Parliament Buildings now stand, an army of adventurers camped a century ago.

From Fraser River tent-town, to condemned murderer's cell, to legislative "birdcage": such was the fascinating — offbeat — news beat of pioneer journalist David Williams Higgins. For almost half a century, this stocky, genial newsman covered much of the province; first in the role of frustrated prospector, then as reporter, editor and publisher; finally, as legislative member and Speaker of the House.

Throughout those tumultuous years of British Columbia's infancy, Higgins had been on the scene, pen in hand, to record all the news fit to print: the topical, the trivial, the political and pathetic — the thousand and one events, large and small, which occurred during that exotic era of a century and more ago when a flash of yellow on a Cariboo riverbank changed the course of Canadian — and, to a considerable degree, American — history.

Halifax-born, Higgins landed in the outpost of Fort Victoria after a roundabout journey which had taken all of 20 years. Reason for the delay, even considering the difficulties of transportation, was the fact that his exodus had begun as a child, his family moving to Brooklyn where he first enrolled in school. At the age of 18 he was

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British Columbia Provincial Archives

Pioneer journalist D. W. Higgins witnessed vigilantes in action in San Francisco, then lost a shipmate

on his own, a young publisher answering the call of adventure which drew him irresistibly, like tens of thousands of others, to San Francisco.

But even his own fledgling newspaper, the *Morning Call,* could not keep him there when the magic cry of "Gold!" resounded from distant Cariboo, the New Eldorado. Thus it was, after a memorable stay in California, that the 22-year-old scribe headed northward to Victoria and to Cariboo.

During his stay in the Bay City, Higgins had enjoyed a frontrow seat in the brawling arena that was San Francisco during this period. As one historian has noted, Higgins, "from the moment he landed in the west ... seemed to have the knack of meeting extraordinary people in extraordinary situations." As an example of those lusty days, Higgins could recall such minor occurrences as the murders, muggings and armed robberies which finally moved the vigilantes to end the reign of terror by commencing a bloody cleanup campaign. This they accomplished through such harsh measures as summarily hanging the likes of editor James King's murderer — from the window sill of their upper story headquarters.

Ironically, Higgins' arrival in Victoria proved to be almost as violent. For, among the 1,200 passengers who rowed ashore from the steamer *Sierra Nevada* one July morning in 1858, was a desperado named Liverpool Jack. At least three illustrious souls have shouldered this title in Victoria's history; by far the worst being the first. This worthy, a San Francisco "bad man," immediately endeared himself to residents of the booming colony by challenging a fellow passenger, and friend of Higgins', to a duel — the one and only such contest in provincial lore.

Forty years after, Higgins recalled that hazardous passage up the Pacific coast in a decrepit steamer so packed with human cargo that every last square foot of deck space, the saloon and passageways had been pressed into use as sleeping accommodation. Men, women and children sprawled on bedrolls, or on no more mattress than the clothes they wore "in the abandon of despair and hopelessness," as seasickness plagued all but a fortunate handful.

Higgins' finances had allowed him the comparative luxury of sharing a stateroom with but two others: George Wright, who was to become a successful British Columbia businessman, and a young Englishman named George Sloane. Fresh from college, the latter amused himself by displaying his knowledge of Greek, Latin and poetry.

The adjoining stateroom had been occupied by two Americans and a second young Englishman, known to his fellow passengers as John Liverpool, or Liverpool Jack. Unlike his countryman, Sloane, Liverpool's pastime consisted of smoking and tipping back a demijohn of brandy, which was his constant companion. Once primed, he would entertain the few not suffering from seasickness with anecdotes of his rollicking career, Higgins heartily joining in the laughter. Aboard a ship which was overcrowded to the point of suffocation, without adequate sanitation facilities, with little food — and that of wretched quality — Liverpool's wealth of stories proved to be a Godsend, allowing Higgins and company to forget — at least temporarily — the stench and discomfort of their surroundings.

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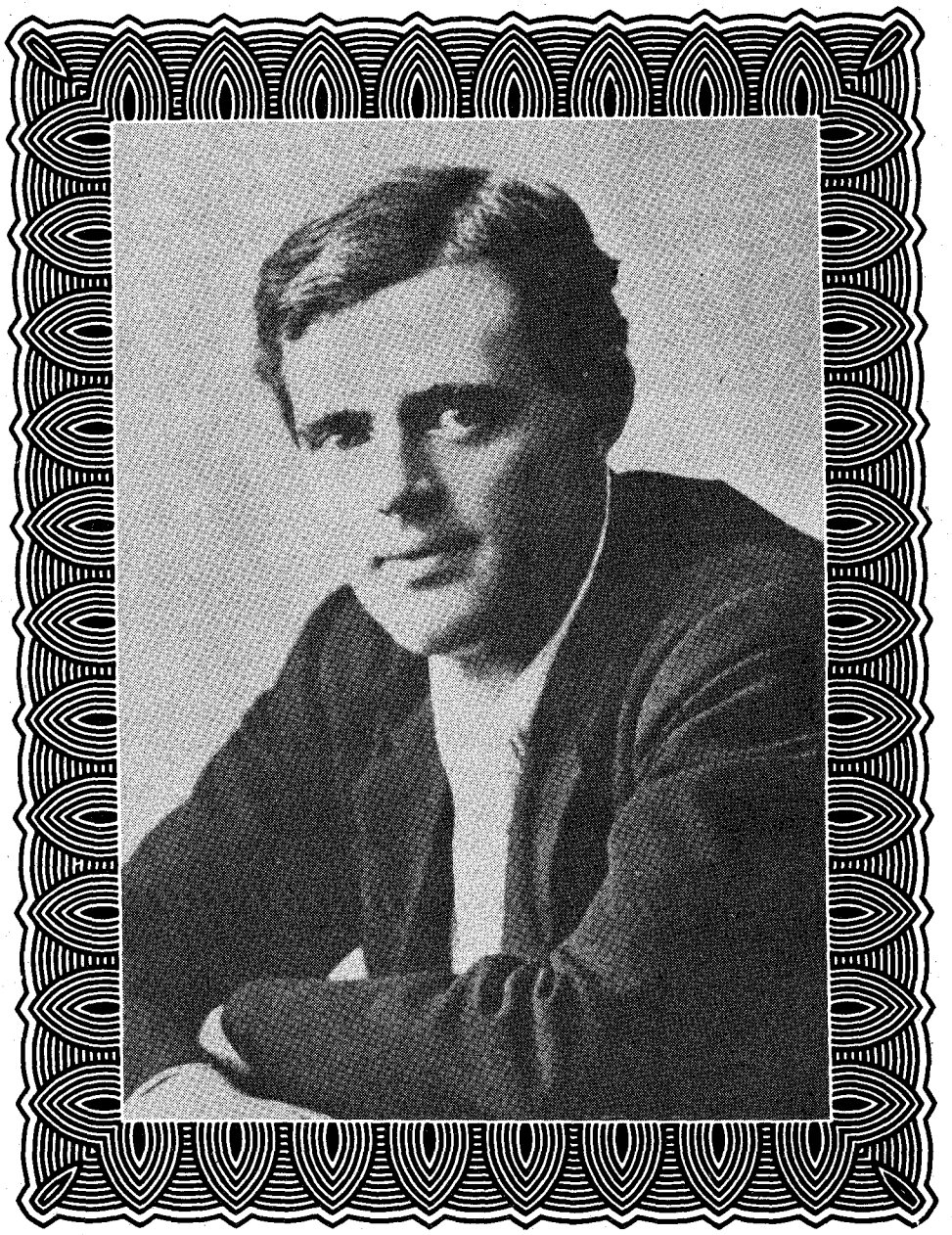
JACK LONDON In The KLONDIKE

by Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger

Jack London was 21 years old when he sailed on the UMATILLA for Juneau in July, 1897. Among other things he wrote about was a 2,500 mile journey down the Yukon in a rowboat. Young Jack London saw it all and millions enjoyed his great books about the Klondike.



Bancroft Library, Univ of California at Berkeley.

Jack London spent a year roaming the Klondike. It was there he found himself, "It was in the Klondike I found myself. There nobody talks. Everybody thinks. You get your true perspective. I got mine."

"Oakland, Calif.
Sept. 17, 1898

"Dear Sir:

"I have returned from a year's residence on the Klondyke, entering the country by way of Dyea and Chilcoot Pass. I left by way of St. Michaels, thus making altogether a journey of 2,500 miles on the Yukon in a small boat. I have sailed and traveled quite extensively in other parts of the world and have learned to seize upon that which is interesting, to grasp the true romance of things, and to understand the people I may be thrown amongst.

"I have just completed an article of 4,000 words, describing the trip from Dawson to St. Michaels in a rowboat. Kindly let me know if there would be any demand in your columns for it — of course, thoroughly

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Bancroft Library, Univ of California at Berkeley.

Cole School in Oakland, California in 1877. Jack London at age 11, last boy in third row from the top.

understanding that the acceptance of the manuscript is to depend upon its literary and intrinsic value.

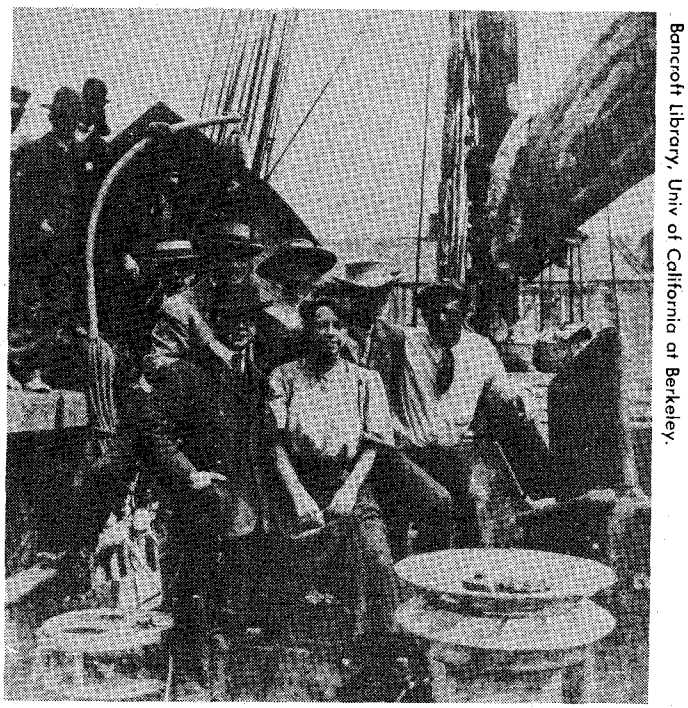
"Yours very respectfully,
"Jack London."

This was the first letter ever written to an editor by Jack London, the moody genius whose powerful stories of the Klondike were soon to make literary and western history. As a part of the great rush that swept into the bleak northern country in 1897, the young man from Oakland saw and heard enough to furnish him with material to last a lifetime, and in the process of recording his impressions, became one of the legends himself.

It was a young Jack London who left San Francisco on July 25, 1897, boarding the UMATILLA for Juneau. At 21, he had already lived more and suffered greater hardships than many men of 50. Born in San Francisco on January 12, 1876, to Flora Wellman, he never knew who his real father was, although his mother had been living with an astrologer named "Professor" Chaney. They were never married, but a few months after her boy's birth, Flora did marry John London, a kind-hearted widower with several motherless children.

The years that followed brought frequent poverty and other misfortunes, many of them caused by the erratic, demanding behavior of Flora London, who was a poor mother, an indifferent wife, and a scatterbrained business manager, but insisted on interfering in her husband's business enterprises anyway. The results were frequent failures, a turbulent household, and a very unstable home.

Given such a background and such a mother, who seemed to care little for his welfare, Jack London appeared to have had small hopes for the future. However, he was gifted in other ways. He was an



Bancroft Library, Univ of California at Berkeley.

On board the Snark, Jack London at far right. Woman in front is the second Mrs. London.

appealing, handsome boy, with excellent health and a full measure of ambition. Combined with these qualities were a kind of artistic sense and great intellectual power. He discovered his mind when he first stepped hesitantly into the public library in Oakland, where a kindly librarian took an interest in the poor lad, and began to save books for him, adventure books, which he loved.

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So between school, which he attended erratically and jobs that paid 10¢ an hour — any jobs he could find, from the cannery to the laundry — Jack London the boy lost himself in books. Almost everything he earned went home to his mother, but he dreamed of the day when he could leave the grubby world he was born to, and really begin to live.

In the extremity of his circumstances, Jack London's wild adventures are believable, if amazing. Having decided early in life that he was going to push his way upward somehow, he thought he saw his first chance at the age of 15. Borrowing money from Mammy Jenny, the affectionate black woman who had nursed him as a baby and was always his devoted and loyal friend, Jack bought a boat from a Barbary Coast tough, and became an oyster pirate, stealing from the oyster beds at night, and boldly selling his loot to San Francisco hotels and restaurants. Along with the boat came a prostitute, nearly as young as himself, so Jack London, at 15, had a boat, a mistress, and a trade, lucrative if chancy. When he tired of it all, he switched his way of life as easily as flipping a coin, and became a member of the dreaded Fish Patrol, whose job it was to hunt down oyster pirates.

Other adventures followed, including those of a seaman and a hobo, but all roads somehow seemed to lead back to 10¢-an-hour jobs.

So when the EXCELSIOR steamed into San Francisco on July 14, 1897, full of successful Klondike miners and their gold, it took just 11 days for Jack to be ready to sail, with $1500 borrowed from his stepsister, Eliza Shepard, and her husband, J. H. Shepard, along for the ride. Jack was a carefree bachelor at the time.

On the boat going north, he fell in with three other men, and they decided to be partners. When Shepard, who was 60 years old, decided that he was not equal to the trip and returned home, Jack went on with his new friends. One of the men, a slim, red-bearded young fellow named Thompson, kept a log of their travels.

It was an eight-day trip to Juneau at $25 per man for steerage passage. The next leg of the journey gave them a taste of what was to come, as they left Juneau on August 8th for Dyea, traveling the Lynn Canal aboard canoes paddled by local Indians. The distance of 150 miles took only two days to cover, but was followed by ten days of grueling portage over rough ground to the foot of the fearful Chilkoot Pass, a 3600-foot mountain only ¾ of a mile up - nearly straight up. All their goods had to be carried on their backs, as the trail was too steep for pack animals. Indian porters were expensive, so numerous trips were required to do the job, over slippery rocks and mudholes in the oppressive, buggy heat of a northern summer. Jack peeled off all his clothes down to his long red woolen underwear, and sweated and cursed his way up, racing with the Indians at times just for fun. Gold-hunting in this country was a young man's game.

The Chilkoot Pass was not the end, but only the beginning of the long, arduous trip to Dawson in Canada's Yukon Territory. By the end of August, the four men had finished packing their gear to the summit, and proceeded to make a boat, in which to run the lakes and rapids they would encounter. They crossed Lake Lindeman and Lake Bennett successfully in their homemade craft, which they called the YUKON BELLE, and suddenly found themselves being whirled along through the high walls of Miles Canyon, the wild water of Squaw Rapids, and into the boiling mass of Whitehorse Rapids, so called because the frothy water looked like prancing white horses. As skilled as he was at the tiller, Jack lost control of the boat. He wrote about it later:

"A cross current caught our stern and we began to swing broadside. Then we jumped into the whirlpool ...

"... we were traveling at racehorse speed ... From every quarter the water came aboard, threatening to swamp us. The YUKON BELLE headed directly for the jagged left bank, and though I was up against the steering sweep until it cracked, I could not turn her nose downstream.

" ... It was all happening so quickly, that I for the first time realized I was trying to buck the whirlpool. Like a flash I was bearing against the opposite side of the sweep. The boat answered, at the same time following the bent of the whirlpool, and headed upstream ...

"Though tearing like mad through a whirlpool, we breathed freer ... and safely landed in a friendly eddy below."

Jack London was always susceptible to a woman's charms, so he stayed around long enough to help a Mrs. Ret and her husband bring their boat through the rapids, too. Then he and his partners continued on their journey toward Dawson.

By now it was September 26, and the weather was already bitter cold. The snow had begun to fly, an ominous warning to these "cheechakos" or greenhorns that they must soon find shelter for the winter. When the big freeze came to the far north country, temperatures dipped to 50° below zero, and stayed there for months.

After successfully running the rapids, the adventurers didn't expect to have any more trouble with water transport, but they hadn't reckoned on Lake Laberge, a broad sheet 30 miles across, swept by bitter winds and filled with water that was as cold as barely melted ice. The shores hung high above the lake on precipitous cliffs, and the terrible sight of boats capsizing and men drowning was common.

Jack London and his friends made the trip across Lake Laberge with difficulty, but safely. It took almost a week to do it, with many stops, and when they finally touched the opposite shore, the snow was coming down again persistently. They struggled on toward Dawson, and were only 80 miles away when they stumbled upon a group of abandoned cabins on an island in the Stewart River. Here was snug shelter, with plenty of firewood all around. It was decided that they could do no better than to winter here, as Dawson would probably have nothing to compare with such sturdy, free accommodations.

The real name of this deserted place was "Upper Island," but in the Klondike Stampede it had taken on a curious new name, "Split-Up Island." It seemed that this particular spot was the one point where many partners, who had stuck together through countless hardships, couldn't stand the sight of each other for another minute, and would split their outfits and go their separate ways. They would sometimes become fanatical in their desire to divide everything exactly equally, so that a Mountie once found two men trying to saw a frying pan in half. He offered to solve the problem by throwing the pan into the river, which satisfied both parties.

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Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco.

A close-up view of a hydraulic "Monitor" in use near Yuba City, California.

HYDRAULIC MINING:

When the small placer miner could no longer scratch a living out of the creek any more and there was no gold to be found in the mines, the miners thought the Mother Lode was gone! Then, in 1852, in California, hydraulic mining was first employed. Powerful "water-guns" ripped away the hillsides exposing new supplies of rich ore.

It came as a surprise to every one, even the argonauts themselves, when the newspapers late in 1851 reported "the Mother Lode is played out." They even reported ghost towns on the Yuba River.

The hills of gold were gone! The small placer miner could not scratch the gold from the surface any more. All the rich deposits were gone, cleaned out by the thousands of men who had streamed to California in 1849 and 1850.

These mines which counted were now so poor a man could not pan enough dust in one day to even pay for his food. All these men could do now was abandon their pans, cradles, and Long Tom's and try "booming".

Booming or gouging consisted of letting the water do the work of clearing away the unwanted gravel and sediment. A dam was built and the water diverted through the area being mined; the water carried away the lighter material downstream, leaving the gold-bearing gravel easily accessible to be worked by one of the other methods of placer mining. This success of booming brought about the invention of hydraulic mining or the use of water under pressure.

It is claimed by some historians that water was first used at Yankee Jim's in 1852, but it is also said a Frenchman named Anthony Chabot used the hydraulic method without a nozzle at Buckeye Hill, near Nevada City, at about the same time. Hydraulic mining was a California innovation, and was actually first employed, complete with the gun-like nozzle in March, 1852 by Edward E. Matteson, a Connecticut Yankee.

John Payne, a carpenter, and Joe Wood also tried

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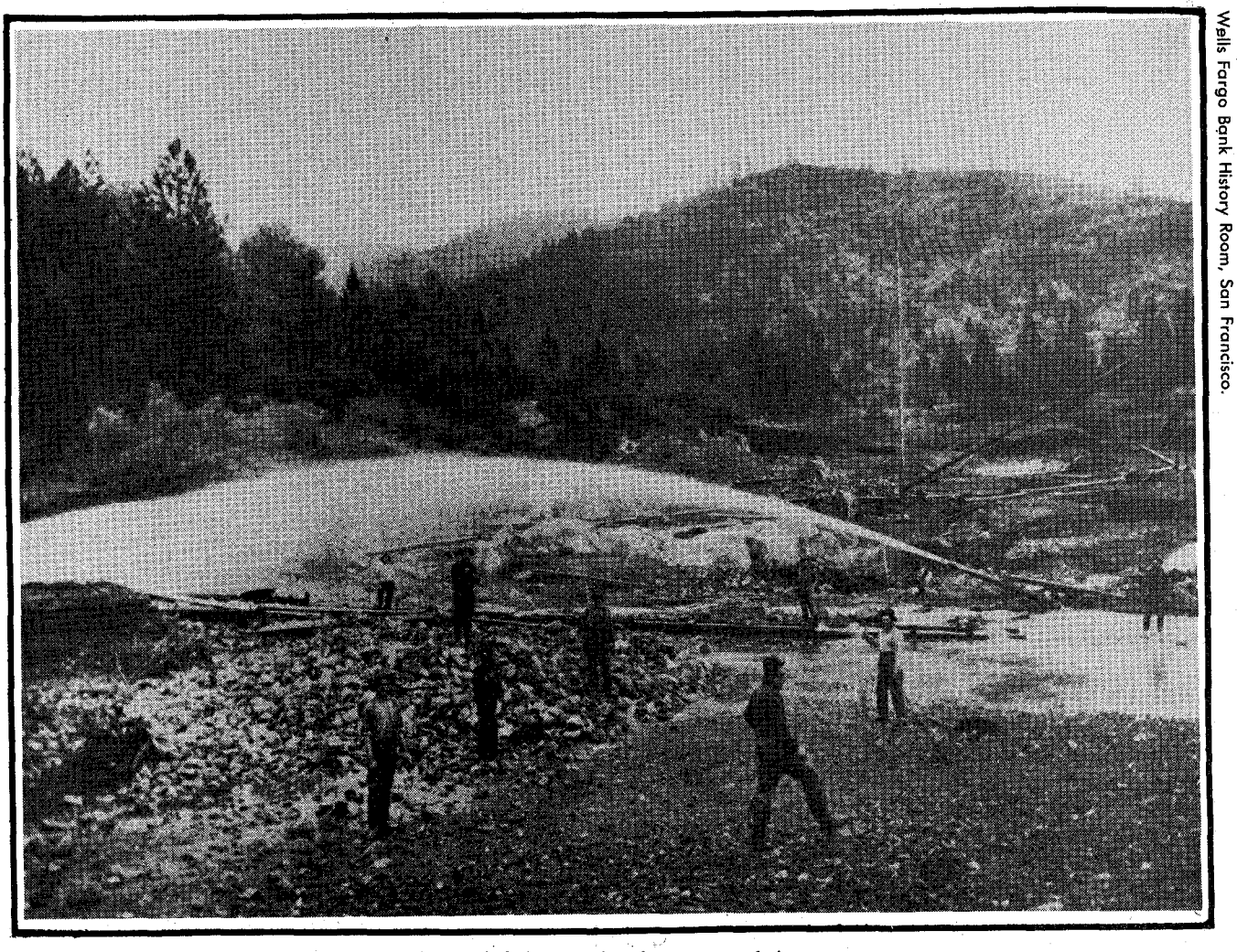

Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco.

The hillside is being left barren by the action of these water cannons

Havoc on a Hillside

By Cy Martin

hydraulic mining a few weeks later. They damned up a small stream and brought the water down in a square wood box-like pipe to the crude nozzle. When they played the water against the gold bearing gravels, the resulting slurry was carried into their Long Tom washing. These two, along with Matteson, found out they could "wash out" a fortune from a once worthless mine.

Matteson used a very simple and more efficient operation, as might be expected from his New England heritage. A small volume of water was carried through a canvas hose and spewed forth through a very primitive home-made nozzle (cannon) of sheet metal. Word spread quickly and the enterprising miners saw the possibilities of hydraulicking, and made their procedures more and more sophisticated. Iron pipe and good hoses replaced the leaky canvas ones and big nozzles were cast with fanciful names such as Monitor and Giant.

The real secret to hydraulicking was a constant source of water under pressure. Some of the big nozzles were nine inches in diameter and required 30,000 gallons of water a minute. To get the water to the mining sites, extremely expensive systems of flumes and ditches were dug. The water line always came into the mining area at a high elevation, so that a natural drop of 100 to 400 feet would generate enough force to build the high pressure needed at the nozzle.

The power of the hydraulic nozzle is almost unbelievable. The force compares with turning a modern fire hose on a sand pile or a bank of snow. Whole mountains were devoured in a single day, with the trash gravels rushing down through the sluices and out into monstrous piles of waste. It was this waste or "slickin's" which led to the final downfall of hydraulic mining. The waste clogged the rivers and was carried down into the farmlands where it caused floods, disrupted farming and even colored San Francisco Bay a dull brown. With pick and shovel mining, comparatively moderate amounts of dirt and gravel were disrupted. This would discolor the streams for only a short distance, and then the refuse was deposited along the course of the rivers and soon forgotten.

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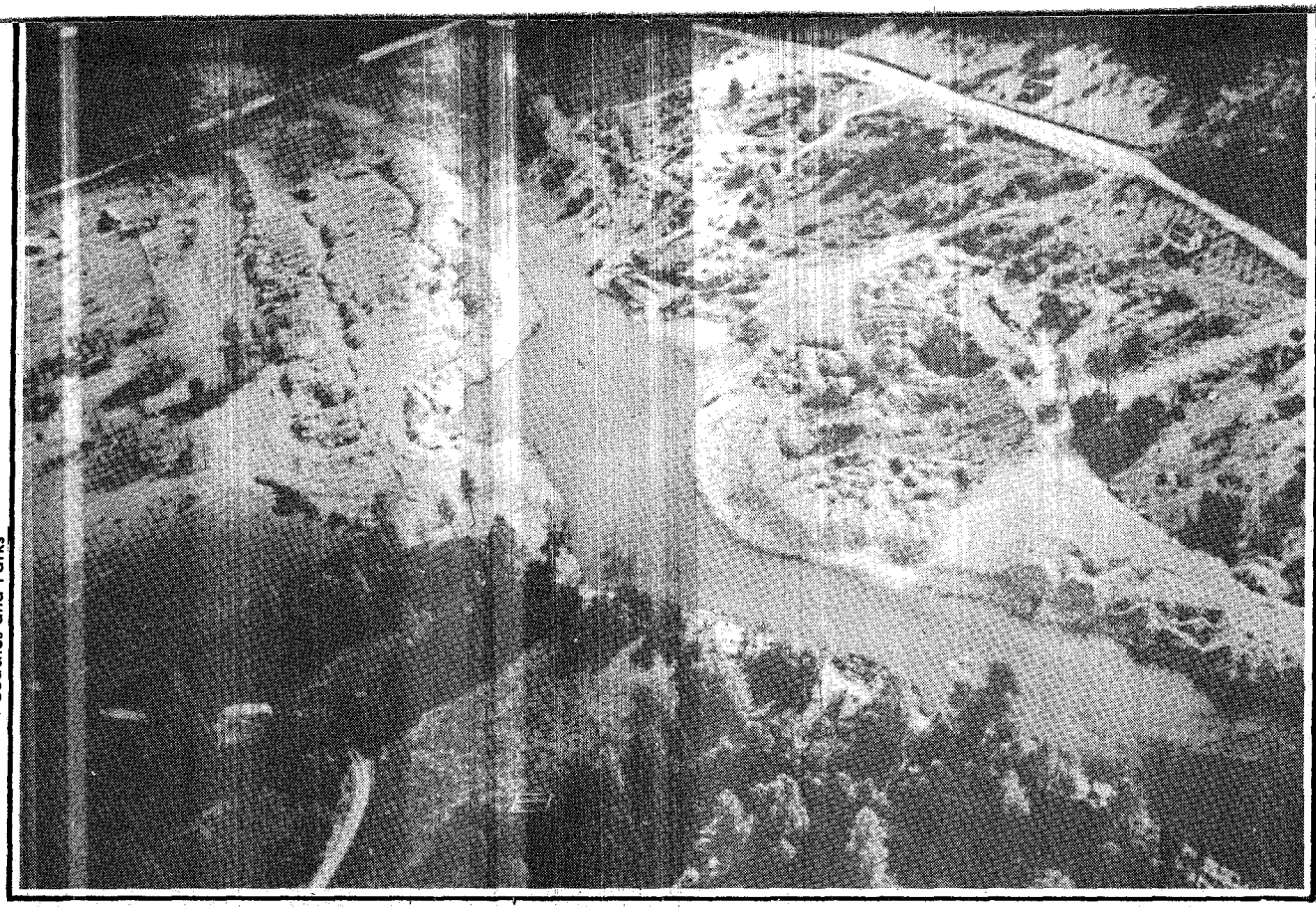
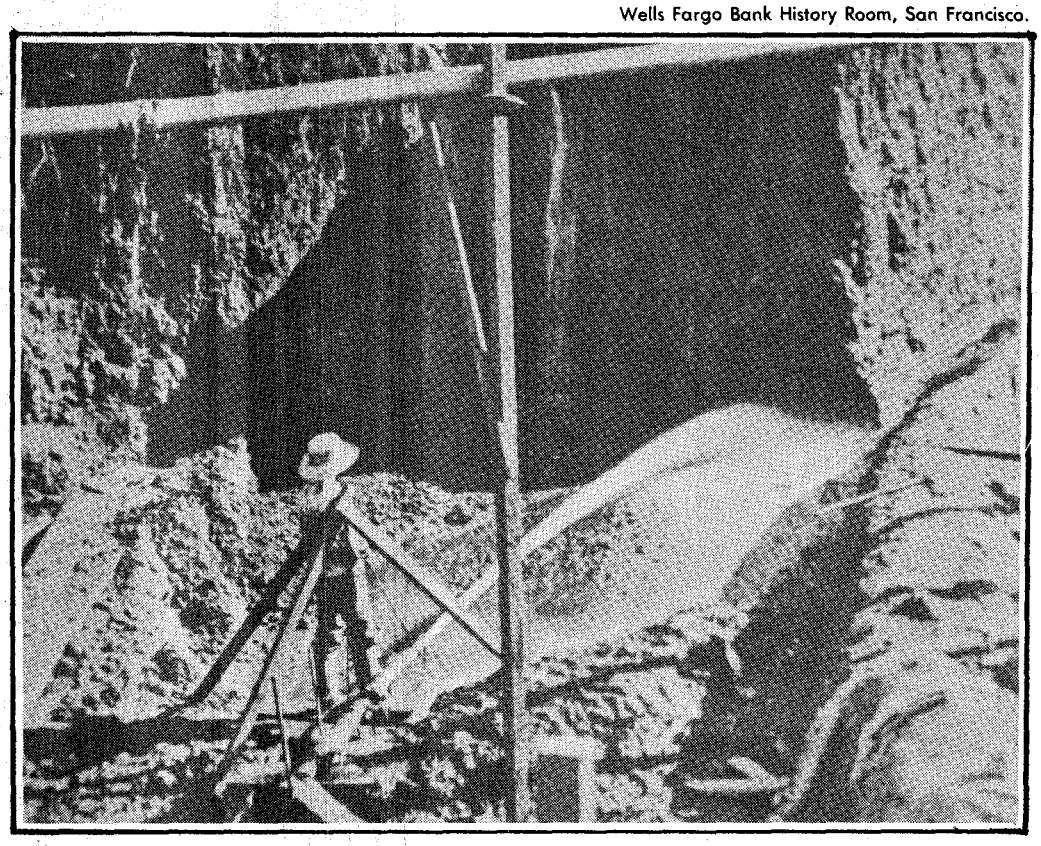


California Division of Beaches and Parks

Aerial view of the havoc created by the old placer workings near Coloma, California.

Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco.



Spraying water at the base of a cliff using a high pressure water cannon.

The whole hydraulic process was so simple; one can hardly call it an "invention." There is evidence to show other people in other times gave thought to the possibilities of a stream of water under pressure. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, says the miners of his day created artificial waterfalls for breaking up gold-bearing gravel. The South Americans in Brazil were known to use similar methods and one southern historian claims the first use of hydraulics was in North Carolina in the 1830's. But it was the Connecticut Yankee, Matteson, who started the havoc on the hillsides of California, since he made the process known to the other miners.

The Mother Lode is equal in area to the whole of New England, and everywhere throughout this great land area gold was present. In most

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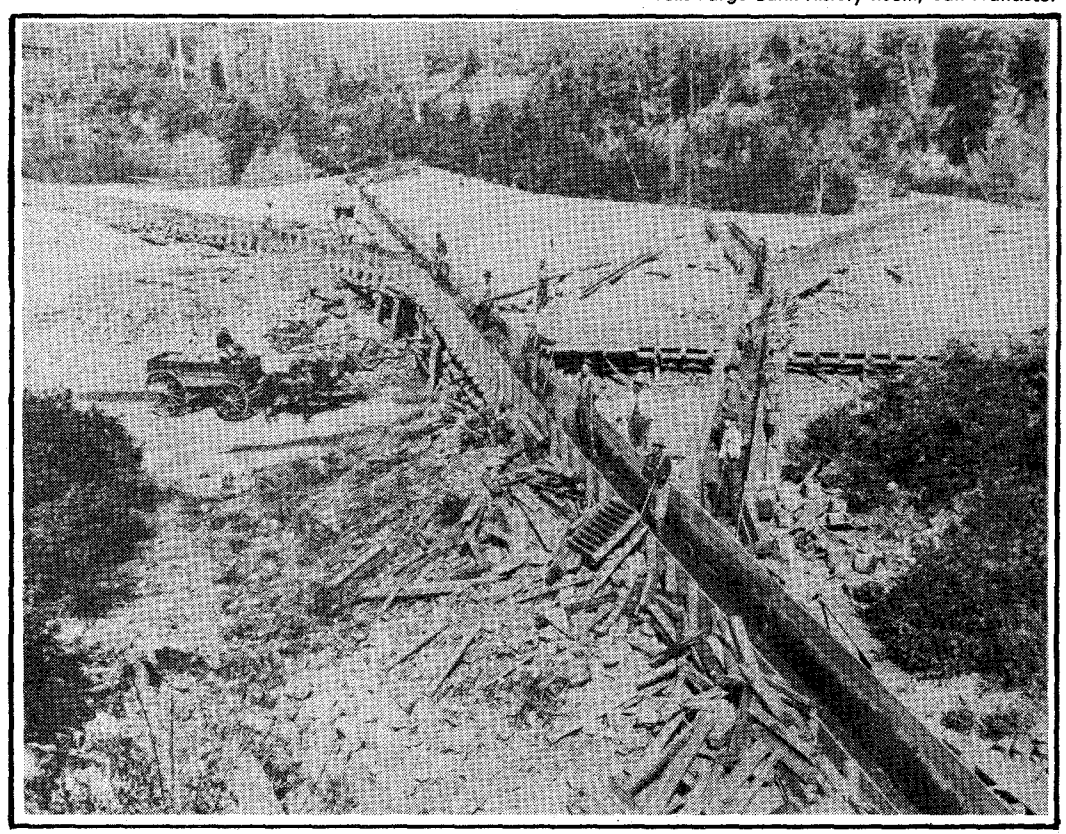
Public Archives of Canada

Before the hydraulic mines began operation, pay dirt was washed for gold in a box-like rocker, over a wooden trough from which water could be scooped again. This is a group of miners in the far north and is typical of the rocker operation.

Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco.

A "Long Tom" sluice box in action in Butte County, California near Brownsville.



places the amount was so small it did not pay for the working. Some improved process was needed which would handle a great amount of gravel. It was in the hydraulic the miner found precisely what he was seeking. With a sluice he could wash large quantities of dirt at low cost. Now he knew a cheap way of preparing the gravel and dirt for it.

A government report of 1854 stated: "The man with the rocker might wash one cubic yard of earth in a day; with the Tom he might average two yards; with the sluice four yards; and with the hydraulic and sluice together fifty or even a hundred yards." The savings were great. A miner engineer, in 1855, estimated, "If wages were $4 a day, the cost of washing one cubic yard of auriferous earth with the pan would be $20; with the rocker, $5; with the

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By Doris Cerveri

SILVER CITY IDAHO

They say the placer miners scooped gold out of Jordan Creek at will. Then, when they began mining quartz lodes they dug into ore assaying as high as $8000 a ton. Silver bullion was stacked in the street three feet high awaiting shipment to San Francisco.

"Wanted in Idaho, A governor that is a man, and not an old imbecile as we have now. He is in Boise raving at those who choose to differ with him. We don't want any importations but men of Idaho territory. We want something, or a simon-pure vacuum or nonentity, not a living nothing."

This ad which appeared on March 10, 1866 in the *Avalanche,* a lively little newsheet, is typical of most of the people who lived in Silver City during its heyday. They were a rough and ready lot who toiled all day in the mines for small wages or worked from dawn 'til dusk in private diggings in order to fill their pokes with gold dust.

Some of the conscientious ones hoarded their earnings, washed their clothes on Sunday and caught up on other menial chores, but the majority drank rotgut from early Saturday evening until the wee hours of Monday morning.

In enlarging on the topic of drinking, the *Avalanche* editor posed himself as a keen observer of human nature when he described the six types of drunks found in Silver City's twenty-three saloons:

"The first is ape-drunk. He leaps and sings and yells making all sorts of grimaces and cutting up all sorts of 'monkey-shines' to get a laugh."

"The second is tiger-drunk. He breaks bottles, chairs, heads, and is full of blood and thunder."

"The third is hog-drunk. He rolls on the dirt floor; he slobbers and grunts."

"The fourth is puppy-drunk. He will hug and kiss you and tell you you are the best friend he ever had."

"The fifth is owl-drunk. He is wise in his own conceit.

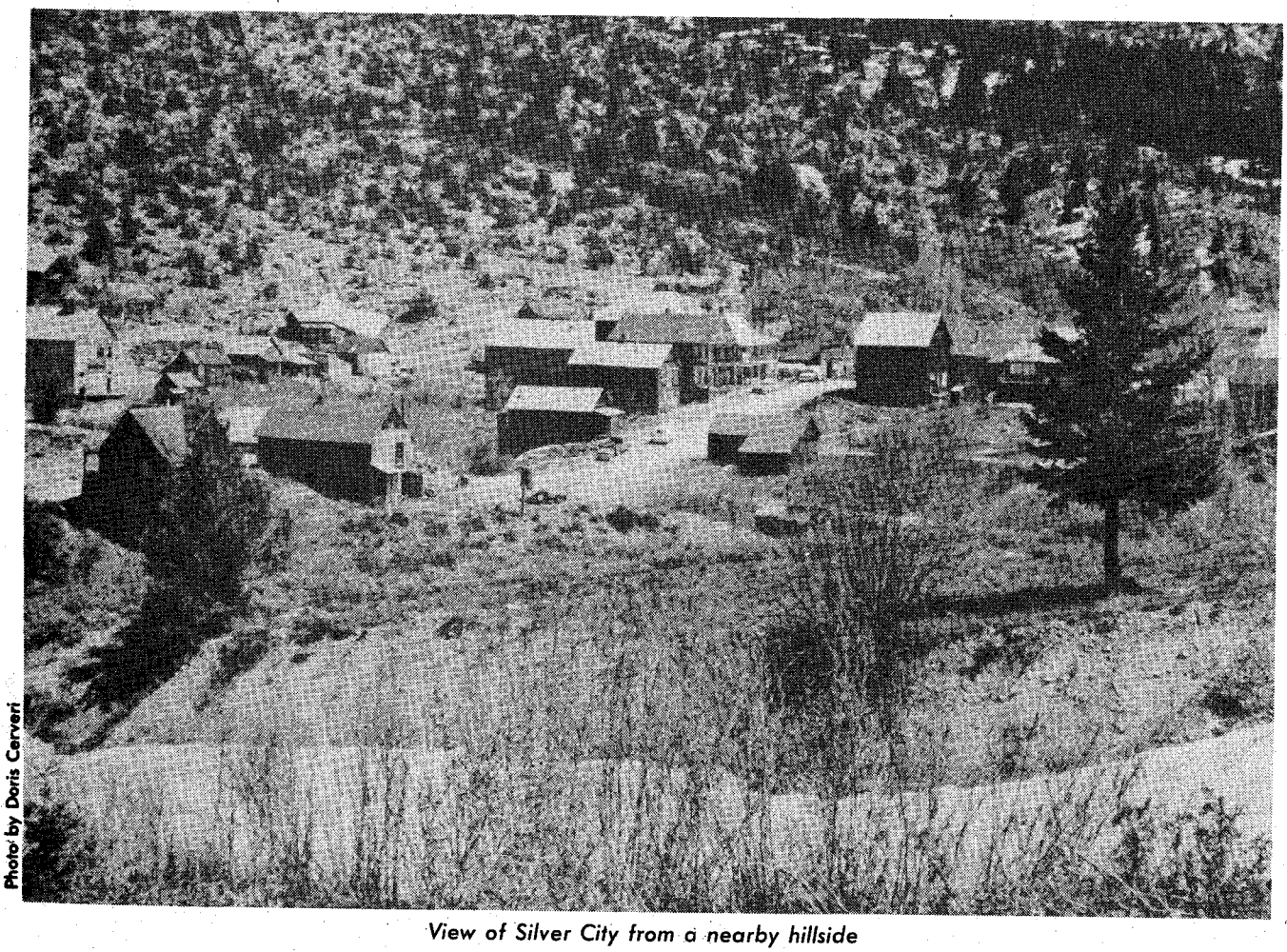

Photo by Doris Cerveri

View of Silver City from a nearby hillside

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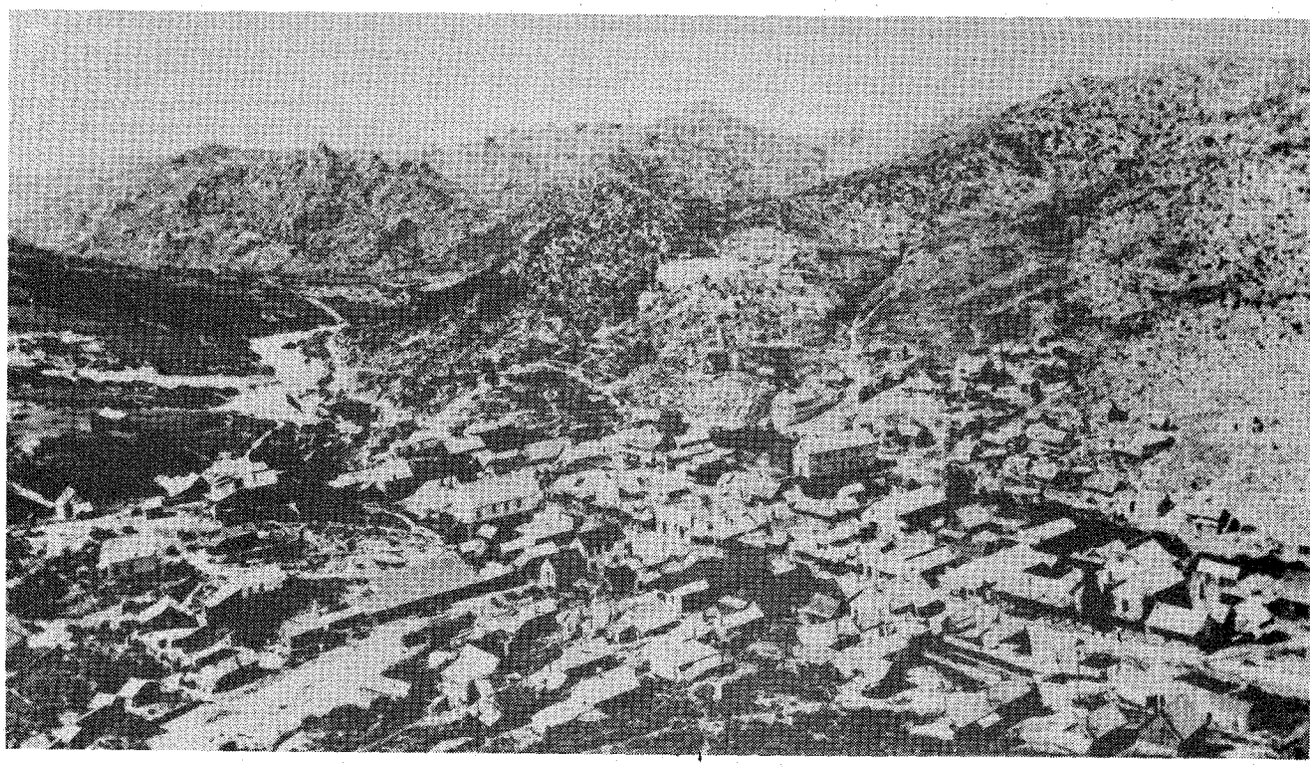
The Town That Had Everything



Idaho Historical Society

Silver City, Idaho in 1866.

No man can differ with him."

"The sixth is fox-drunk. He is crafty and ready to trade horses and cheat if he can. He is the meanest drunkard of them all."

One reason for the large consumption of fire water was to keep warm. Silver City was snowbound in winter and many residents at first lived in dugouts, shanties and other flimsy dwellings which provided no protection from the elements. According to the *Avalanche*-everyone hugged their stovepipes and if they had an oven they would be halfway in it to absorb every bit of heat they could.

Those who ventured out of doors enjoyed winter sports. One favorite pastime was to put on long Norwegian snowshoes and whiz down the steep mountain sides. There was many a broken bone; actually the only ones who reaped full enjoyment from this hazardous sport were the spectators.

It was difficult to haul food and other commodities into Silver City in the winter. Consequently there often was a dire shortage of food. The *Avalanche* was the first to notify its readers when some fortunate merchant received a long-awaited order.

An ad appearing in the August 3, 1867 issue listed the following:

100,00 lb. of California flour; 50,000 of bacon; 20,000 of lard; 20,000 of beans; 50,000 of Humboldt salt; 5,000 of peaches; 2,000 of cheese; 200 cases of can fruit; 100 kegs syrup; 150 barrels sugar; 20,000 chemicals; 5,000 of green and 3,000 of ground coffee; 200 barrels of wines and liquors; 50 baskets of champagne; 50,000 cigars; 5,000 lb. of tobacco and other items.

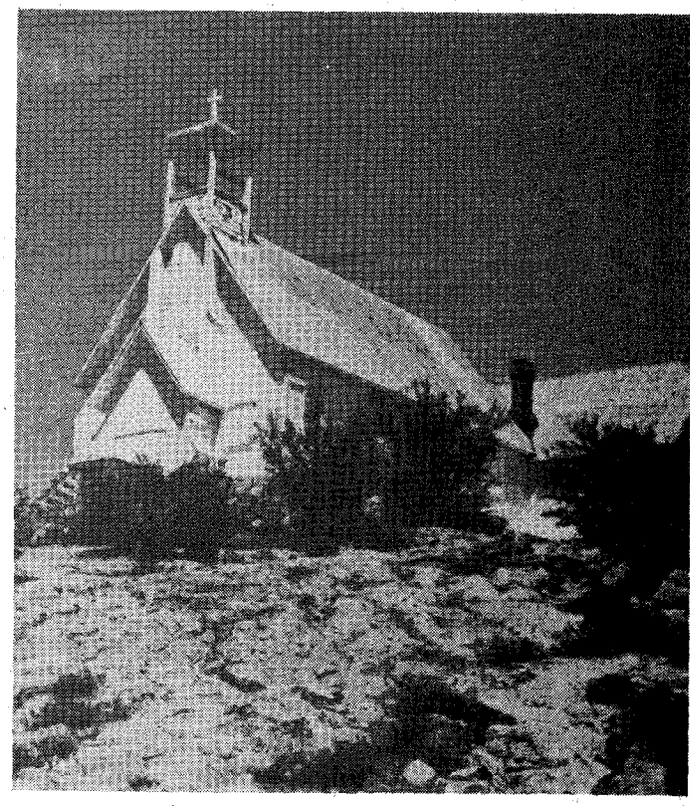


Photo by Doris Cerveri

The Catholic Church in Silver City, Idaho. It is well preserved, although not in use.

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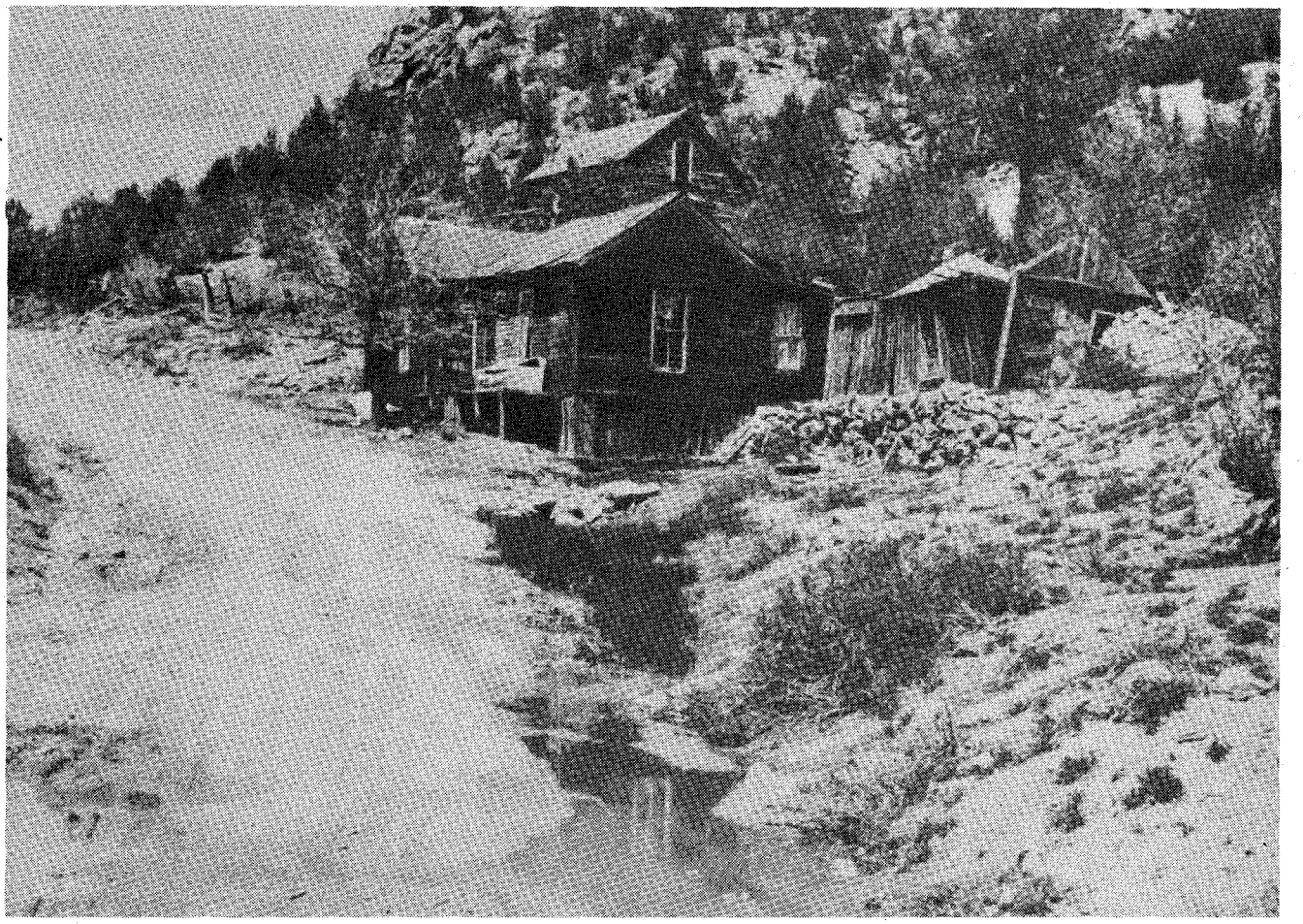

Photo by Doris Cerveri

Scene along main street in Silver City.

Silver City was laid out in 1864 in a beautiful, high mountain canyon on Jordan creek. But it wasn't the only camp built on Jordan creek. First there was Boonville; however, its location was so cramped between steep hills that in1863 Ruby City was platted further up the creek. This small camp proved unsatisfactory also because it was too cold. Its three streets were constantly swept by high winds; besides it was too far from the rich diggings. Consequently Ruby was moved, buildings and all to a location a mile above and Silver City came into being.

During the short time Ruby City was in existence, it was made the county seat of Owyhee County and had a population of 1000. The *Avalanche* was the first newspaper in the Owyhee District and it, too, deserted Ruby moving to the new upstart camp where it was published continuously for sixty-seven years, ceasing about 1914.

Ruby's cemetery was used until 1881 even though the town no longer existed. Henry McDonald, on October 15, was taken from Silver City's jail and driven to his grave already dug beside the scaffold from which he was to be hanged. Ignoring a blinding snowstorm, 300 people witnessed his death.

The Idaho Hotel was moved in three sections by ox team from Ruby, its basement room served elegant meals and many a celebrity bellied up to the swank mahogany bar. At the present time the old structure is sagging, unsafe and needs a coat of paint. At one time Wells Fargo maintained an office in the hotel. Outside the office, bars of silver bullion used to stand in stacks three feet high awaiting shipment by ox team to Umatilla, Oregon where it was transported by steamer to Portland and San Francisco. If the bullion went by Wells Fargo stage, each bar was wrapped in a separate leather container and the coach reinforced with iron bars to withstand the excessive weight.

Numerous other buildings constructed in Silver City are of carpenter-gothic style which were fashioned by a German craftsman. Outhouses are quaint and unique and evidently provided the ultimate in comfort. Several are two-story structures perched on stilts and connected to main buildings by dizzy catwalks; others are roofed over to protect the patrons from the elements.

Placers were excellent the first two years and before these petered out, good quartz lodes were discovered. The mines were located on War Eagle and Florida Mountains, and were about equally divided.

War Eagle on the east had rich veins lying north and south and there were numerous porphyry dikes east and west. Ores were free milling and averaged $3.50 to $13 an ounce. During the first ten years the production from War Eagle was $30 million. The Poorman group of mines totaled approximately twenty properties and covered one of the richest mineral belts in the area. Its production record was about $6 million. Ores were so easily worked they could be cut like lead and assayed from $4000 to $5000 per ton.

The Morning Star and Oro Fino lodes located in 1864 had quartz so rich it assayed $7,000 in silver and $800 in gold to the ton. These were also so easily worked that men were able to pound up the ore in hand mortars.

The history of the Poorman mines is one of vicious disputes over ownership rights, especially in one case.

Two men named Hays and Ray staked out claims and did their

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development work. Soon after, C. S. Peck found a rich chimney of ore close by. He realized that his strike might be on their land, so he hid his discovery until he could be sure. When his suspicions were confirmed, he didn't tell them, but offered to buy. However, he could not afford the asking price. Later he left the vicinity planning to return. In the interim other prospectors rediscovered the chimney, recorded the location and named it Poorman. Hays and Ray contested their ownership basing their action on the overlapping boundary lines of the two claims. Poorman Company built a fort at the mouth of the mine and hired armed men to guard the property. After considerable haggling both companies agreed to sell and the two mines were worked jointly, first by a Portland syndicate then a New York one.

A massive specimen consisting of a solid mass of ruby silver crystals weighing 500 pounds was sent to the Paris Exposition in 1866 where it won a gold medal.

Again in 1875 the Poorman company ran into trouble. That year the secretary absconded with all their funds and this forced the company to close down until about 1888.

A boundary line dispute between owners of the Golden Chariot and Ida Elmore was so serious that a squad of cavalry was sent in from Boise to quell the disturbance but not before a hired gunman had shot the owner of the Ida Elmore group in the head.

Veins of Florida Mountain also ran north and south but dykes were not as prevalent as on War Eagle. Ores carried more iron but some of the largest and most excellent gold veins were found there. Considerable gravel and loam covered Florida Mountain making it more difficult to prospect than War Eagle, but once miners hit pay dirt they didn't mind their previous labors.

Florida Mountain had 70 miles of tunnels, drifts and adits. The Trade Dollar Mine had three miles of track laid and more than five miles of tunnels, drifts, adits, etc. The Delamar Mine had 12 levels and in its six miles of drifts and crosscuts was rich silver ore. About $39,000,000 in gold and silver was taken out of the Delamar from 1888 to 1913, and it produced $6 million in nine years. Most of the tunnels of all the mines connect with one another in a veritable labyrinth. In the winter months mail was carried through two tunnels and pedestrians often used them, too, avoiding the deep snow over the mountain pass.

During the middle seventies producing mines and the four stamp mills were forced to shut down because of the San Francisco financial panic. Later the camp was revived in the late '80's and '90's by private capital. Many of the buildings still standing were constructed then including a brewery which produced Owyhee beer from hops imported from the East. A pipeline was built under the road by brewery owner, Fritz Schlefer, and the beer ran through the pipes to storage vats across the street.

Silver City had its share of hurdy gurdy houses and men who visited them were called buck hurders. On one occasion a man sat at a table with a six-shooter in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other inviting an individual equipped in like manner

(continued on page 60)

Photo by Doris Cerveri

The old schoolhouse at Silver City. It is now used as a museum and is well attended during the summer months.

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REAL WEST'S MOVIE HALL OF FAME

HARRY CAREY

By Mario A. DeMarco

Harry Carey had the rugged features of a typical western hero, not truly handsome and he seldom smiled, and when he went into action with his fists or guns you could expect a good show. One thing that I remember about this great trouper, in all the years that I viewed him on the screen, his looks never changed.

He was a great authority on the West. He knew more about the people and customs of this great country than many of the so-called "experts", and yet he was born in the East. His life story was similar to that of the great William S. Hart.

Harry's full name was Henry DeWitt Carey. He was born in 1878 in the Bronx, New York. As a boy he received his education at Hamilton Military Academy and later attended New York University where he graduated from the School of Law. Realizing that the life of a lawyer would tie him down, He became restless decided to give up his career in law.

Being a student of the West, he spent hours studying about this great, colorful land. Harry loved horses, having learned to ride as a boy on the horses that pulled the trolley cars on the trolley line owned by his father.

He wrote a play entitled "Montana" which was a burlesque on western plays. Harry even got to act in it riding a horse down canvas mountain in a thrilling rescue scene. He did this stunt for over four years from 1904 to 1908, and remarked years later that the ride was so dangerous that it was a miracle that he didn't break his neck.

After several play hits he turned to the movies. His first flicker was a silent western entitled "Bill Sharkey's Last Game", which was filmed entirely on Staten Island. At this time the famous movie director, D. W. Griffith, was organizing his own Biograph Studios. Harry was introduced to him and Griffith signed him for several pictures to be done by his new studio. The first picture was titled "The Unseen Enemy" and playing opposite Carey were the Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, making their film debuts. Also included in the cast was another great stage actor, Lionel Barrymore.

In 1938, Griffith decided to move his studio to the "land of sunshine", California, and Harry went along with him. In these early days of movie-making it was the opinion of many that the business was only a fad and anyone who considered making his future in the flickers was thought of as being foolish. But Carey proved otherwise, for he continued acting in movie westerns for the next 20 years for both Griffith and the newly-formed Universal Pictures.

Harry married Olive Gordon, one of his beautiful leading ladies. They bought a large, beautiful ranch covering over 2,000 acres which they homesteaded with the help of Navajo Indians. It was while working with these Indians that Harry learned the art of the Navajo sign language in order to communicate with them. (Harry taught the sign language to his son, Harry, Jr., who used it in several of his pictures.)

During filming assignments Harry would pack up several horses with grub and camping equipment and make horseback trips throughout the west, covering many of the back places of the old frontier. While on one of these trips he caught a timber wolf and managed to train him. "Lobo", as Harry named him, became a constant companion. He also ran a dude ranch which became a successful business venture. It was located near a dam. The ranch was destroyed during the middle thirties when the dam broke and wiped out the whole area.

Unlike the other big stars, Harry never went in for fancy parties or entertainment and he never went to Hollywood if he could help it. He was just content to stay on his spacious ranch with his family.

After playing as a western star for many years, Harry turned to other types of acting roles. He became a character actor and appeared in many big successful films. His first "talkie", "Trader Horn", was an action film about the wilds of the jungle and was filmed in Africa and Mexico. In it Carey was cast as the trader who rescued the blonde heroine from the savages. It was a big hit and boosted Carey as a top character actor. With many roles behind him, He helped support such great stars as James Stewart, Henry Fonda, Warner Baxter, John Wayne and many more. He gained the respect of the stars and his fellow workers with his great acting experience and his sincerity.

During 1944 this great veteran proved that he could act even while greatly distressed. While appearing in a Broadway play one evening, he was stricken with acute appendicitis in the middle of it. Rather than disrupt the play, he carried on in great pain and when the curtain fell Harry callapsed.

Harry Carey was a veteran of over 300 movies. His great career encompassed the whole history of the movies. On September 21, 1947 he died at the age of 69. At his bedside were many of his old friends, among them director John Ford, who had directed him in many of his movies, and actor John Wayne. Like the great western philosopher, Will Rogers, and another great western star, William S. Hart. Harry was happiest when he was around real-life cowboys, people who knew what it was to work on the great plains and had come to love the Golden West. He was happy and content also when he made his horseback trips, exploring the hidden secrets of this great country with his faithful wolf.

His name remains as one of the brightest and truest in the rolls of movie western stars.

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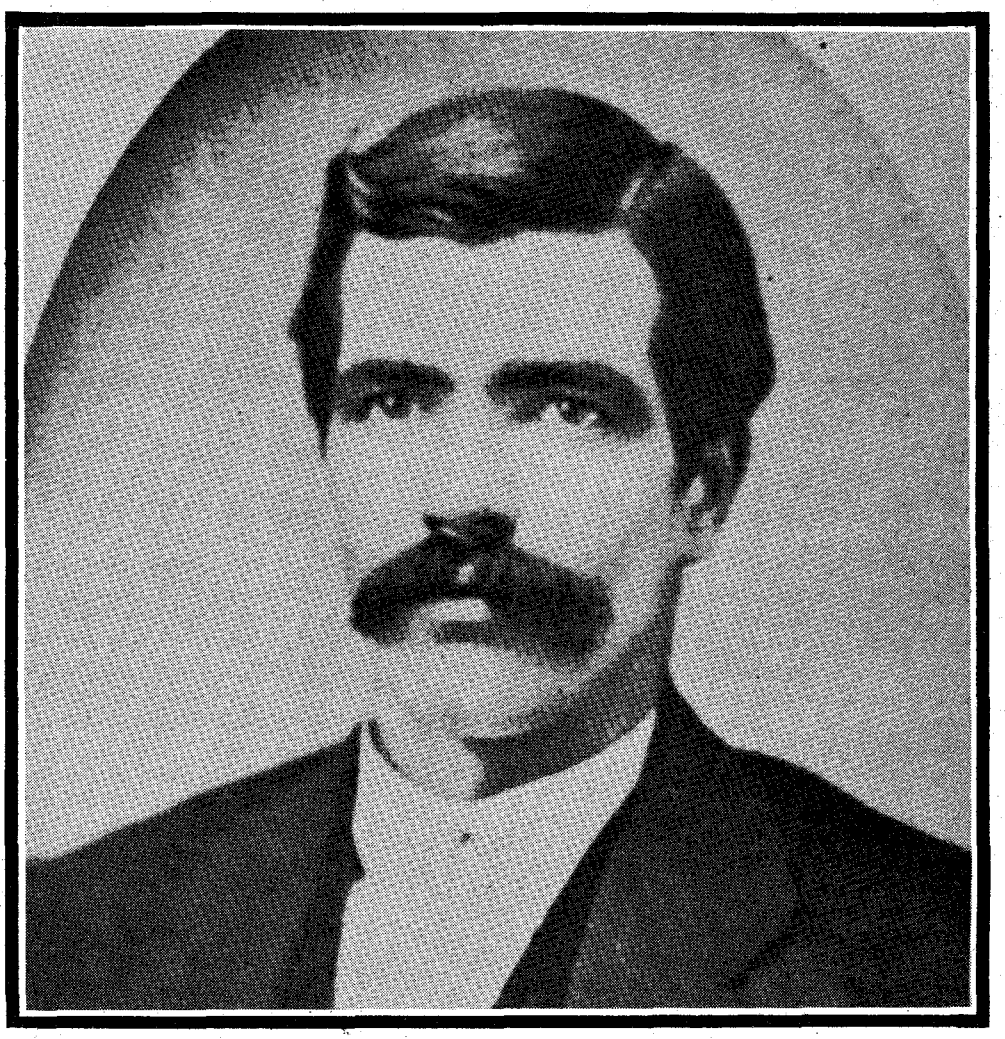
BARE FISTS AND SIX GUNS

By Norman. B Wiltsey

In the days of trigger-quick lawmen and deadly gunslingers, Tom Smith rarely carried a pistol and hated using one but he could if he had to. Rather, he'd move as quick as a cat and use his rocklike fists to subdue the lawless.



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Tom Smith, frontier marshal. He pitted his fists against the sixguns of law breakers.

Unlike his chivalrous counterpart on television, the oldtime frontier marshal was generally a tense and nervous gent who'd put a .45 slug in your guts if you made a move toward pulling a gun on him. Frequent gun duels sharpened the marshal's deadly skill, enhanced his prestige among the rowdy element and kept the local undertaker busy. This lethal arrangement worked our satisfactorily for everybody but the unlamented deceased. Most marshals followed this bloody pattern throughout their careers. Tom Smith worked differently, pitting his bare fists against the six-guns of lawbreakers.

A handsome New York Irishman with the lithe build of a crack light-heavyweight boxer, Smith could have been an outstanding success as a prize fighter, perhaps even a champion. Instead, at the age of 24, he joined the New York Police Department and was assigned to a beat on the Bowery.

Policemen patrolling the New York Bowery in the 1860's prided themselves on their fistic ability. A solid belt on the chin softened up an obstreperous hoodlum like magic, and a good officer never used his nightstick unless he was outnumbered three or four to one. Among these hard-punching cops on the tough Bowery beat, Tom

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Smith soon rated tops. He won his letter in an epic brawl at Slick Charlie's Houston Street cock-fighting joint by cleaning up three plug-ugly Bowery Boys single-handed. He *walked* out of that brawl, leaving all three thugs unconscious on the dirty sawdust-covered floor. Tom had his lumps too—but most of them were on his knuckles.

After four years on the Bowery, Tom Smith decided that he'd had enough. The squalor and corruption were getting him down and he resigned in the spring of 1868 to head West and "get some clean air in my lungs" as he grimly expressed it. Dropping off the train at the hell-roaring cattle shipping center of Abilene, Kansas, Tom applied for the job of town marshal. The harried Mayor of Abilene, T. C. Henry, later the "wheat king of Kansas," refused to take a chance on a New York ex-cop to ride herd on hardbitten cowboys and gamblers, although admitting his credentials as a law officer were excellent. Smith moved on.

In two years, the Bowery ex-cop built a reputation as no man to trifle with in half-a-dozen wild mushroom towns in Colorado and Wyoming. He won his first job as a law officer at Bear River, Wyoming, by standing off a self-styled vigilance committee which had arrested one of Tom's co-workers on a construction job. He also won his permanent nickname of "Bear River" to distinguish him from several other "Tom Smiths" on the turbulent frontier.

"Once seen in action, Bear River Tom Smith was not to be confused with any other man of whatever name," wrote Billy Breakenridge, later famed Sheriff of Tombstone and adversary of the celebrated Earp brothers. "Tom Smith was the bravest man I ever had the pleasure of meeting. He was ... a powerful, athletic man, very quick and active, always neatly dressed, and very quiet and gentlemanly. He looked like a successful business or professional man. He rarely carried a gun, but depended on his strength and agility in arresting and disarming the men he went after. He did not know what fear was. He was not a two-gun man with a lot of notches on his pistol, but he would shoot if compelled. When the men got too boisterous, he would go among them, and if they did not do as he told them he would arrest and lock them up, knock them down if necessary and disarm them. They all respected him, for he played no favorites."

Breakenridge explained in his book *Helldorado* that the law officers in frontier towns were usually known man-killers who shot down offenders without trying to make an arrest. "Smith had different ideas," wrote Breakenridge. 'He told me one time, "Anyone can bring in a dead man, but to my way of thinking a good officer is one that brings them in alive."

Amazing reports of Tom Smith's unique method of law enforcement drifted back to Abilene, where "the law" was a monstrous joke to the citizens and a rapidly mounting tragedy to Mayor Henry and the City Council. Time after time, the incredible reports insisted, the rock-fisted Irishman stood up to gunmen crazy with rotgut whiskey and itching to kill, knocked them down and disarmed them. "Bear River" Tom Smith packed a warclub wallop in each fist, and soon the badmen and trouble-makers in his jurisdiction learned to quiet down and behave themselves "like human beings instead of wild beasts," as Tom put it.

At Abilene, Mayor Henry gave up after his sixth marshal in two months had been relieved of his gun and tossed headfirst into a water-trough in front of the Lone Star Saloon. After being informed of the incident, Henry wired to Kit Carson, Colorado, for Tom Smith to come and take over in a situation of complete chaos and utter disorder.

Mayor Henry briefed the new marshal in his room at Mrs. Gore's Drover's Cottage before bestowing the silver star of office.

"You can't expect to maintain order in Abilene just by using your fists," warned the Mayor. "Every drover, every gambler, every desperado that enters this town packs a pistol and is ready to use it."

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T. C. Henry, mayor of Abilene in the early 1870's and later the "wheat king of Kansas".

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"Why not take the guns away from everybody, then?" asked Smith.

Henry shrugged helplessly. "We have a city ordinance on the books right now prohibiting the carrying of pistols. We can't enforce it."

The Irishman accepted the star and pinned it carefully to the flap of his left shirt-pocket. "I'll try to enforce your anti-pistol ordinance for you—and without using a pistol to do it. As I see it, meeting gun-play with gun-play would only make a bad situation worse. You can't convince a man of the value of law and order by shooting him in the belly ... See you later, Mayor."

A blast of gun-fire attracted Tom first to the Alamo Saloon. He entered, to find a group of Texas trail-herders, just in from the Chisholm Trail, engaged in target practice shooting at a playing card tacked to the wall at the end of the bar. One drover, as tall as Smith but thicker through the shoulders, had reloaded his pistol and replaced it in the holster just as Tom walked in. The marshal approached him.

"My name is Smith—the new marshal here. Sorry to spoil your fun, but you fellows are violating a city ordinance against carrying pistols. Turn your guns over to me and you can pick them up at the Mayor's office when you leave town."

The burly Texan was drunk enough to be mean—and dangerous. He weaved slightly in high-heeled boots, glowering at the trim six-footer facing him. "So you're the new marshal—the rooster who's goin' to run Abilene from now on!"

Tom moved in close on the cowhand. "Look, mister," he said easily, "be reasonable about this and don't make any trouble. Let's have that gun!"

The Texan crouched and stiffened in exaggerated gun-fighter pose. "The hell you say!" he snarled. "No red-haired sonuvabitch wearin' a tin badge is goin' to take *my* gun!"

Swiftly his right hand dropped to the butt of his Colt—but the weapon was never drawn. Tom Smith's right fist slammed into the cowhand's belly, whipped upward to his chin in a smashing uppercut. The Texan went down hard and stayed down.

Marshal Smith bent over the kayoed trail-driver and took his gun. He straightened quickly, ready for further trouble—but the dazed spectators grinned weakly and handed over their sixguns. Tom thanked each man individually and reminded them that the hardware could be picked up at the Mayor's office when they left town. He removed a rawhide thong from his belt, slipped it through the trigger-guards of the weapons and walked out with the collection of pistols clanking at his side.

The rugged citizens of Abilene were duly impressed by this performance, yet still not convinced that the fist-fighting newcomer was the right man for the marshal's job. Knocking out a half-drunken drover was one thing, but flattening a real gunhand was apt to prove a different proposition. Gamblers, coldly reasoning that a man could only get lucky *once*, offered even money that he couldn't repeat. A second test was needed to prove whether Tom Smith was a flash in the pan or the tough *hombre* he appeared to be. The town folk laid their bets and reserved judgment. They didn't have long to wait.

News of the Texan's humiliating downfall reached the ears of Wyoming Frank, a self-advertised badman, camped with fellow trail-drivers on Chapman Creek northeast of town. Frank, fortified with several snorts of redeye, offered to bet $20 that the new "fist-fightin' marshal" could not buffalo *him!* One of Frank's comrades, a gent who had observed the new marshal in action at the Alamo Saloon, quickly covered the bet. Buckling on two guns, Frank mounted his horse and headed for town whooping like a Comanche. Two of his pals rode along to see the fun when greenhorn Tom Smith got what was coming to him.

The bold trio stalked into the Lone Star Saloon, where Frank bought a round of drinks and loudly announced his intention of running the new marshal plumb out of town. Nobody objected to this rash statement, so the boys left the Lone Star to hunt down their man. Up Texas Street they marched three abreast, with Frank bellowing for Tom Smith to "show yore ugly face or git out of town like any other polecat!"

Patrolling Texas Street on his horse Silverheels, Marshall Smith heard his name shouted in this unflattering manner. Dismounting, Tom tied Silver to the hitch-rail in front of the Old Fruit Saloon and strolled unhurriedly to meet the name-caller face to face.

Frank's supporters caught sight of the oncoming marshal first—and faded away like gunsmoke, leaving the badman strictly on his own. Spotting Smith himself, Frank kept moving forward—but his mouth went strangely dry and his bawled invective stuck in his throat.

"I hear you're looking for me," remarked Tom pleasantly, halting within punching distance.

"Damn right I'm lookin' for you," blustered Frank, licking his lips nervously. "I hear *you* aim to take my guns from me. No man can take my guns without shootin' *me* first!"

Smith ignored the implied challenge. "Nobody is going to shoot anybody, mister. Hand over your guns before you get in trouble."

Crowding Frank hard, never giving him a chance to draw, Tom herded his man clear across the board sidewalk and into a saloon. Mouthing profane threats, Frank retreated across the barroom until his back rubbed the bar and he could retreat no further.

"You bastard!" he yelled in senseless fury. "I'll —"

His hands flashed to his gun-butts as Tom Smith nailed him with a terrific one-two; a piston left to the stomach, followed instantly by a bone-cracking right to the jaw. Wyoming Frank collapsed like an empty grain sack, head coming gently to rest in a spittoon. The marshal rubbed the stinging knuckles of his right hand gingerly against his shirt-front, then bent over the unconscious badman to relieve him of his artillery.

Grinning broadly from behind his walrus mustache, the barkeep came out from his post behind the mahogany and handed his sixgun to Tom. "Reckon I won't need this ol' hog leg while *you're* marshal here," he declared.

"Thank you, sir," replied Tom politely. "Have a couple of the boys take this fellow out and dunk his head in the horse-trough. He'll be all right."

Each man in the saloon, including "proddy" young cowboys just arrived up-trail from Texas, came forward at once to surrender his gun. The "fist-fightin' marshal" had firmly established his right to rule Abilene.

Magically, under the new marshal, wild Abilene became an orderly, almost peaceful town, a decent place in which to live. Men behaved themselves at first through sheer physical fear of Tom Smith and his hammer-like fists; later, when they came to understand the

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Abilene, Kansas during the trail driving days.

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

marshal's high character and great hopes and plans for their community's future, they behaved themselves because it was the law and the right thing to do. "Give us another two years," enthused Smith to the Mayor and the City Council, "and together we will make Abilene the best little city in Kansas!"

As William MacLeod Raine points out in his book *Guns of the Frontier,* a boomtown marshal soon learned a sense of psychological values not to be discovered in books. Tom Smith knew, for example, that a man with any sense at all would never shoot an unarmed officer of the law, for that was the surest way to guarantee the swift execution of justice by hanging. The toughest outlaw feared the rope, and the stakes had to be high indeed before he would risk shooting an unarmed man before witnesses.

There was, however, one type of citizen that Tom Smith clearly realized might one day kill him; the mentally unbalanced person.

On the bleak November 2nd, 1870, barely five months after he assumed the office of marshal of Abilene, Smith and a man named MacDonald rode out on the prairie north of town to arrest settler Andy McConnell for killing his neighbor in a boundary dispute over their respective homesteads. McConnell was more than a little crazy according to reports, and Tom Smith was well aware of the homicidal tendencies apt to be apparent in such a twisted individual. Yet, unhesitatingly, Tom went into McConnell's dugout after the settler had refused to come out on order. McConnell shot the marshal with his rifle while his partner Moses Miles, firing through a loophole, scared off MacDonald with a couple of close-singing slugs. After MacDonald had loped away to safety, the two maddened settlers turned on the wounded and helpless marshall and hacked him to death with axes.

Arrested next day by a posse of angry Abilene citizens, the murderers somehow escaped lynching. Tried by a court in another county, both killers inexplicably drew only prison sentences.

After Tom Smith's tragic death, Abilene lapsed quickly into its old wicked ways. Again Mayor Henry frantically sought a new marshal to curb the gun-play and general hell-raising in the town. This time the harried official came up with the famous—or infamous, according to one's point of view—gunfighter, Wild Bill Hickok. Henry's selection was unfortunate, since Hickok possessed neither the physical courage nor the incorruptible moral stature of Tom Smith. Where the smiling New York Irishman had employed his instinctive knowledge of human psychology and his mighty fists to enforce the law, Wild Bill depended on his killer's reputation backed by his brace of Colts. It wasn't enough.

Under Marshal Hickok's callous shoot-first-talk-later regime, Abilene deteriorated steadily until the booming Texas cattle trade moved on in 1873 to Ellsworth and left the town just another has-been cow capital. Today, the people of a revitalized Abilene hardly remember Wild Bill Hickok, but they will never forget Tom Smith. Years ago they made sure of that by erecting a slab of granite with a bronze plate upon which was inscribed the following heart-felt words:

THOMAS J. SMITH
Marshal of Abilene, 1870
Died a Martyr to Duty, Nov. 2, 1870
A Fearless Hero of Frontier Days, Who
in Cowboy Chaos, Established the Supremacy of Law.

•RW

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FRONTIER FENCES

BY Ferris Weddle

If you were on a television quiz program and were asked what the words "buck", "worm", "crib", and "box" have in common, would you be puzzled? You might be given a further clue in the form of a song, "Don't Fence Me In". From the latter clue, you might guess the words refer to fences. But what kind of fences?

The words describe the several types or patterns of railfences and pole fences erected by our pioneer forefathers. While the railfences and pole fences were once the most common type of fence, very few remain today even in the high forested country of the western states.

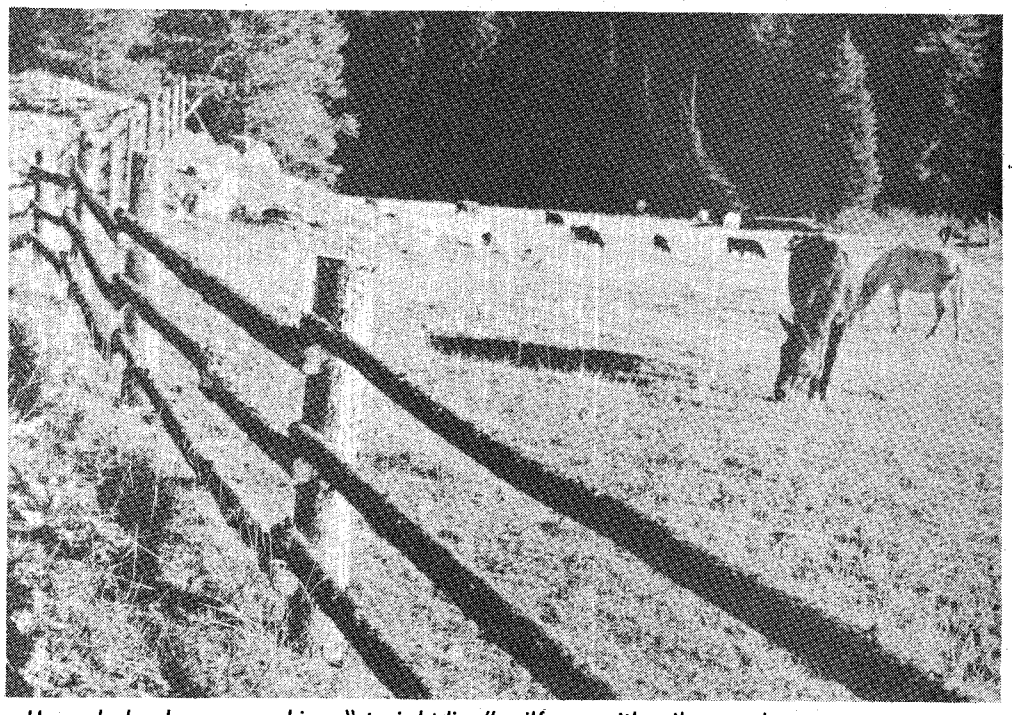
The picturesque railfences were made from many kinds of trees, both hardwoods and conifers. In the eastern regions of the nation, hardwoods were commonly used in the form of split rails. Among other species, oak, ash, maple and elm were used.

In the Western states, hardwoods aren't plentiful, so conifers were utilized—pines, firs, spruces, and cedar. Sometimes the smaller trees were left unsplit, so the result was a pole fence. Lodgepole pine was the favored conifer for this, along with small cedars.

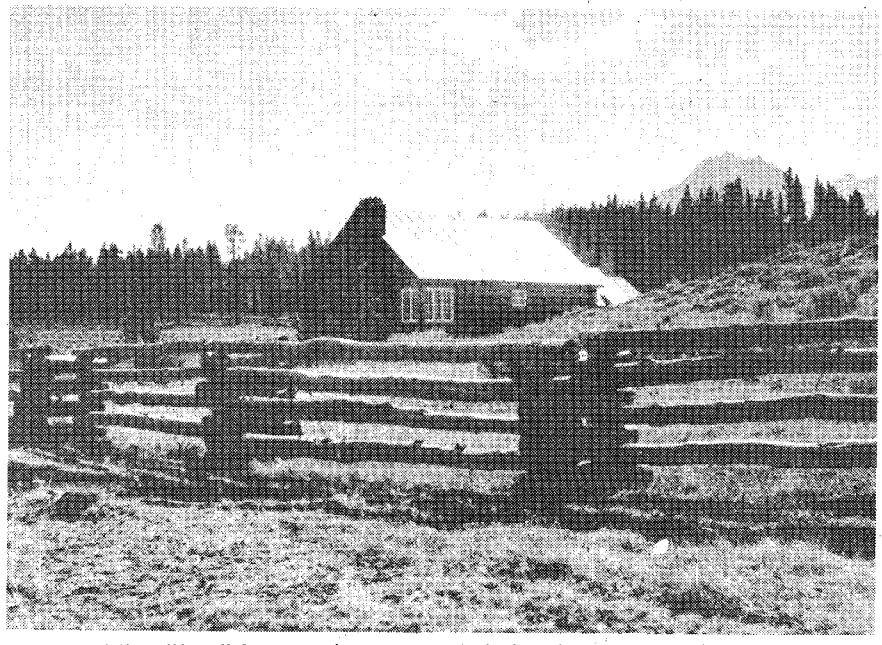
In general however, all the fences were referred to as railfences. Several types—such as the *worm* or *snake*—didn't require any additional materials in constructing them. They were notched, much like logs for a house, so they would stay together without spikes or wire.

Erecting railfences was a long, difficult task although the materials were usually free for the taking from the forests. The cost of labor today rules out such fences, but you may see them around dude ranches, resorts and so on. They add that "western" atmosphere.

The fence of the frontier past are rapidly vanishing—and with them goes a colorful part of our pioneer heritage. ●RW



Unpeeled poles are used in a "straight-line" railfence with spikes used to secure the poles to the posts.



The "crib" or "box" fence is the strongest of all pole or railfences. It doesn't require spikes or wire to hold it together.

Photos by Ferris Weddle

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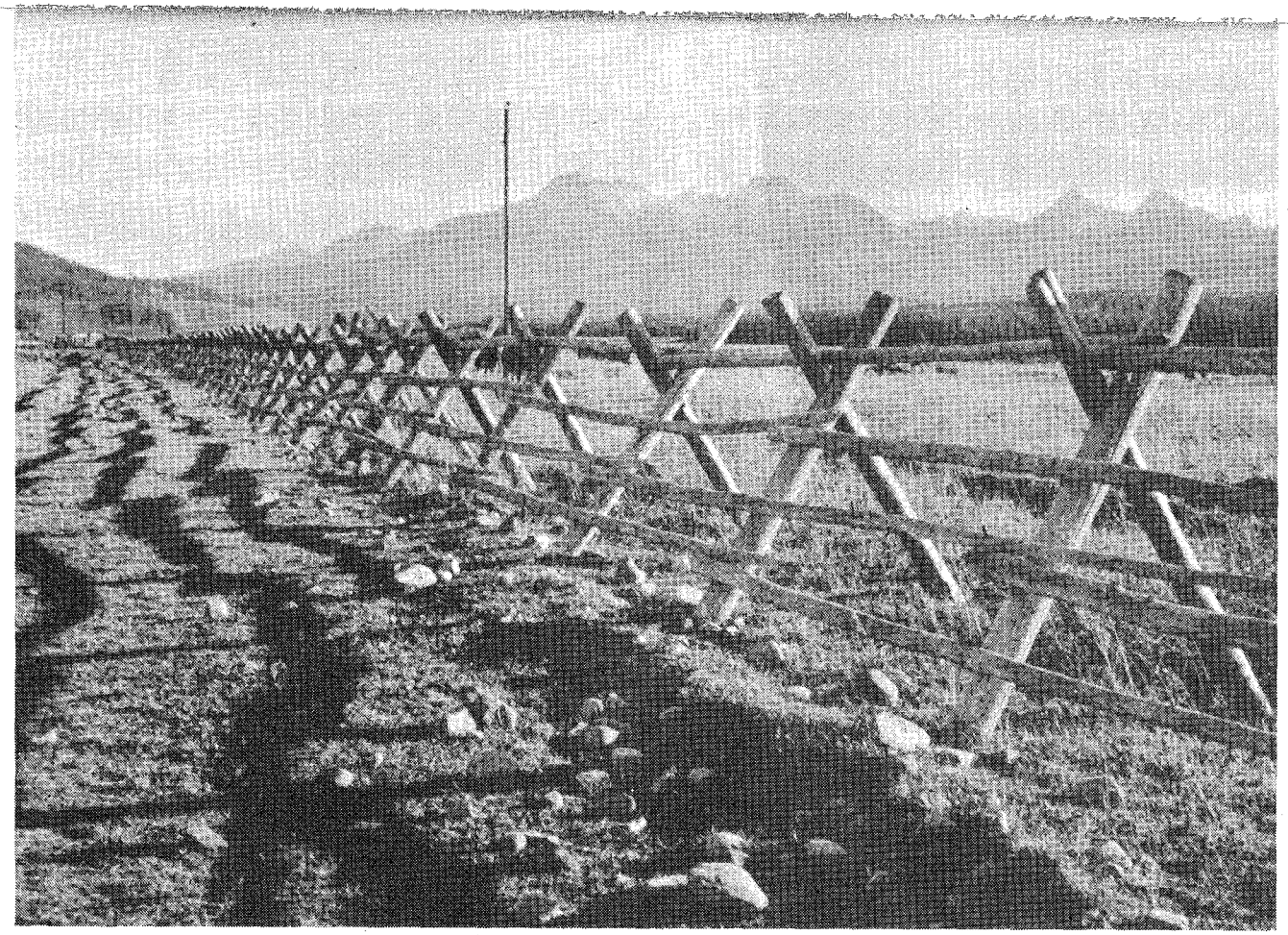
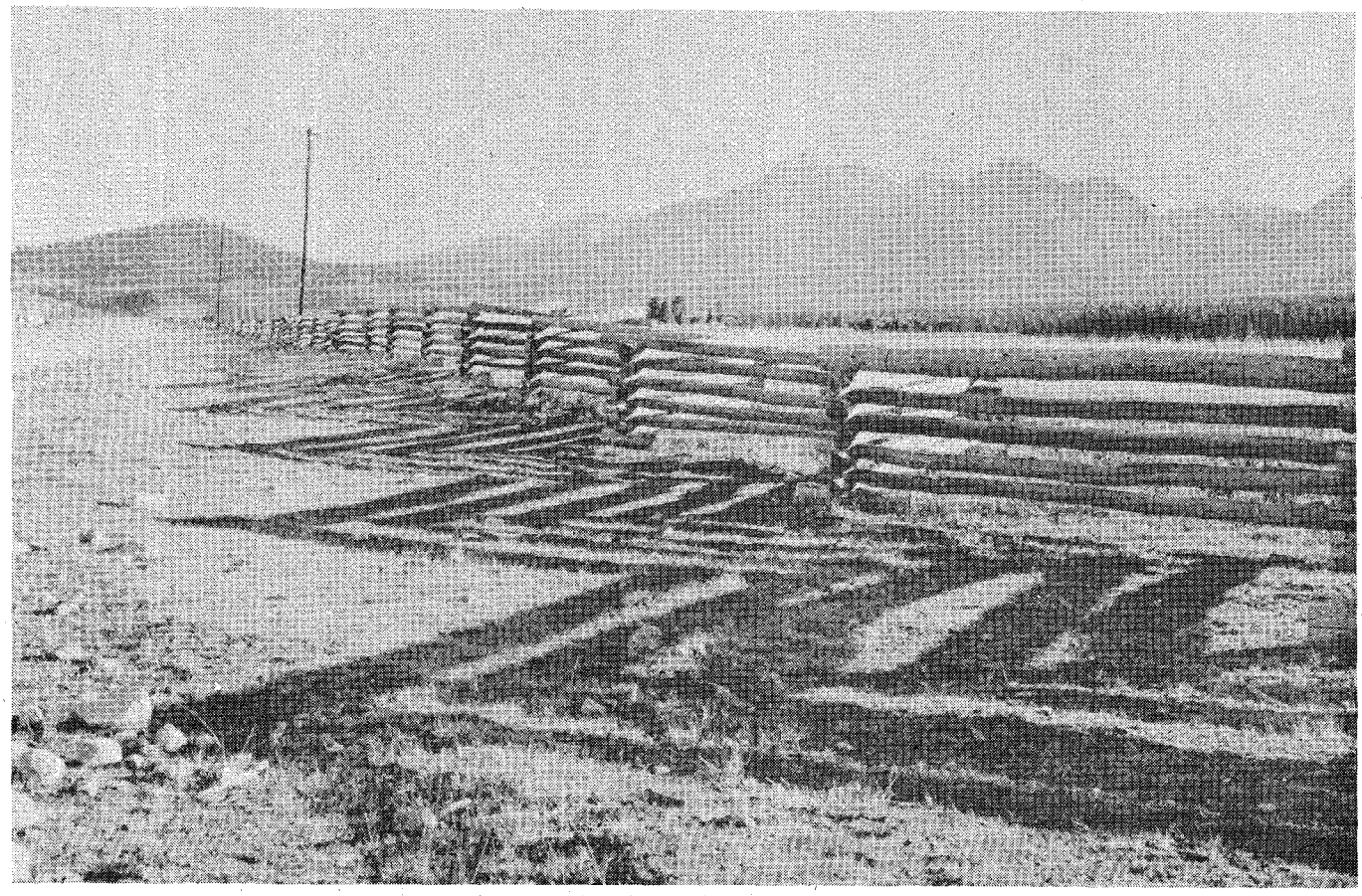


The "buck" style fence which requires spikes or wire to hold the rails to the crossed pieces. The fence was photographed in central Idaho's Sawtooth country.



The "worm" or "snake" fence showing its zigzag pattern.

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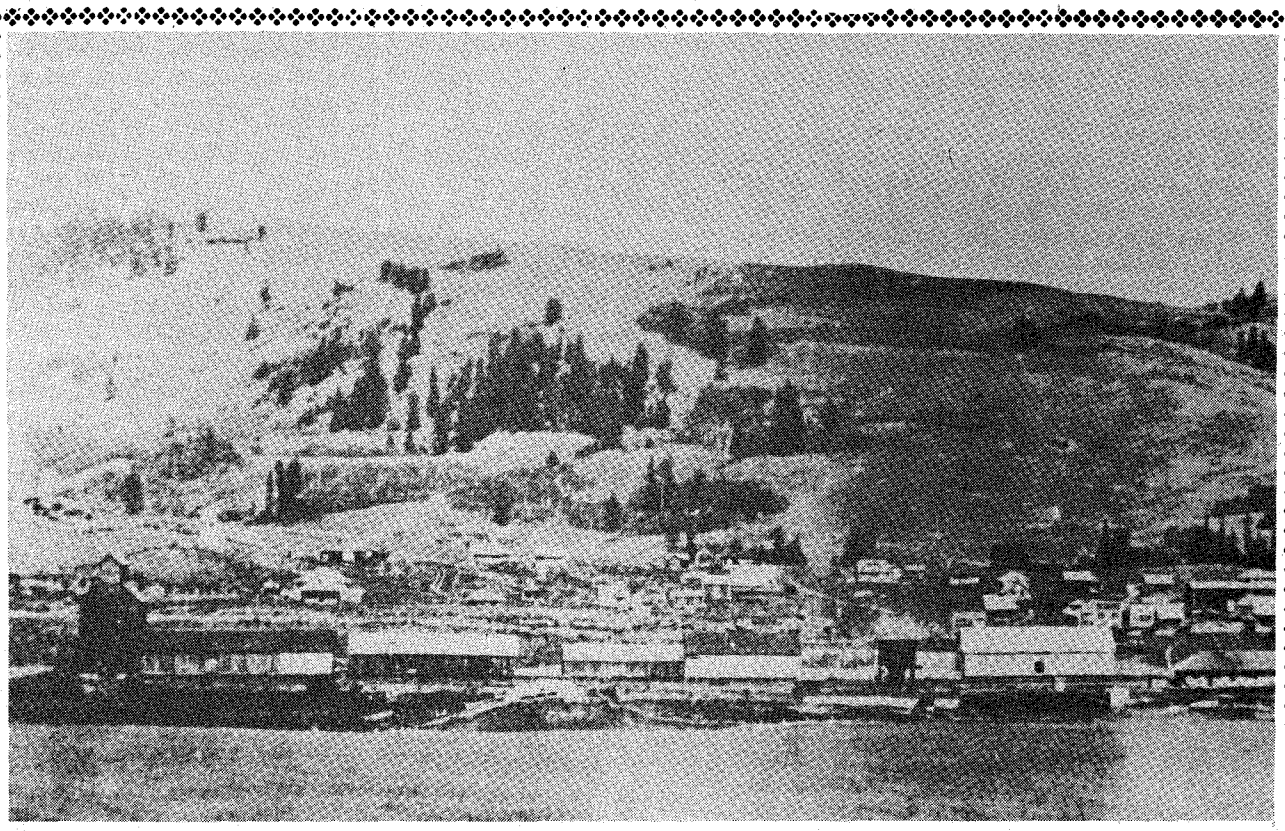
GHOST TOWNS I HAVE KNOWN

By Leonard H. Boucher

The town was the brainchild of mining promoter, George B. Meacham, and was born in 1898. It grew fast in those first few years but when the mines shut down Molson almost died. Then it prospered again but today there are only a few buildings standing where a town once stood.



Okanogan County Historical Society

Grain warehouses and part of New Town at Molson, Washington, 1922. Stockyards are directly in back of the water tank. Now only 5 buildings remain standing and Molson has become a ghost town.

MOLSON, WASHINGTON

The beginning and the end of Molson, Washington might be likened to that of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. Both enjoyed moments of glory. Both died an inglorious death.

Molson was the brainchild of mining promotor George B. Meacham, who had mining interests in the area, and was named for John W. Molson, a Canadian capitalist.

The town began to take shape in 1898, and for the next three years it grew at an amazing rate. Farming had not yet gained a foothold in the area, so what income was available came from the mines.

Businesses of all types set up shop in Molson, undaunted by the fact, that should the mines peter out, their stores and shops would fold like so many accordions. Tents and clapboard houses appeared as if by magic, and the population grew to three hundred. Then without warning came disaster. George B. Meacham and some of his associates had a falling out, so Meacham packed up and pulled out. For some unknown reason the departure of Molson's founder seemed to have an adverse effect on the the town and its people, for without his guidance the town started to wither and die. By the year 1901, the population had dwindled to fifteen.

But the town refused to die. The businessmen that were left, hung on for dear life hoping against hope that a miracle would happen, and it did, albeit for only a few

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Okanogan County Historical Society

Potter Store in 1905

short years.

The reprieve came when the land surrounding the area was opened to homesteaders. People from all walks of life flocked to the land office to claim their 160 acres of rich farm lands. Slowly but surely the town regained its momentum. The Great Northern Railway saw the handwriting on the wall, and in 1905 hastened to lay its tracks through Molson, via British Columbia, Canada. This event gave the citizens of Molson a good shot in the arm, for now they had passenger, freight and mail service.

Housing was a problem. Tents were plentiful, but those who could afford frame buildings had to haul the lumber for great distances. I can't vouch for its authenticity, but there was a story making the rounds, that lumber was so scarce, that a man dared not leave his home unattended, even for just a few hours, lest it disappear in his absence.

To help alleviate the housing problem several small sawmills moved into the area, setting up shop where timber was available. Farming too, was beginning to gain a foothold, and this industry was destined to become the lifeblood of the town. The mining industry was beginning to falter and would soon cease operations for lack of high grade ore. The mines that did manage to hang on, changed hands many times over during the next two decades, and none to my knowledge supplied their owners with more than a meager living.

On the other hand, wheat farming flourished and the farmers prospered. Molson grew and prospered also. From 1905 to 1922 the town was a continuous hub of activity. The number of business ventures increased and enlarged. The number of businesses supported by the town from the time of its inception to that of its demise, were unbelievable, especially for so small a community.

During its forty years of actual existence, Molson had four banks, eight or more saloons, and five general merchandise stores - Dunlap, Nash, Potter, Molson Trading Co. and Diamond. There was a procession of butcher shops, the first of which was opened in 1905 by Otto Remke. L. R. Phillips opened another in 1906, and he was followed by, O'Neal, Chamberlain, McGraw and Cederbloom. There were five hotels - The Tonasket, built in 1900 by the Molson Townsite Co. and managed by C. A. Blatt; The Molson, built in 1906 by Noah La Cass, and later to be known as the Wallace Hotel; the Imperial, built in 1911 by a man named Signs; the Russell, also built in 1906 by Len Provo; and the Rose, built by George Rose in 1914. All were eventually destroyed by fire with the exception of the Russell, which continued to operate until 1940.

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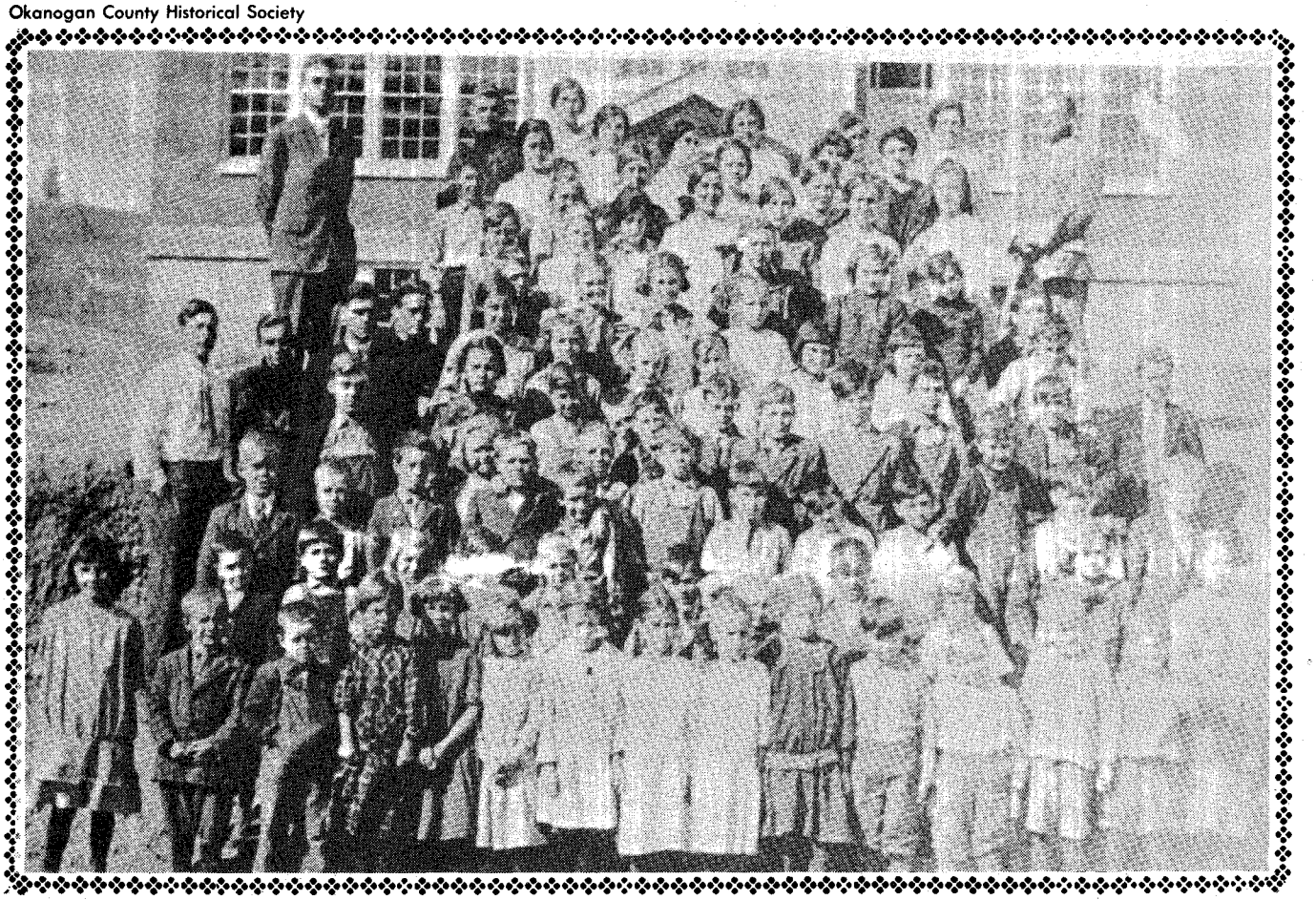

New Molson school, 1915. The author is in the third row from the bottom, third boy from the left. A boy from the 4th row has his hand on his shoulder.

Of smaller businesses there were furniture stores, several millinery shops, three harness shops, a flour mill, two grain elevators, three feed barns, several barber shops, and pool halls. Of medical doctors there were three - Tyler, who gave me my first harmonica; Efner, who delivered my eldest son, and Beale, whom I knew nonprofessionally. There were six doctors of Veterinary Medicine - Neal, 1905; Thayer, 1907; Jaggers, 1909; Richmond, 1915; Nelson, 1917, and Tripp, 1910.

Two movie theaters appeared, owned by Eaten and Dunn, in that order. Three restaurants - Boucher, 1924; McGraw, 1928; and Dimmitt, abou 1929. There were also two lumber yards.

Electric lighting was available in Molson such as it was. It was not very reliable, but it surely beat kerosene lamps, which were used by most families. Water for domestic use came from the numerous wells in the town. Someone did put in a water system, but it was limited in its coverage.

Actually, Molson was two towns, the new and the old. In 1908 or 1909 J. H. McDonald filed upon 160 acres of homestead land which included 40 acres of Old Town. There were a number of buildings already erected on this land, including the Tonasket Hotel, so McDonald served notice on them to vacate. The notices were ignored by all those concerned and a lengthy and expensive litigation followed. It went on for years and years. I'm not sure that the question of who owned what was ever settled.

To add insult to injury, Noah La Cass filed on 40 acres north of Old Town, just across the railroad tracks. This became known as New Town. Building started to spring up all over the new area, matching those of Old Town, business for business. Soon the two towns were at each others throats, snarling and growling like two strange bulldogs.

On November 2, 1906 the first train carrying passengers stopped at Molson. The depot was on the Old Town side of the tracks, but the flow of passengers seemed to be attracted to New Town. This situation didn't set well with the Old Town faction, and the citizens of New Town griped because all the mail went to the post office in Old Town. Thus the two factions became involved in a constant brawl over where the post office should be located. Apparently Old Town won the first round, because when I first set foot in Molson in 1914, the post office was in Old Town and my sister Elsie was one of the clerks.

"The Battle of the Post Office" continued for several years. Petition after petition was circulated demanding that the post office be moved to New Town, and petition after petition was circulated demanding that it remain where it was. When no action was taken by the government, the irate New Towners boycotted the post office in Old Town by buying their stamps at other nearby towns and by mailing their letters on the train. This must have put a terrible strain on the postmasters income since such income was derived from stamp cancelation.

The battle ended in 1920 in a rather humorous note. Examinations were given that year by the post office department for the position of postmaster in Molson. C. C. Van Leuvan scored the highest rating and received the appointment. Now comes the skullduggery. VanLeuvan's appointment came through the mails,

(continued on page 78)

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by Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

MORE ABOUT TODAY'S INDIANS

The name of Red Cloud, Black Hawk, Red Jacket and Sacagawea, are familiar to many, but there are other Indians not so well known who have contributed much to American Life. In sports, literature, music, government, the Indians can be proud of their accomplishments. The name of Jim Thorpe is perhaps better known than that of Charles A. Bender, but both were outstanding athletes.

JIM F. THORPE - Sac and Fox from Shawnee, Oklahoma acquired everlasting fame in the world of sports. He attended Carlisle school and was classed "as the greatest football player that ever lived" and also "one of the greatest Major League baseball players." In 1912 he was ranked as the all-around athlete of the world, excelling in any sport he attempted. He won all the events in the Pentathlon and Decathlon in the 1912 Olympic Games held in Sweden, and among other prizes received a bust of King Gustav V of Sweden; and a replica of a Viking galley, the gift of the Czar of Russia.

He played ball with the New York Giants, and later did bit acting in Motion Pictures, waging a ceaseless battle against impostors posing as, or claiming to be, Indians. In World War II he enlisted in the Merchant Marines, and again served his country with credit.

CHARLES ALBERT BENDER - a Chippewa was born in Brainerd, Minnesota. He was classed by sports authorities as one of the greatest pitchers of the era of great pitchers. Known as "Chief" Bender, he made his debut in 1903 with the Philadelphia Athletics and was considered the sharpest man in baseball. He seemed to know the other team's signals and his fast ball was almost as speedy as that of the famed Walter Johnson.

He pitched against the all star team of New York and allowed only four hits. In 1910 and 1911 he was the leading pitcher of the American League, and again topped the league in 1914. His all time record showed 206 wins and 111 defeats. In the World Series of 1911 he "fanned" eleven Giants, but lost the game, two to one, when a baseman fumbled a ground ball. In 1910 he pitched a no-hit game against Cleveland, and a decade later, when he was manager of the Johnstown Middle Atlantic League, he pitched a no-run game, allowing only one hit.

He was coach at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis; then for the Chicago White Sox. He also managed a number of minor league clubs. He became an expert on jewels, particularly diamonds, and enjoyed reading the best in literature. "Who's Who in American Baseball" carries his biography.

CHARLES CURTIS - Kaw, born at Topeka, Kansas. Mr. Curtis is one-eighth Indian, but was proud of his Indian ancestry. He was a direct descendant of Pawhauska, the famous Osage Chief and White Plume, one of the leading chiefs of the Kaw. From the ages five to eight he lived on the Kaw reservation. He attended the Quaker Mission School and at eight years of age became a jockey, riding at the County Fairs in the summer and fall, attending school the rest of the year.

When he gave up riding at the age of sixteen he was one of the leading jockeys of the central west. He sold oranges and apples at train stations to finance his school expenses and also drove a hack at night. When he was nineteen he started to study law, and in 1881 he was admitted to the bar. He was recognized as a fine trial lawyer and elected County Attorney in 1884 with re-election two years later.

He was the first lawyer to enforce the prohibition law in Kansas. He was elected to Congress in 1892 and during his first term was assigned to the Committee on Indian Affairs of the House. He was the author of the Curtis Bill for the protection of the people of Indian Territory. He was a friend of the Indian and while in the House and Senate he introduced and favored legislation in their behalf.

He proposed an amendment in 1924 which was accepted in the Committee on Indian Affairs, giving citizenship to all Indians in the United States. He had a long and honorable career in Congress, serving fourteen years in the house, and twenty years in the Senate. In 1928 he was elected Vice President of the United States on the Republican ticket.

ELLA DELORIA - Dakota (Yankton) born at Lake Andes, South Dakota. She was educated at the All Saints School, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, at Oberlin, the Teachers College and Columbia University. After a brief period of teaching she served on the staff of the YWCA as health education secretary for Indian Schools and reservations.

She was appointed research specialist in Indian ethnology and linguistics with the Department of Anthropology, Columbia University in 1929. Her Dakota Texts is the fourteenth volume in the American Ethnological Society series. A single honor was an invitation to speak before the American Philosophical Society founded by Benjamin Franklin.

Many struggling scientists aspire to this, but few achieve it. She filled a three year gap when the St. Elizabeth Indian Mission school was in need of a principal.

WO-PEEN (Louis Gonzales) - Pueblo, born in San Ildefonso, New Mexico. He graduated from the Indian School at Santa Fe, and his mother is one of the famous San Ildefonso potters. Wo-Peen watched his mother and wanted to create beauty himself. He got some paper and water colors and proceeded to teach himself how to paint. In 1932, his "Eagle Dance Ceremony" was first chosen on the opening day of the Exposition of Tribal Arts in New York City.

In the spring of that year he had his first big exposition under the auspices of the Boston Art Club. He was comissioned to decorate the Post Lodge, a room in the Y.M.C.A. College at Springfield, Massachusetts, and his fame spread. He toured the country for four years in the cooperation with W. Allen Cushman, appearing before clubs and exhibiting his paintings.

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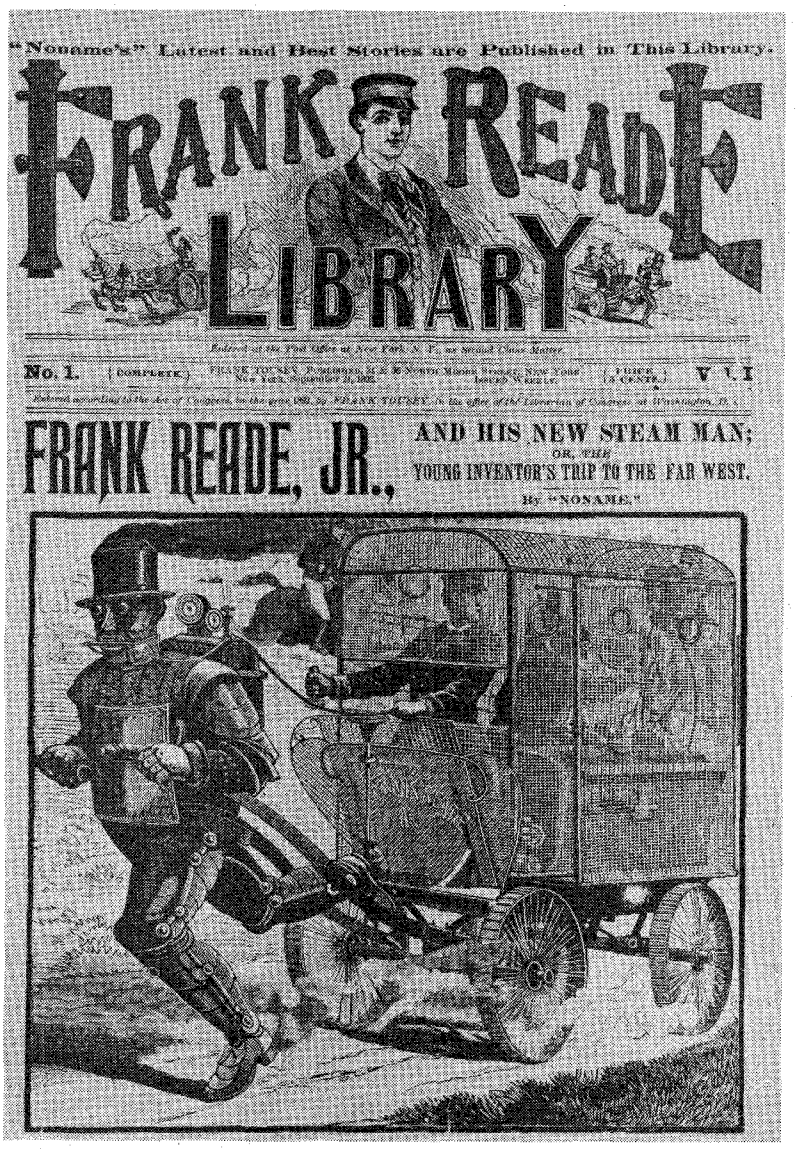
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FRANK READE LIBRARY

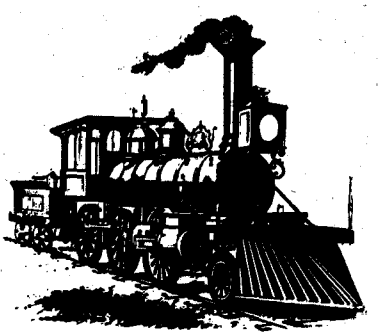
No. 1. [COMPLETE.] ... [PRICE, 5 CENTS.] V. I

FRANK READE, JR., AND HIS NEW STEAM MAN; OR, THE YOUNG INVENTOR'S TRIP TO THE FAR WEST.

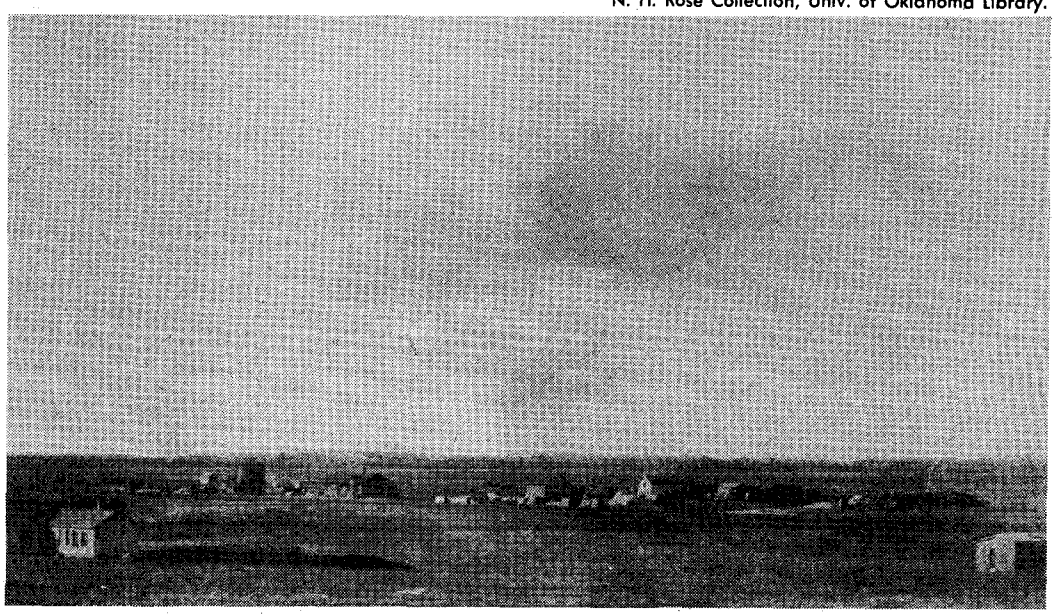
By "NONAME."

Edward T. LeBlanc Dime Novel Collection.

DIME NOVEL GLORIFYING THE WEST. FRANK READE LIBRARY featured the adventures of a young inventor who contrived a myriad of vehicles which he used to explore various regions of the world. One of his favorite areas of the world was the American West. Above shows him at the controls of a steam man with which he explored to Western prairies.



N. H. Rose Collection, Univ. of Oklahoma Library.



Oklahoma City as it appeared on the morning of the Run of 1889. Only the most optimistic could envision the great city which was to grow on the spot.

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PICTORIAL

Ronald Joseph Morgan Collection.

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY. JAMES KAYWAYKLA. Nephew of Geronimo. He attended the Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He died at 90 years of age in July 1963.

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THE JAMES GANG And The HUNTINGTON BANK ROBBERY

By Carl W. Breihan

From the author's collection

Frank and Jesse James. Frank was suspected of being one of the gang who robbed the bank at Huntington, West Virginia.

On September 6, 1875, four well-mounted and heavily armed men rode into Huntington, West Virginia. Cole Younger was one, Frank James another, Tom Webb a third, and Tom McDaniels the fourth. With their usual daring, the four men cleaned out the bank and made their escape.

It was 1875. Most Missourians, especially the old timers, were struggling for a livelihood due to the great panic of 1873, the Black Friday when Jay Cooke & Co., who had invested heavily in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railway, suspended operations on September 18th. Some of the better-read folks recalled that Congress had passed a law providing for the resumption of government specie payments that year; a law which would take effect on January 1, 1879.

Some folks, reading the newspaper of the day, commented on the fact that a man named Alexander Graham Bell had invented some kind of a talking machine. In the discussions, one old gent from Osceola remarked that he recalled it happened at 109 Court Street in Boston, and that the words were: "Mr. Watson please come here, I want you."

Of course, these facts were interesting but not important to the average Missourian who longed to read of the exploits of the Jameses and the Youngers. They were still slapping their thighs with glee as they recalled the daring robbery of the train on its eastbound trip on the Kansas Pacific at Muncie, Kansas. Early in December of 1874 Mrs. Steel had stated how she saw a party of three horsemen headed northwards near the southern bridge which spanned the Kansas River at Kansas City. At some point between Kansas City and Muncie, a distance of eight miles, the three horsemen were joined by two others, and about the middle of the afternoon of Dec. 13th the augmented party reached Muncie, where they donned masks and closed in on the station.

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The station agent, John Purtee, was robbed of twenty dollars, then the section hands were compelled to place several T-rails across the railway track. The station agent was forced to flag down the engineer, Robert C. Murphy, who immediately brought his iron horse to a halt. Conductor J. O. Brinkerhoff, when confronted by an armed robber, leaped from the rear of the train and scurried up the track. He knew that a fast approaching freight train would crash into the stalled passenger train if it were not stopped. Although the bullets which whizzed past his head behooved him to stop, he was able to convince the bandit of his real purpose in running, and so a tragic accident was averted.

Over $25,000 in currency and gold dust had been obtained by the daring robbers, and, while a posse jogged after the train robbers, they turned back soon after crossing the state line into Jackson County, Missouri. Mrs. Steel stated she saw the body of five horsemen cross the southern bridge at full speed and that she recognized three as the men who had passed her home that morning, all riding bay horses with new saddles.

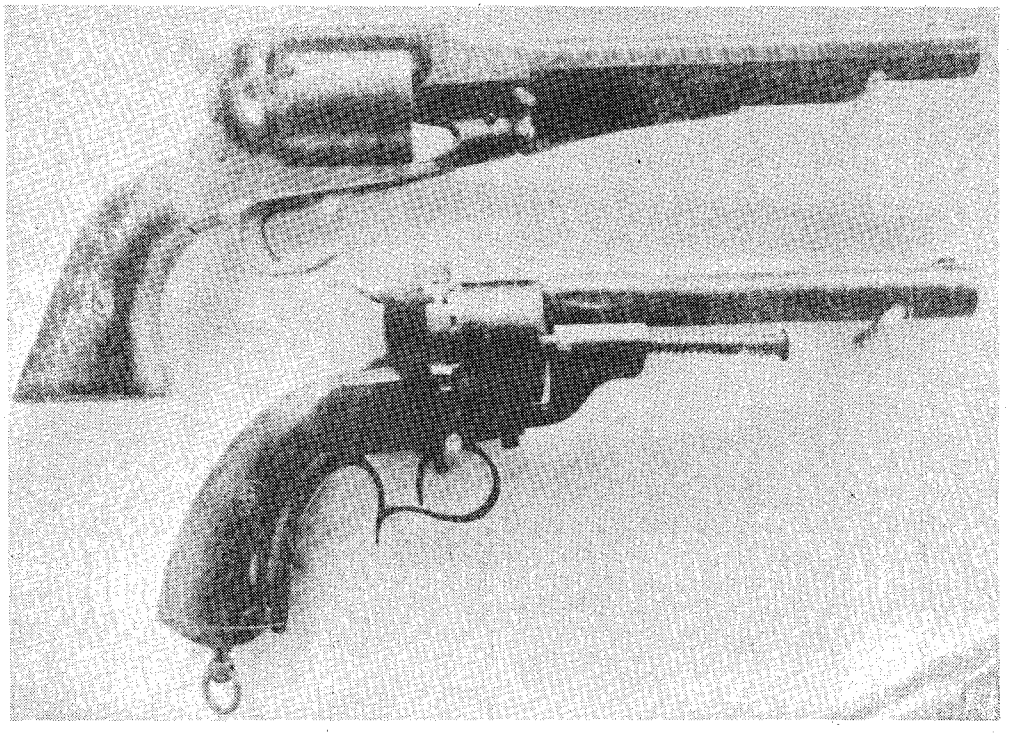
Seth Jones, whittling away on a corncob, recalled with dismay that two days after the Muncie robbery William "Bud" McDaniels was arrested as one of the train robbers. He hired a horse and buggy in Kansas City for the purpose of treating his girl to a ride. Proceeding to her house, he found she was absent, and being much provoked, he drank to excess and soon was driving through the streets in a reckless manner. He was arrested by the police, and on searching him at the station, they found on him over a $1,000 in money, two revolvers and some jewelry, which he said he had bought to give to his girl. Suspicion was instantly aroused, and investigation resulted in the positive identification of the jewelry as that which had been taken from the train at Muncie. Others stated they had seen Bud in town that day. It was a clear case so he was taken to Lawrence, Kansas to await trial.

Good news hit the papers for the ex-Quantrillians when they read that on Sunday, June 27, 1875, Bud McDaniels walked out of the Lawrence jail with another prisoner. But the good news turned to gloom later on when they read that the pursuit was kept up all night, and at 3:00 P.M. on Monday afternoon, three farmers discovered McDaniels and Dunn, the other prisoner, about seven miles west of Lawrence. After exchanging shots the escaped prisoners were forced to abandon their horses and take to the brush. The news soon spread, and with it the number of pursuers increased until the prisoners were surrounded.

Mr. Bierman, a German farmer, shot McDaniels with a squirrel rifle, the ball taking effect in the lower bowels. Tuesday morning McDaniels appeared at the home of a colored man and asked for food and water. A messenger was dispatched to the sheriff, who immediately took a wagon and went out and brought him into the city. Dr. Newman pronounced the wound fatal, and at 7:00 P.M. on Tuesday evening Bud McDaniels died.

When Jesse and Frank James returned to Clay County in January of 1875 from Mexico, their presence was immediately made known to Allen Pinkerton, who, after some correspondence with county officials and others, formed a plan for capturing the outlaws. 1875 started out with headlines about the James boys, and the incident which occurred the night of the 25th of January became known as "the crime of the century," and turned public sympathy in favor of the outlaws. That night William Pinkerton, brother of Allen, sent a party of well-armed men to the Samuel's home, the place where Jesse had been born. Four men approached the window on the west side of the house, opened it, and tossed in several turpentine balls to light up the house. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel, Archie and Susan, their children, and an old colored servant rushed into the kitchen, aroused from a sound sleep and in fear of their lives. At that very moment an iron ball filled with gunpowder and wrapped in a flaming rag was tossed into the room. A heavy explosion was the prelude to the dreadful havoc made by the instrument of death. Mrs. Samuel's right arm was shattered to such an extent that it had to be amputated at the elbow. This was forgotten momentarily in the anguish she suffered at seeing the dying struggles of her little boy.

The funeral of the innocent victim did not take place until the second day after the midnight attack, and then Mrs. Samuel was too greatly prostrated to attend and witness the last service over her son.



From the author's collection

Two guns dropped by the retreating outlaws from Huntington, West Virginia.

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From the author's collection

Archie Samuel was killed when the Pinkertons threw an iron bomb into the James home the morning of January 26, 1875.

The Pinkertons claimed that Jesse and Frank had been in the house when they attacked; others said they left the place early that evening. However, contemporary reports indicate a fierce battle had taken place in the yard and bullet holes were found in the fence and pools of blood were discovered near the stable. Moreover, Jack Ladd, a Pinkerton spy, had been undercover at the Askew farm, next to that of the Samuel's, and it is known that he was wounded in the resulting affray and died later in Chicago. The Governor of Missouri sent his Adjutant-General to get a report of the bombing; his report substantiates the facts as given.

This unfortunate and indefensible attack, for a time allayed public animosity against the James boys and turned the sympathy of people in western Missouri somewhat in their favor. Those who had been most earnest in their desire to see Jesse and Frank James brought to punishment, began to think more lightly of their crimes, attributing them partly, at least, to the manner in which they had been hunted and persecuted. For sometime this sentiment predominated in Clay and Jackson Counties, and the same feeling extended to other parts of the state, and in March, led to the introduction of an amnesty bill in the Legislature, granting immunity for past offenses committed by Jesse and Frank James, Coleman Younger, James Younger and Robert Younger. The bill was introduced by General Jefferson Jones of Callaway County, and contained a provisional clause that amnesty would be granted the parties named in the instrument for all offenses committed during the war, provided they would surrender to the lawful authorities and submit to such proceedings as might be brought against them in the several states for crimes charged against them since the war. After a stormy debate the bill was defeated.

No doubt a deciding factor in the minds of the legislators who voted against the proposed amnesty bill was the cold-blooded murder of Daniel H. Askew on Monday, April 12, 1875. All through the war the Jameses had considered Askew a Union spy, but up to the time of the bombing he had not been molested by the outlaws. After that time, however, Askew, a radical, was held in disgust by the James family and their friends. Also, Jesse believed that Askew had been a member of the Pinkerton band which attacked his mother's home in January. At about eight o'clock in the evening, while returning from the spring with a bucket of water, Askew was shot down within ten feet of his house. Three bullets pierced him, and he died instantly. Shortly after, Jesse and Frank James and Clell Miller met a farmer on the road, and told him that Askew had been killed because of the harassment to them and their families by Pinkerton detectives.

Other things, too, were happening in 1875, and the friends and admirers of Jesse and Frank James noted that in June of that year Frank married Annie Ralston at Independence, Missouri, against the wishes of her family. The couple went to Nashville, Tennessee, where Jesse and Zee were living. On August 31, 1875, at 606 Boscobel Street, Zee gave birth to a son. The boy was named Jesse Edwards James, in honor of Jesse's friend, Major John Newman Edwards, the fiery ex-adjutant to General Jo Shelby. The month before, Cole Younger turned up in Nashville with Tom Webb, alias Tom Keen or vice versa. During a short residence in Cincinnati, Cole formed the acquaintance of the sharp, black-eyed Tom Webb. This man had spent many years in Kentucky and West Virginia, being at all times a suspicious character, and it was he who proposed the robbery of the bank at Huntington, West Virginia. Cole

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Younger and Frank James considered the proposition, and meeting a Tom, or Tomlinson McDaniels, a brother of Bud, at Petersburgh, they laid the scheme before him, and then the four concluded to raid the bank. Cole previously argued that Jesse should join them in the Huntington robbery, but Jesse refused to leave his family.

On Monday, September 6, 1875, the well-armed and mounted quartette rode into Huntington, each wearing a long linen duster over a heavy winter coat. They made directly for the bank, where two of them dismounted, leaving the other pair on horseback to clear the streets of people. The latter two then opened a fusillade with their pistols, driving everyone indoors, while their companions entered the bank with pistols drawn.

Apparently the townspeople were too frightened to put up the stiff resistance the outlaws were to encounter when they rode to Northfield, Minnesota in 1876. Mr. John H. Russell, the president of the bank, was at lunch at the time of the robbery, leaving inside the bank only the cashier, R. T. Oney. Inside the bank both robbers leaped over the counter and secured a revolver which Mr. Oney was trying to get. They told him to hold up his hands and ordered him to open the vault. He told the outlaws the safe was open, but they also ordered him to secure the key for the inner drawer Mr. Oney refused.

"If you do not get the key and open the drawer, we'll kill you!" one of the robbers hissed.

"All right then, do that you'll never get the money," responded the brave but foolish cashier.

Mr. Oney saw that the desperate men meant business, so he produced the wanted key and opened the money drawer. He handed out two packages, and told them that was all, but one of them stooped and saw he had pushed a package back. They ordered him to also hand them that package, which he did. Mr. Oney later stated that the bandits seemed very disappointed that there was no more money in the vault.

"Any of this money yours?" asked one of the robbers.

"Yes, I have a balance of seven dollars in the bank," Mr. Oney replied.

"Well, we don't want this little scrape to cost you anything," said the big robber, and counted him out his seven dollars. They also told Mr. Oney they had been in that business some time, but he was the coolest man they had even come across.

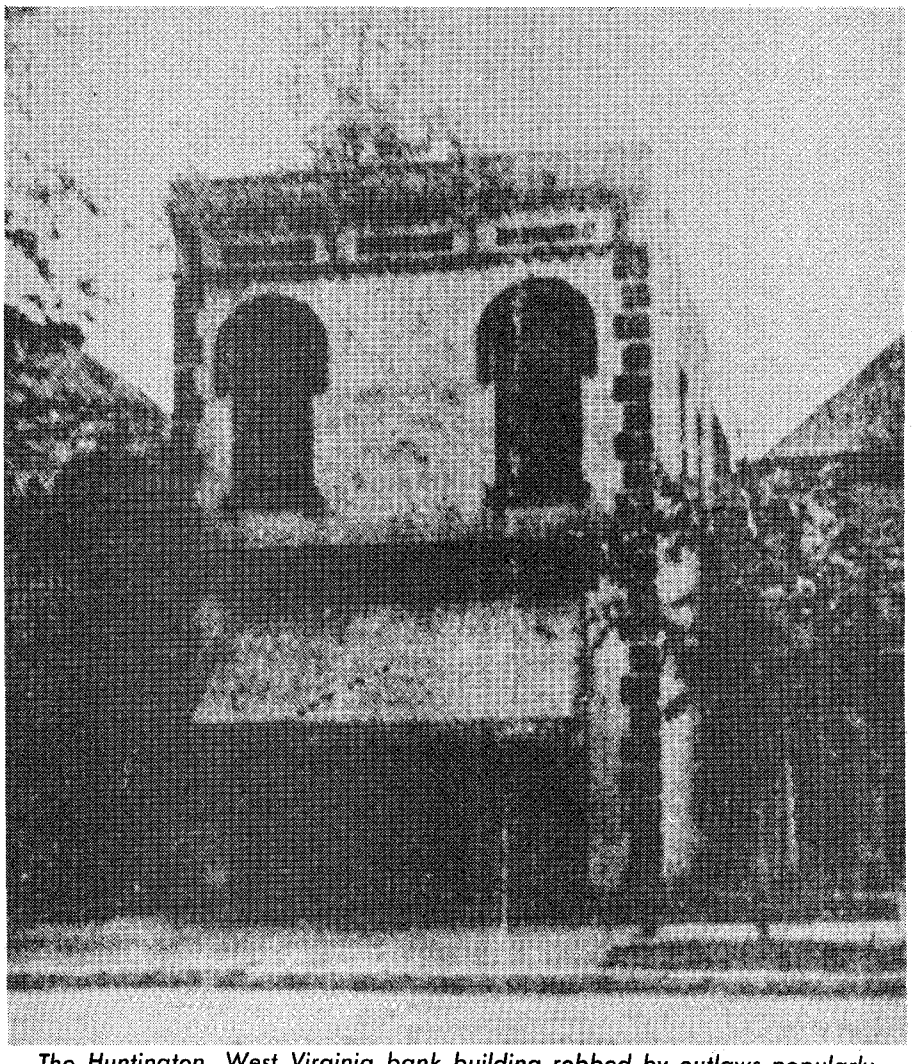
By that time, the firing had subsided in the street, and the bandits in the bank decided it was time to leave. At that very moment a colored messenger named Jim came into the bank with mail. The bandits asked him if there was any money in the packages and he replied he did not know.

"All right, then, stand there in the corner and you won't get hurt," one of the robbers told the frightened messenger.

After a thorough search of the bank, the robbers took Mr. Oney and Jim, and marched them across the street to where their horses were. Mr. Russell, in company of Ben Davis, was cautiously turning the corner at that time. As soon as Mr. Oney found one of the robbers was pointing his pistol at him, he yelled and tried to jump to safety. At the same time the robbers mounted their horses and dashed from town.

By this time Mr. Russell had aroused Sheriff Smith and a general alarm had been given. Mr. Russell was mounted on his fleet gray horse, armed with a shotgun, and in short order, he and the sheriff were in swift pursuit of the fleeing bandits. Soon others followed, Rev. Gibson, J. Emmons, A. Pollard, F. Donnell, W. Stuart, T. Noble, J. Elkins and others. The sheriff and Mr. Russell came so close to the bandits that they dropped a sack containing thirty dollars in nickels and a $5,000 deposit certificate. A man who was taken by the robbers and compelled to go with them, later said the pursuers were so close the robbers stopped and debated whether to wait for them and kill them. Two were in favor of doing so, and the other two said it would do no good, so they continued on.

While the pursuit was going on, urgent telegrams had been sent to Catlettsburg and all the stations between there and Louisa; also to



From the author's collection

The Huntington, West Virginia bank building robbed by outlaws popularly believed to have been members of the James-Younger band.

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Charleston, Barboursville and other strategic points. Mr. George F. Miller organized a party from Barboursville and started after the outlaws, to try and head them off, but got behind them. The posse from Huntington followed them to the Big Sandy River and then returned, except Mr. Russell, A. Pollard, W. Stuart and two men named Donnella and Buffington. These men rode twenty miles into Kentucky to Cracker's Neck and did not return to Huntington until Tuesday night, with G.F. Miller continuing the pursuit.

When they returned to the bank Mr. Russell and Mr. Oney determined that nearly $20,000 in valuables and currency had been taken by the robbers. The loss of the money, however, did not stop the bank from doing business, for Mr. Erskine Miller, one of the stockholders, arrived the next day with a supply of currency, and other funds were sent from a bank in Charleston.

The determined pursuit of the bandits continued, and on Saturday evening the following telegram was received in Huntington:

Willard, Ky., Sept. 10, 1875

To John H. Russell, President, Huntington Bank

We are at West Liberty. Have fifteen fresh men and horses after the parties. Think they will overhaul them. They have gone toward Cumberland Gap. Will stay until we hear.

G.F. Miller

On Monday morning Miller and several of his men returned to Huntington, bringing with them the gray mare which had been ridden by one of the bandits. He had left it on the road with a man to take care of and hired another in its place. He rode this horse about twenty miles and then bought another for a hundred dollars.

On Friday Mr. Oney received a letter from the chief of police of Louisville, Kentucky, enclosing a photograph and a description of the man who he suspected of being the leader of the robber band. Mr. Oney recognized it at once. The picture was taken to Mr. Crump's home, where the bandits had stayed the Saturday night prior to the holdup. They were not advised as to the identity of the man in the photograph, but were simply asked if they had ever seen anyone who looked like the man in the picture. Without hesitation Mr. Crump and his son stated, "Yes, he is one of the men who stayed here Saturday night."

The photograph was that of one of the Younger Brothers, men who were known to be associated with the James gang, and who also had been accused of various robberies since the Civil War.

Daily reports from the pursuers were sent in every direction, showing just where the bandits were last seen, and which way they were going, calling on the people to look out for them. And the people turned out. After ten days of incessant ambuscade, one of them met his fate at Pine Hill, Kentucky. There were two brothers named Dillon, who, becoming very much interested in the reports concerning the bandits, concluded from the route given that the robbers would come near their place. Each of them procured an old army musket which they loaded with slugs, and then kept a sharp lookout for the outlaws.

On the night of the 14th, which was cloudless, and with a new moon which rendered objects visible, the two brothers in maintaining their watch saw four figures moving through the woods on feet about fifty yards south of them. When the outlaws approached the road they stopped, and consulting together for a moment, they separated, two of them proceeding down the road, while the other pair came directly toward the brothers. Now was the supreme moment. The watchers could not be mistaken; two tall men wearing linen dusters and with pistols, the handles of which protruded from the front of their coats. Two to two without any odds, provided the first fire could be effective. But what if those two muskets should fail to fire, or if firing, miss? The Dillon boys perhaps never thought of this; like the enthusiastic hunter who attacks a grizzly bear, he only thinks of the game before him; evidently the brothers were prompted by a similar enthusiasm, for as the bandits approached the brothers commanded, "Halt, throw up your hands." Instead of obeying the order, the bandits drew their pistols and four shots were fired; each one giving an exchange. After the firing the outlaws ran off, one of them moving in a manner that indicated he was wounded.

On the following morning the two brothers visited the spot where the engagement had occurred, and made an examination. They were rewarded by finding blood stains on the leaves, and following the trail into a corn field for a distance of two hundred yards, they found a man with a gaping wound in his side. The brothers carried him up to their home, and placing him upon the bed, sent quickly for a doctor. The wounded bandit, with the fever and damp of dissolution on his brow, cried out in his delirium for "Bud," and then in the last moments, as the hand of death lifted the veil of unconsciousness like one who draws the drapery from the face of the dead, for a last look, the robber exclaimed, "Yes, I am dying, where are my friends?"

He was asked his name and those of his companions, but the man stated that he would never betray a friend.

On the body of the outlaw there was found only a seal ring and two photographs; one of a man who proved to be Bob Ricketts, who said that Tom (or Thompson or Tomlinson) was the only person who had his picture; and the other of a woman who was recognized as an old sweetheart of McDaniels. The same woman received, some days later, a piece of the black crepe enclosed in a letter. The seal ring was identified as one McDaniels had worn.

On the day succeeding the robber's death, September 19th, three men came to the house where the body lay and asked the privilege of viewing the remains. It so happened that only Mrs. Dillon and some lady friends were present at the time; they became frightened, correctly believing that the three were the surviving bandits of the Huntington robbery. Mrs. Dillon, therefore, refused the request by saying that the remains were in the coffin which had already been permanently sealed. There was a sign of disappointment on the faces of the men for a moment, but the largest one directly spoke in a firm tone of voice, saying, "Madam, we are sorry that circumstances require us to appear rude; we came to see the dead body, and therefore ask you again, this time firmly, to show us the remains."

Mrs. Dillon, somewhat frightened before, immediately conducted the three strangers into another room where the coffin rested on the two chairs. A screwdriver lay on the window sill, and with this the lid was readily removed from the coffin; and the

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trio looked long and sorrowfully at the pale, upturned face of the dead man. The largest man betrayed great emotion as tears streamed down his cheeks. After a speechless gaze of many minutes, the three men asked if the party who did the killing was about; being informed that he was not, they courteously bade Mrs. Dillon goodbye and departed, going through the cornfield.

Mr. Oney, the Huntington bank cashier, had been to Pine Hill, the second day before this occurrence, and had fully identified the wounded man as one of the two who entered the bank and forced him to give up the money. He returned by way of Louisville, and, while there, received the following dispatch, which was published in the *Courier - Journal:*

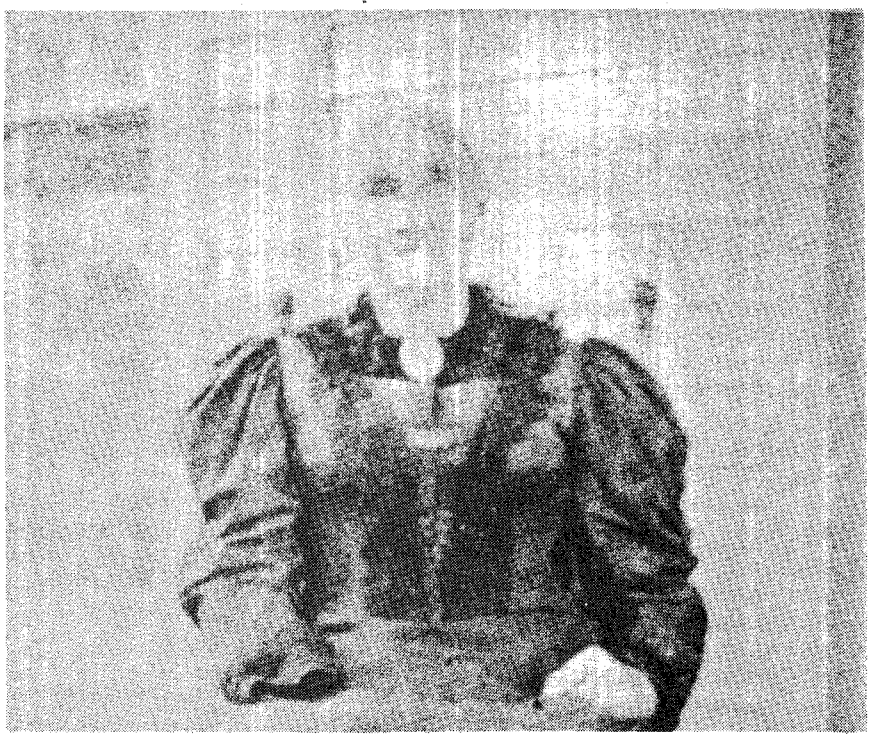
Louisville, Ky., Sept. 20

Robt. T. Oney:—The other three entered the house and had the coffin opened; said he did not look like he looked before. One of them was crying. They asked for me and then went into the corn field. I was at the house about five minutes after they left. I look for a desperate attack today.

W. R. Dillon

There was no attack of course. The three survivors bushwhacked for some time, two of them eventually escaping, while the third was wounded and captured in Fentress County, Tennessee. He had about him some $4,000 in money. He was identified as one of the men who wore a long duster at Huntington, and was taken back and tried for his part in the crime. He was sentenced to fourteen years in the State Prison at Moundsville. He was booked as Jack Keen (Kean), alias Tom Webb.

In justice to Cole Younger and Frank James, the following suspicions concerning the identity of the other two robbers are given; for the intention of the writer is to draw no inference not supported by reasonable conclusions. Regardless of the information which led to introducing Cole Younger and Frank James as plotting with Jack Keen the robbery of the bank, the evidence is not convincing that either of them were at Huntington. It is claimed that Clell Miller was one of the party, while the fourth man is in dispute. Some hold that it was Cole Younger, because Cole was commonly called "Bud," by his comrades, and they think that



From the author's collection

Mrs. Zerelda James-Samuel, the strong-willed mother of the outlaws. She never allowed anyone to say anything against her sons. This photo was taken in 1877 at her home near Kearney, Missouri.

McDaniels' delirious inquiries as to whether Bud was captured, referred to Cole or Bud Younger. Others say that McDaniels, being out of his head, was thinking and raving about his brother Bud. The matter never was settled. The following is a description of the robbers, published a few days after the raid ... one fits the description of Frank James and one could have been that of Cole Younger:

1. Heavy set man, at least six feet tall, weight two hundred pounds, tolerably dark hair, with reddish whiskers and moustache, red complexion, black hat, long linen duster and blue overalls, gold ring on little finger.

2. Tall, slim man, in height about six feet, one hundred and fifty pounds, delicate-looking, light hair and sandy whiskers, high forehead, long nose, gold buttons in shirt, left little finger had a ring. long duster and blue overalls.

3. Tall, slim man, about six feet high, weight one hundred and sixty-five pounds, short, black whiskers and black hair, slim face, black hat, long duster, blue overalls, suit of black twilled cloth with stripes, fine boots, two gold rings on little left finger; had two collars washed with "London" printed on the bands.

4. Heavy set man, about five feet ten inches tall, weight one hundred and eighty pounds, very stout, square-looking man, brown hair, round red face, path of red whiskers on his chin, light-colored hat, linen duster, gray striped coat and vest, pants similar, but not like coat and vest, red drilling overalls, fine boots, broad gold ring with flowers cut on it on his left little finger.

On the 11th of March, 1876, a man named Keeney was arrested at Sedalia, Missouri on suspicion of having had some hand in the Huntington raid. He was a poor man, and was found to have received a large sum of money by express from a brother living near Huntington. He gave no satisfactory explanation to the authorities, but in the absence of any positive evidence, even tending to show his connection with the robber, he was released after a confinement of two weeks.

Detective Bligh of Louisville at first heralded to the world that Jesse James was captured when Keen was arrested. Statements subsequently made by the convicted robber left no doubt that certainly Frank James was there and probably Cole Younger. Regardless, the deed was undoubtedly committed by members of the organization of which the James boys were the most noted leaders. At any rate, the leaders of the Huntington raid escaped, and carried the bulk of the bank's funds with them. ERW

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Personal contact with members of the James-Younger families
Louisville *Courier-Journal*
The author's personal research of 35 years into the James-Younger legends
Missouri State Historical Society

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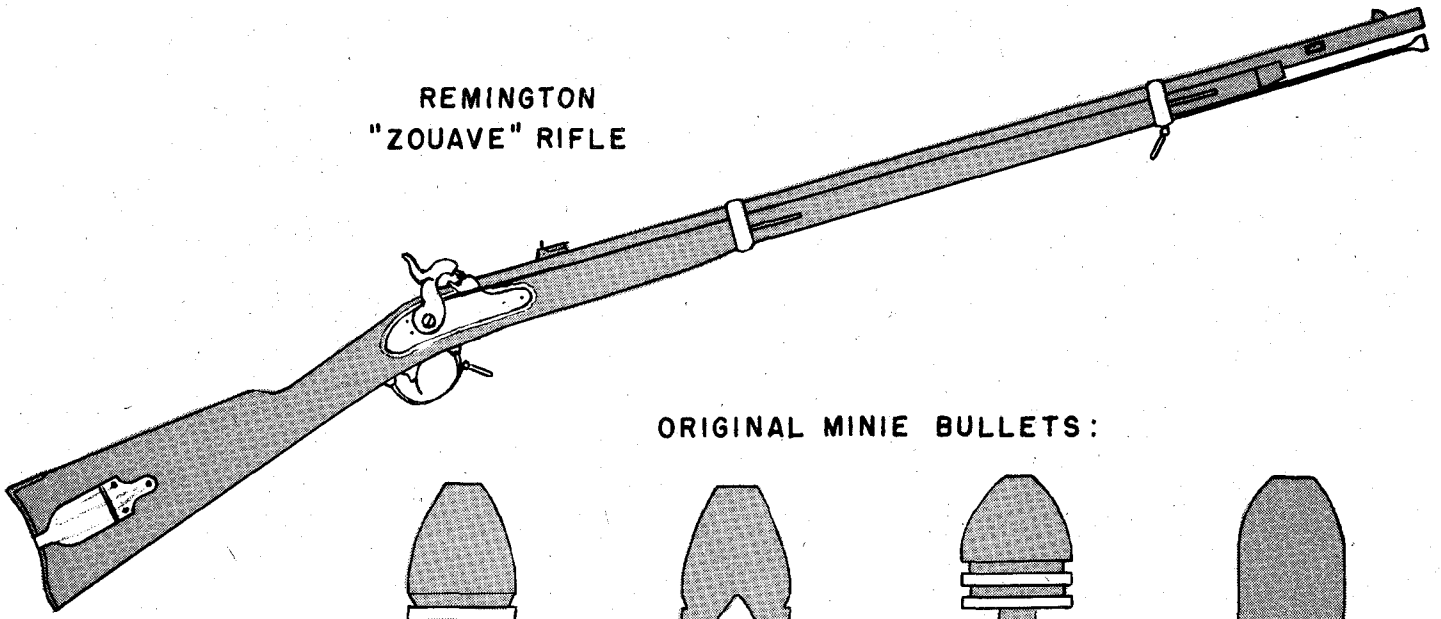
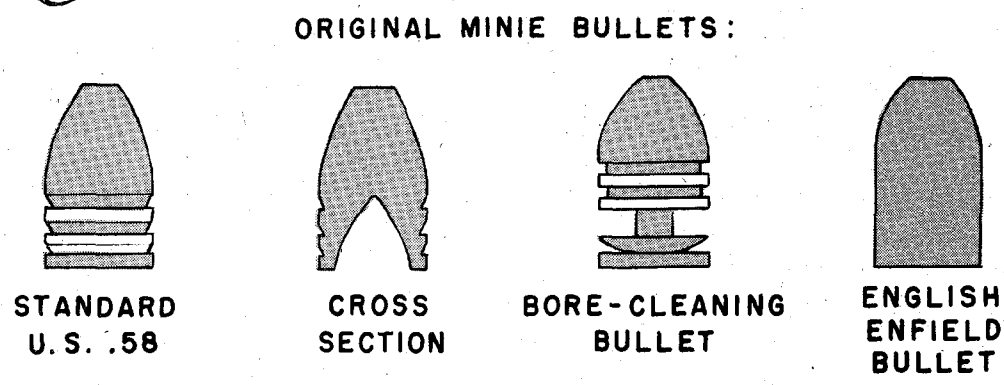
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman





There were many new developments in hand and shoulder firearms during the American Civil War of 1861-1865. These more advanced arms were taken to the western frontier after that war, and immediately found favor there.

This department has told previously of Confederate cavalry carbines which went to the West with their owners, as the Rebs sought new horizons in their post-war restlessness. Being among the world's most daring and magnificent horsemen, these former followers of such stalwarts as Jeb Stuart readily became the hell-for-leather Indian fighters and plainsmen of the next era.

Naturally, also, every handgun which had proved itself at Gettysburg or Antietam was welcomed on the western frontier, where the pistol assumed a new importance.

Less glamorous, perhaps, but having a significant part in this westward migration was the famous Minie rifle. The standard infantry weapon of both Armies, the venerable "Minney" in its several forms and calibers was later to be found hanging over the doorways of thousands of sod shanties on the western plains, always loaded and ready. It figured in several famous Indian fights, including some in which little has been said about the exact weapons used.

Before he graduated to a rolling-block and then to a Winchester 1873, Buffalo Bill Cody was happy to have a Minie rifle on more than one occasion.

Many frontiersmen of that day cut their Minie rifles down to carbine length or sometimes even shorter. Then too, some of these arms had been originally designed in carbine versions which were better for use on horseback.

The Minie rifle was not actually a Civil War development. It had been in use a few years previously, but later models brought it to its highest peak of perfection during that conflict. There is a drastic difference between the Civil War Minie rifles and the slightly earlier ones, in efficiency, in range and in accuracy. I have hunted big game with these rifles, but I stick to those of the 1860's for any such serious shooting.

After centuries of shooting round balls in virtually every firearm, the principle of the Minie bullet was a tremendous breakthrough for its day. This was originally developed by a French artillery officer, Captain Minie, while a Captain Tamisier was the one who suggested the improvement of several grease cannelures on the bearing surface of the new projectile. It was in 1846 that the French government officially adopted this new bullet, but it was not until both England and the U.S. went to smaller calibers and a different twist of rifling that the true potential of this invention was realized.

Captain Minie's finalized development was a conical-nosed cylindrical bullet of soft lead not too unlike modern bullets in shape. It had grease grooves, and a

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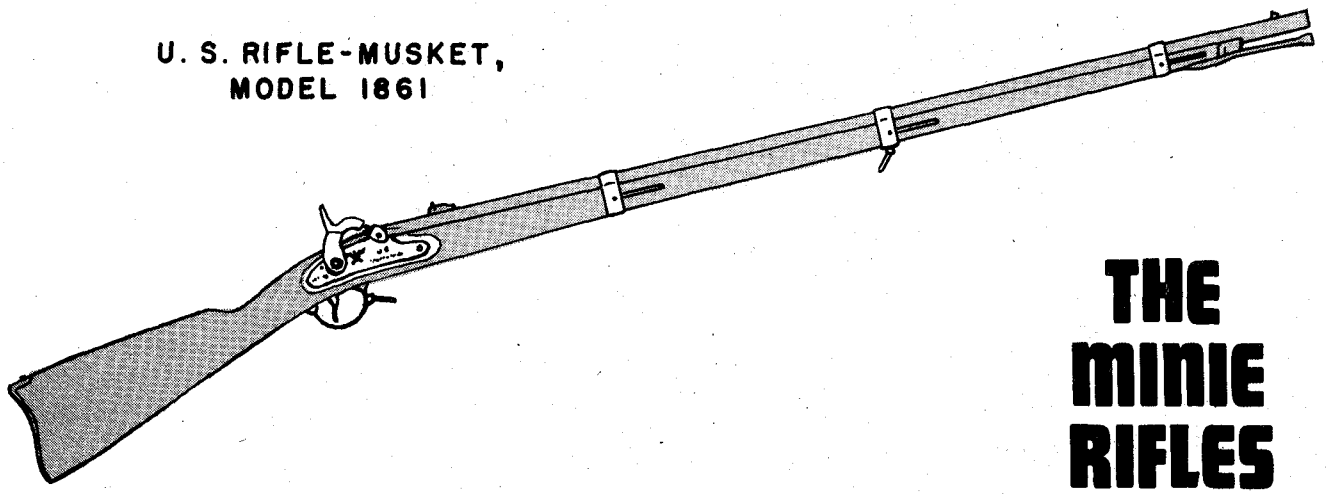
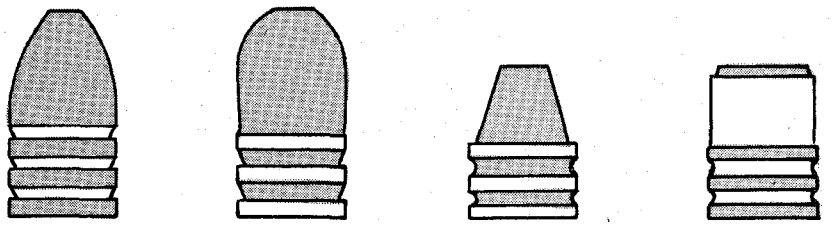
U. S. RIFLE-MUSKET,
MODEL 1861



THE MINIE RIFLES



MODERN .58 MINIES FOR HUNTING AND TARGET USE

Sketched by author

hollow base into which a wedge of iron, or culot, was inserted. The idea was that the slightly undersized bullet would load easily into a muzzle loading rifle, without the patch of the earlier round ball rifles. The force of the explosion would drive the culot forward as the lead portion resisted movement by the inertia principle. This wedge expanded the soft lead into the rifling grooves, which imparted the necessary spin. The expansion also formed the essential gas seal. In other words it went in loose and came out tight.

This was a fine feat of ballistic engineering, but the practical Americans soon eliminated the iron wedge and proved that expansion of the pure lead was adequate without it. A deep hollow base served the same purpose admirably.

While our earlier Minie rifles were .69 caliber, ballistics were greatly improved by reduction to .58 caliber for the standard infantry rifle of the Civil War. The most used model was the Springfield 1861. The best rifle is considered to have been the 1863 Model Remington, which we now call the Zouave, due to its popularity with those special regiments during the war between the states. This is the contract rifle of .58 caliber which is being so widely copied today by the manufacturers of shooting replicas. Navy Arms Company of Ridgefield, N.J., is now a leader in reproduction of this beautiful brass-mounted Zouave rifle.

Our troops sometimes used an English Enfield of .577 caliber, and a so-called "Mississippi" rifle taking a .54 Minie bullet in place of its original round ball. There were also a variety of private contract rifles.

With its ease of loading and its accuracy at any reasonable range, it is small wonder that the familiar Minie rifle went west with so many emigrants who were used to it. With minor alterations, it became a saddle gun, a shotgun or whatever the settler most needed. With a very shortened barrel, it was even used in gunfights.

For the earlier .69 caliber Minie, 70 grains of FFg black powder would be the original military load. Standard for the .58's was 60 grains of powder. All normally require "top hat" musket caps, which are larger than ordinary rifle caps. Don't fire an original rifle without having its internal condition checked first by an expert on muzzle loaders. If the bore is wiped clear of fouling between shots, these are the easiest of all muzzle loaders to load. Simply pour in a measured charge of black powder, push down the bullet base first, with grease in the grooves and possibly also in the hollow base. Cap the nipple and fire.

Ohaus, Lyman and others make moulds for various Minie bullets, ranging from light target wadcutters to heavy, blunt bonecrushers for the largest game. Fire a Minie and you are reliving part of the history of the West of the 1860's and 1870's!

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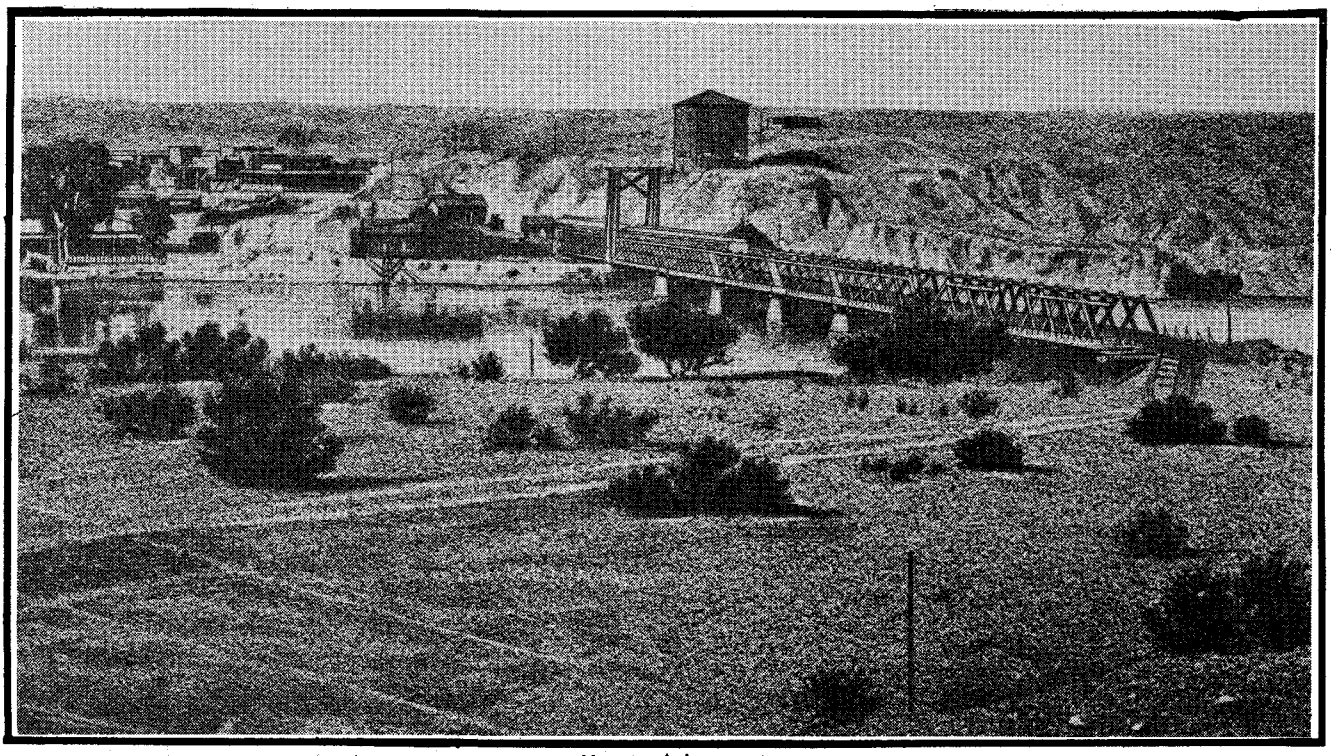
FORTS OF THE WEST

By Louise Cheney



Yuma, Arizona.

FORT YUMA Protector of the 49ers

The Forty-Niners was the name given the horde of emigrants who scrambled west after gold was discovered in California in 1849. The Yuma Indians in the Arizona Territory resented these travelers and they harassed them until the U.S. Army built a fort on the Colorado River to protect the gold-seekers.

The year was 1849 and gold had been discovered in California the year before. The discovery had triggered a mad rush of humanity toward the setting sun as a multitude of gold-hungry emigrants surged westward by every known conveyance of the times with the force of a Gulf hurricane. The routes to California were infested for the most part with hostile Indians and many of the forty-niners, as the gold rushers were called, lost their lives at the hands of resentful and hostile redmen. Many of these forty-niners came via Arizona Territory and the War Department decided to erect an Indian fighting garrison on the Colorado River, the border line between Arizona and California, as a protection for the emigrants passing that way.

Lieutenant Cave Coutts of the United States First Dragoons in company with the survey party of W. Whipples decided on the site of the proposed first military garrison in Arzona Territory on October 2, 1849. The above selected site was on the remains of an old Spanish mission Puerto de la Purisima Concepcion.

It was decided to call this new garrison, Camp Calhoun in honor of Senator John C. Calhoun, former Secretary of War and State. It was the first military garrison ever established in Arizona Territory. Its chief purpose was to act as a bulwark against the hostile Indians in the region and to protect the gold rushers enroute to the Golconda of the Pacific. It was also to aid scientists emigrants and the friendly Indian tribes in the vicinity.

The post remained on the old mission site for over a year. In December 1850 Colonel S.P. Heintzelman

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moved the garrison to below the ferry crossing of the Colorado. Its name was changed from Camp Calhoun to Camp Independence.

The quarters of the troopers occupying the new post were constructed of brush and were called Jacales. This material had to be packed from more than a mile distant by the soldiers.

The physical description of the garrison was as follows: quarters huts for the troopers, kitchens, a guard house and a hospital. All were made from brush. The roofs of all the edifices belonging to the post were thatched. An oven of adobe was used for baking bread.

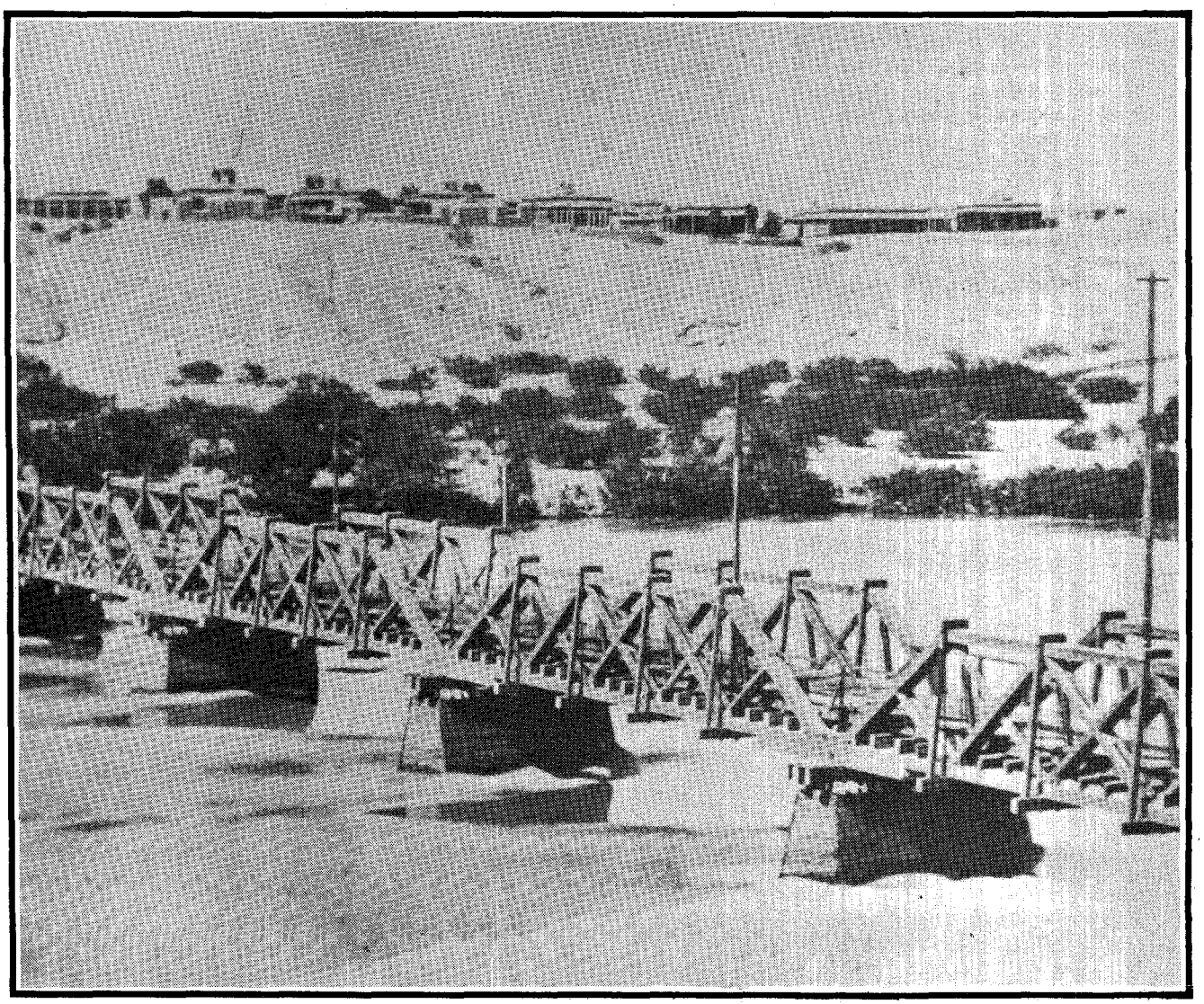
Camp Independence lasted a little over a year and then was abandoned by Captain Delozier Davidson who set a garrison on the site of the first post, Camp Calhoun. The original post was reestablished and given still another name, Camp Yuma after the Indians who inhabited the area.

Supplies became short at Camp Yuma and Colonel Heintzelman took four companies of troopers to Santa Isobel fifty miles distant from San Diego in May of 1851. Behind at the post he left a lieutenant and ten men. In July the captain reported that he had not received any quartermaster money in over a year. He then took his troopers to San Diego. Lieutenant Sweeny and a mere handful of soldiers remained at Camp Yuma.

In November of that same year a party of men, while crossing on the ferry on the Colorado at Yuma, Arizona Territory, were set upon by hostile Indians and four lost their lives. Then several hundred Indians surrounded the garrison of Camp Yuma and made an attempt to capture it. Lieutenant Sweeny was still in command of the post and with his men frustrated the attempt. In the meantime Lieutenant Murray had been dispatched out of San Diego to take over the command of the garrison on the Colorado. When he arrived he and his men were threatened by the same Indians.

In the middle of December of that year only nine men manned Camp Yuma. A Captain Davidson had relieved Sweeny without official permission. This caused no end of chagrin to the government.

Fitzgerald's First Dragoon arrived at San Diego soon after New Year's day of 1852. Colonel Heintzelman then took one company of the dragoons and four companies of the Second Infantry on a march back to Camp Yuma. They reached their destination the latter part of February 1852. The colonel found that all boats and provisions which had been left at Camp Yuma had been sunk in the Colorado River by hostile Indians. The buildings had also been burned down by the same Indians. The day before Heintzelman arrived at the post, 150 soldiers left San Diego headed for the garrison of Camp Yuma on the Colorado.



Fort Yuma, Arizona as it appeared in 1881.

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In the spring of 1852 the authorities at Camp Yuma sent scouts out to the Pima Villages with a boundary survey party from Forts Bartlett and Whipple. In October of that year (1852), fire hit the storehouses, quarters and kitchens of Camp Yuma completely destroying them.

In June and July of 1853 the garrison was surrounded by water and cut off from the mainland by the flood of the Colorado.

In June 1854 Captain George R. Thomas assumed command of the post. The quarters lost in the fire of the year before were replaced in 1855. The Indians in the vicinity remained peaceful that year thus enabling great throngs of westward bound emigrants to cross the Colorado into California without danger.

In the early part of 1856 the Yuma Indians told the authorities at Camp Yuma that the Maricopa and Cocopa tribes together with the Yuma were planning to attack the garrison. At that time Camp Yuma was under the command of Colonel Burke. Colonel George Morgan visited the post to inspect it and also to report to General Wool on conditions there. The reported attack by the Indians did not take place.

Back in the year 1851 a family by the name of Oatman had been attacked seventy miles from Camp Yuma by members of the Tonto tribe on the banks of the Gila River. Oatman and his wife were slain as well as three of their six children. One boy, Lorenzo, was left for dead, so seriously was he wounded. Two of the Oatman daughters, Mary Ann and Olive, who were teenage girls were taken captive and forced into slavery by the savage Tontos. The younger girl, Mary Ann, who was sickly died while in captivity and in time, Olive, the other girl was sold to the Mohaves.

In the Mohave camp Olive was tatooed on the face with the symbols of the tribe. In 1856 a carpenter by the name of Grinnell who lived in Arizona City which had grown up around the garrison learned of Olive's whereabouts from a friendly Yuma Indian. Grinnell contacted Colonel Burke, commander of Camp Yuma and asked him to help obtain the release of Olive Oatman. Colonel Burke agreed and dispatched the Yuma who had told Grinnell of the girl's whereabouts to the Mohave tribe with trade goods and horses to attempt to effect the release of Olive. The Yuma did secure the release of the girl and returned her to Camp Yuma. She had been a captive of the savage Indians for five, long and bitter years. She was cared for by the wife of Colonel Burke until her brother, Lorenzo, who had recovered from the wounds he had sustained at the hands of the Tontos, came for her.

In the year 1857 a Professor Homer Hubby established an observatory near the store of the garrison.

In 1858 Camp Yuma assumed a new significance since it was directly on the route leading from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific shores. Because of Mormon troubles, Utah travelers avoided the northern roads to California thus throwing the burden of traffic via Camp Yuma.

With the year 1861 the Civil War erupted and the name of Camp Yuma was changed to Fort Yuma as the garrison assumed the full position of a military base. An alert was sounded to the post for expeditions traveling near the fort and heading for Tucson and Sonora since Southern advocates were thought to be going in that direction. Throughout the first year of the bitter conflict between the North and South a careful watch was in effect at all times for Southern movements.

It was in the fall of 1861 that Lieutenant Colonel West was dispatched to take three companies of the First Infantry of the California Volunteers to Fort Yuma. The garrison had by then become a strategic outpost and a vital one.

It was in April of 1862 that the California Volunteers arrived at Fort Yuma where they took up temporary quarters, their ultimate destination being New Mexico Territory. In command of these Volunteers was Colonel James H. Carleton.

Also in August, 1862, a number of high ranking officers recommended to the War Department in Washington that Fort Yuma be abandoned, the main reason for the recommendation being that due to heavy rains which occurred from time to time the post was often marooned until the rising water receded.

However the recommendation for the abandonment of the post was not acted upon and Fort Yuma remained a vital garrison at the California-Arizona border. In 1864 quite a large new quartermaster depot was constructed at the fort. Since the flood of 1862, when high water had done much damage to the buildings, they were in need of rebuilding.

In January of that year, Captain Edgar Hillyer of the Fourth California Infantry had been placed in command of Fort Yuma. By that time the garrison had assumed the position of a vital supply depot and huge quantities of goods were shipped to the post. It became the main depository for receiving and forwarding provisions north of the Gila River. The fort also became the supply reserve station for the whole of the vast Arizona Territory. It served for the duration of the Civil War and remained a supply center after the war ended in 1865.

In 1867 a fire destroyed the huge depot but it was rebuilt as quickly as possible as there was a crying need for it. In later years the great depot was used to stable army mules and often as many as 900 head were quartered there.

Company A of the First Cavalry, under the command of Captain McGregor, along with a goodly number of Juala pai Indians in May 1867 marched out from Fort Yuma on an expedition against the hostile tribes on the Colorado River. A little later, troops from Fort Yuma were dispatched against the Modoc Indians.

Since Fort Yuma from its beginning was strongly identified with the dramatic, it will not be amiss to relate here the story of one of the most famous of Arizona's lost mines. It was found by a member of the army personnel stationed at Fort Yuma. To this day it has defied the hand of man. Leland Lovelace in his excellent book, LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURES says of the mine that it is the most promising of all old lost mines in that it has been hunted by but a few and that no organized effort has ever been made to find it.

The story has to do with a character simply known as Yuma. He assured people that he was an aristocrat from Kentucky and that his folks occupied prominent positions in that proud old Southern state.

According to the tradition of his prominent family Yuma decided on

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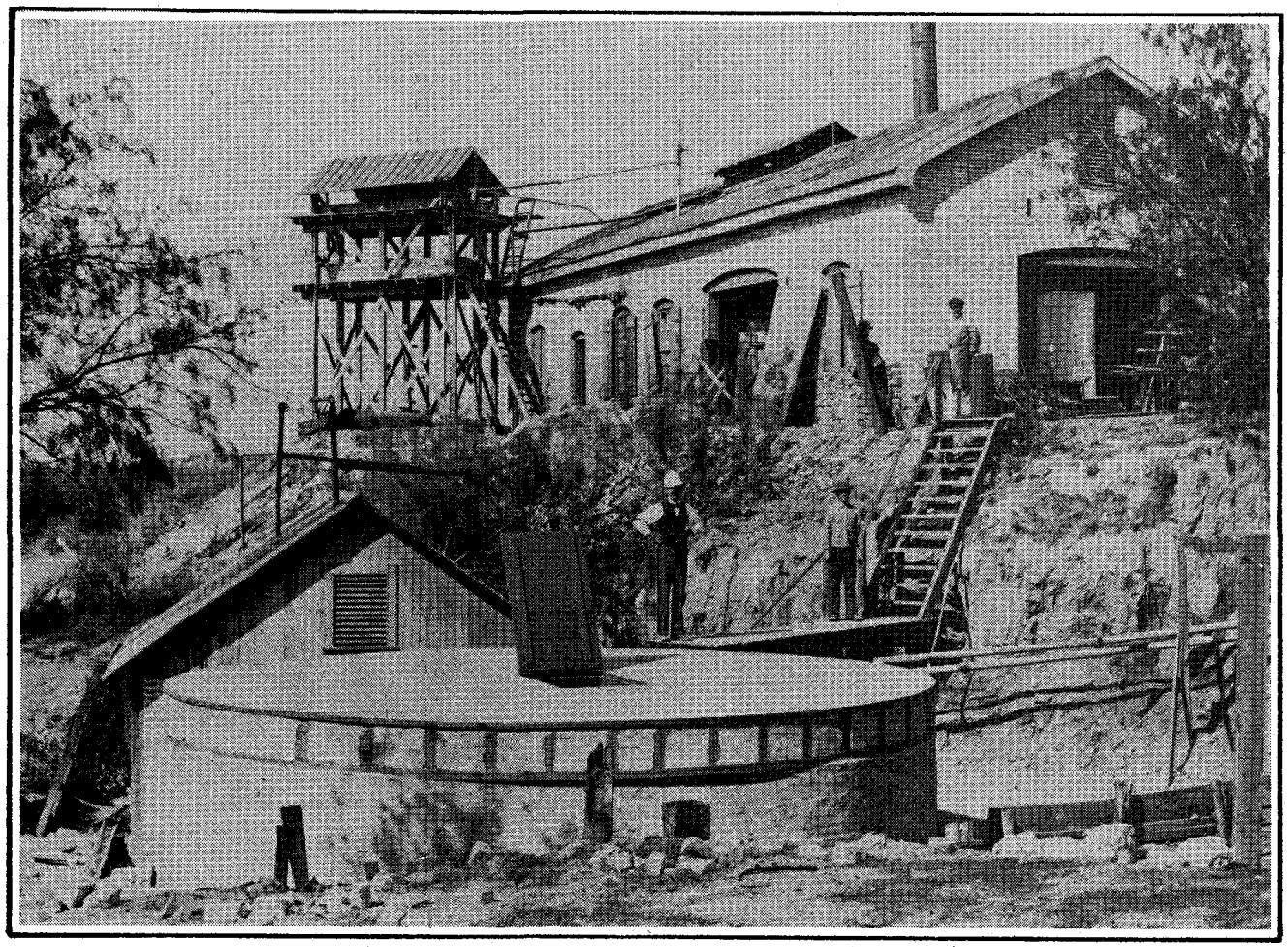

U.S. Signal Corps photo, National Archives.

Scene in Yuma near the fort.

a military career and was graduated from West Point. After graduation he began service in the army and was eventually assigned to a regiment in Arizona. His station was in Arizona City, (renamed Yuma in 1873) at Fort Yuma. He had charge of army supplies at the garrison. Some dishonest government agents played some hanky panky thus lining their own pockets leaving poor Yuma to take the rap. He was blamed for irregularities with both money and provisions. He was unable to prove his innocence in the matter and as a result was discharged from the army in disgrace.

Yuma was disillusioned at the injustice done to him and decided that he wanted no more of the white man nor his world so he joined a tribe of Yuma Indians, married a lovely young squaw and took the name of the tribe, Yuma, as his own.

Yuma acquired the trust and friendship of the Yumas, the Apaches and the Papagoes in Arizona Territory and became a trader among these tribes, traveling from the Colorado River east, across the Papago Reservation, northeast to south of the Gila near Aravaipa Creek and the San Pedro River. For the most part his Indian wife traveled with him.

He found these trading expeditions to be exceedingly profitable and acquired much gold, as the Indians paid him in the purest of this precious metal.

He became friendly with the fierce Aravaipa Apaches since he sold them guns and ammunition. For these the Apaches paid him in gold or in pink quartz. Yuma found it to be extremely rich and he knew that the Indians had a gold mine somewhere in the desert and he assumed that this deposit lay somewhere in the vicinity of Camp Grant, as their headquarters was not more than five miles distant from this U. S. military post.

So Yuma made a trip to see the chief of these Apaches, Es-kim-en-zin (Big Mouth) by name, to induce him to tell where the mine was located. He promised the chief anything he wanted in the way of goods and horses. It so happened that Big Mouth, a treacherous and greedy cuss, was badly in need of horses as he wanted to marry a comely young squaw and knew that the price for her would be high. So he agreed to take Yuma to the source of the Apache gold.

They left camp early one morning telling the tribal members that they were going wild turkey hunting. They traveled about nine miles from the Indian camp and then the wily old chief cautiously led Yuma to a saucer-like depression on a slope. The chief walked away and Yuma dug into the depression with his knife and uncovered a vein of rich gold. Yuma knew then that he had found the secret mine of the Apaches. He kept a few samples and hid them in his pockets. He studied the land about him, fixing landmarks in his mind and was sure that he could return. He knew that the Apaches would kill him in short order if they ever found him in the vicinity of the mine but he decided to risk it. He then accompanied Big Mouth back to the Indian rancheria.

When Yuma left the Apaches he rode straight into Tucson. In that city lived a man by the name of Crittenden who was also from Ken-

(continued on page 61)

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The Myth Of The BUNTLINE SPECIAL

By George Hart

According to legend, Ned Buntline, a famous novelist of his day had five Single Action Army revolvers especially made for Wyatt Earp and four other frontier fighters. These six-guns had 12-inch barrels and a detachable walnut shoulder stock. But there is no real proof such guns ever existed!

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Ned Buntline, armed to the teeth and seemingly content WITHOUT a Buntline Special.

On just about any list of firearms that won the West, one is likely to find — along with the Colt Peacemaker and Winchester 73 — the Colt Buntline Special. Extraordinarily, there is no proof that such a weapon existed. This is not to say there were no extra long barrelled Single Action Army revolvers manufactured by the Colt Company. For in the late 1870's and early 1880's a number were indeed made. These were 10-inch and 16-inch models (the "Buntline" was reputed to have a 12-inch barrel). Colt records do not show any of the above as having been sold to Ned Buntline, nee Edward Zane Carroll Judson. True, he could have purchased them from almost anyone of the many dealers thruout the country. However, the fact that his name does not appear in the

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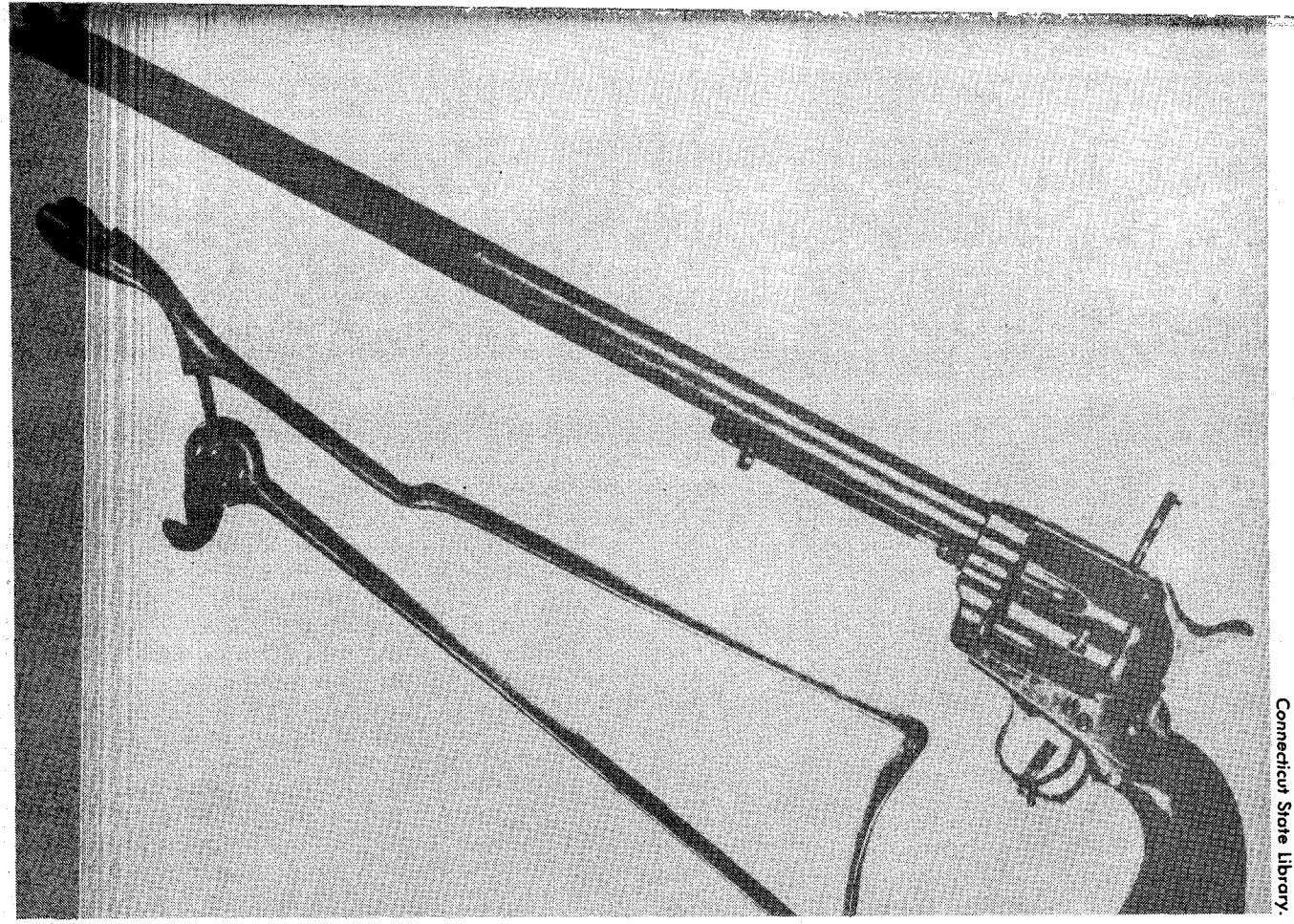

Connecticut State Library.

One of the 30 S. A. Army revolvers with long barrels made by Colt.

Colt files as a buyer is far from the most damning evidence against the reality of the Buntline Special. We shall come to that later.

Most stories concerning the origin of the "Buntlines" follow the same pattern. In 1876 (or 1875) Ned Buntline, having more or less exhausted his supply of tales dealing with plainsmen and wild Indians, traveled to Dodge City, Kansas, to investigate a comparatively new breed of Westerner — the gunfighter. The prolific writer of dime novels found exactly what he was looking for in the persons of Neil Brown, Charlie Bassett, Bill Tilghman, Bat Masterson and especially Wyatt Earp. Ned was provided, by the pistoleers, with enough material for a countless number of yarns (it staggers the imagination to picture these worthies strutting around Dodge performing heroic deeds for Ned's edification!).

To show his appreciation he had five unique sidearms made-up, christened them "Buntline Specials" and presented one each to the above named gents. These Single Action Army revolvers were .45 caliber and in addition to the 12-inch barrel length they had a detachable walnut shoulder stock (the *skeleton* stocks on the authenticated long barreled Colts were of nickel-plated brass). The walnut gun butt of the revolver had the name "Ned" carved in the wood. Accessories included a hand-tooled holster for the gun and a buckskin thong for the shoulder stock. The latter for slinging it around the horn of the man's saddle when not in use. This story seems to have originated in Stuart N. Lake's book, *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal,* published in 1931.

The only detailed book on Judson came out in 1952, *The Great Rascal* by Jay Monaghan. In it Monaghan gives credence to the tale of the Buntline Special, but his source is Lake's *Frontier Marshal.*

He differs from Lake in that he gives the date of Ned's Dodge City visit as 1875 instead of 1876. Most likely this was a necessary adjustment since Judson's movements seem to be quite accountable from 1876 until 1886, the year of his death. None of his peregrinations included the Kansas "cow towns." Immediately preceding the Buntline Special account in Monaghan's book is a description of the result of one of Ned's experiments as a gentleman farmer — a two and a quarter pound, twenty-three inch cucumber! Ironically, *this* feat of Buntline is verifiable thru contemporary newspapers. I find this juxtaposition of the two items — twenty-three inch cucumber and eighteen inch (overall length) Buntline Special — to be a rare piece of unintentional literary humor.

The first biography of Judson between hard covers, *The Life and Adventures of "Ned Buntline"* by Fred E. Pond (Will Wildwood), was published in 1919. Pond, an acquaintance of Buntline, has nothing to say about "Specials", Wyatt Earp et cetera.

What happened to those five "Buntlines"? According to the Lake-Earp version: Masterson and Tilghman cut the barrels to regulation length. Convenient? It would seem so. When Earp supposedly started to tell his "life story" to Stuart Lake in 1927, all the other alleged owners of "Specials" were dead. As a matter of fact, Neil Brown, the last survivor of the four, had just died the year previous. Since the Dodge City days Masterson and Tilghman had gained some prominence. Their wives were still living and *could* be interviewed. To make the story work it was probably essential for Masterson and Tilghman to have had the barrels "cut off." Brown and Bassett were generally unknown and hence could retain the long barrel. A certain tradition persists that Earp lost his Buntline Special overboard off the coast of Nome, Alaska. Another convenience?

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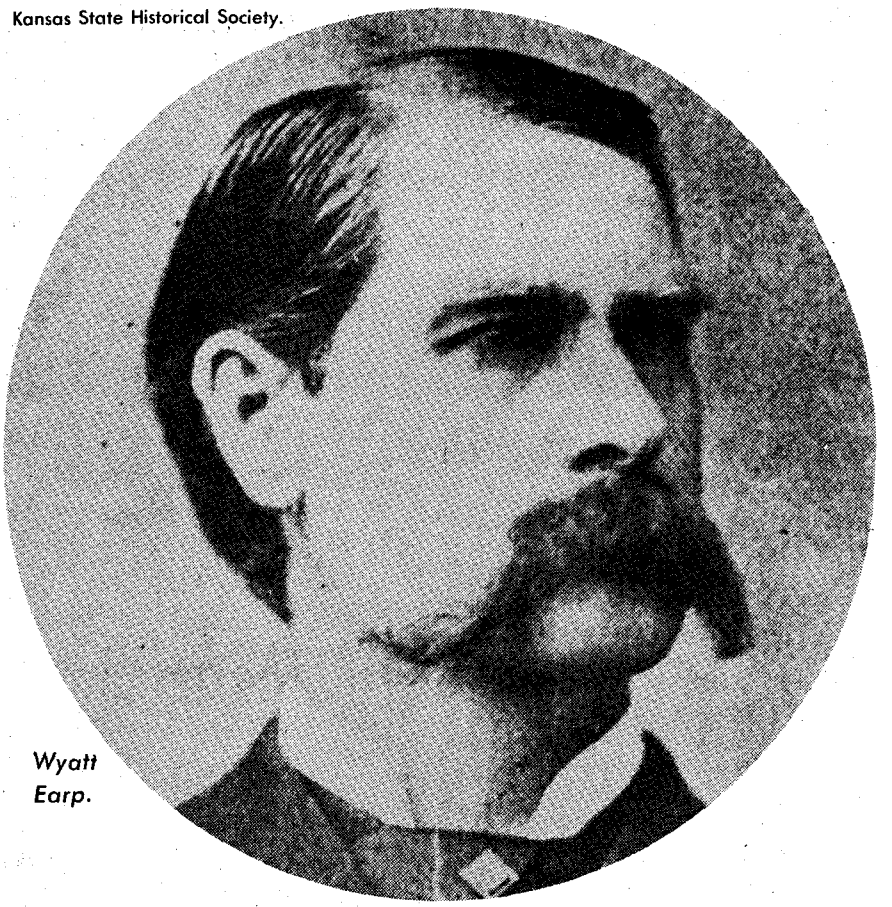

Wyatt Earp.

We now come to the damning evidence promised earlier in this article. Ask yourself this question: Why would the publicity seeking Ned Buntline choose to present these guns to five obscure men (remember we are talking about the year 1875 or 1876) and then *not* go on to make the most of it? It would remain perplexing even if the individuals were of note. To my knowledge he never wrote anything about them or the "Specials." In Albert Johannsen's excellent two-volume work, *The House of Beadle and Adams and its Dime and Nickel Novels,* titles of this type literature are listed by the thousands. There is only one title by Buntline that would even call to mind the name of Earp, but only by association, as the synopsis by Johannsen would certainly have included the information if he had been mentioned. The dime novel was published in 1885 and called *Tombstone Dick, the Train Pilot; or, the Traitor's Trail, A story of the Arizonian Wilds.*

To continue along this line, let us look at the Dodge City reputations of the recipients of the Buntline Special thru documents in the Kansas State Historical Society. Each will commence with the earliest available mention.

Neil Brown.

In November, *1879,* he was appointed assistant marshal of Dodge City to replace Wyatt Earp, who had resigned. The Dodge City *Times* complimented him on being a good officer. It is clear from the date of his appointment that Brown can be readily placed on a list of "unknowns," but it may be well to give here a couple of examples of his service as a lawman.

Ford County Globe, June 8, 1880:

"IN THE BASTILE.

"Dr. Galland and Capt. Howard, proprietor and clerk, respectively, of the Great Western Hotel, were, after a short preliminary skirmish, in which the Doctor received a patronizing welt or two from the festive revolver of Policeman Brown, arrested and locked up in one of the dismal cells of the bastile, where they remained until the Policeman saw fit to kindly liberate them. The cause of the arrest was for a failure to pay hotel license. Yesterday the two culprits were brought before Judge Weaver who fined the Doctor one dollar and cost and dismissed the case against Howard. The Doctor and his friends claim that he was mistreated and abused by the policeman, and that the affair was caused by the Doctor's resignation last week as a member of the Council. Such cases of 'unpleasantness' are not proper amusements for Christians to indulge in, and our voice is for peace."

Brown was ultimately convicted and fined $10 and court costs.

Ford County Globe, August 24, 1880:

"Policeman Brown undertook to disarm a stranger last Friday, who was carrying a pistol in his pocket. The stranger refused to disgorge and started to run, whereupon the policeman gave chase and fired two shots, one of them passing through the stranger's foot and bringing him to a stand-still. He was taken to the calaboose and fined eight dollars, which he paid and took his departure from this beautiful city on the first train, taking with him quite a severe wound."

Charlie Bassett.

He was the first sheriff of Ford County, Kansas. For about three years after his election in 1873, nothing is known about him. The only material that has come to light relating his activities in 1876 are the following communications:

"April 24, (1876)

"To the County Attorney & Sheriff of Ford County.

"Gentlemen:

"This will be handed to you by Mr. R. C. Callaham, whose son, John F. Callaham, was executed by mob violence in your county, on the 8th inst. He visits Ford County for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of all the facts and circumstances attending the death of his son. He claims that there is no doubt of his son's innocence, and if this claim is correct the (illegible) atrocity of the crime — an utterly law-defying one at the best — certainly demands the attention of all law-abiding people, and more especially of the officers to whom is entrusted the execution of the law and the preservation of the public peace.

"I trust that you will extend to Mr. Callaham all the assistance, counsel and encouragement which it may be in your power to extend. There must be an end to mob violence in this state, and local officers exercising vigilance and energy in its suppression and punishment may rely upon the Executive for support and assistance. Let me know in what manner I can be of service in bringing to justice the perpetrators of this recent outrage, and I shall not be slow in responding to any practical suggestion. In the meantime I trust that

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you will do everything in your power to facilitate the inquiry which Mr. Callaham proposes to institute.

"Very Respectfully,
Your Obed't Servant,
Thos. A. Osborn (Gov.)"

Bassett responded with this letter:

"Sheriff's Office,
Ford County, Kas.,
Dodge City, April 28, 1876

"Thos. A. Osborn
Gov. State Kans
"Dear Sir
"Mr. R. C. Calleham (sic) presented to me your letter of the 24 inst. I gave the Gentleman all the encouragement I could but as I was ignorant of the facts in the case, my suggestions as council could be of little benefit to him.

"Through what little information I gave him and his own exertions he has ascertained the fact that his son, John Calleham (sic), was at Dodge City, on the 3rd day of April 1876 the day on which we held our municipal election. It appears from the statements made by the Sumner County and other papers that the horses were stolen on the 30th inst., and that the parties in pursuit followed the thieves a distance of 300 miles. The theory is that if the deceased John Calleham was here on the 3rd day of April that it would be physically impossible for him to have stolen those horses. Several citizens of good standing are willing to qualify (sic — testify) that they spoke with him on the 3rd of April, at Dodge City. If he was one of the thieves the time given him to travel over 300 miles of ground was 3 days from the night of the 30th of March to the morning of the 3rd of April. I do not hesitate to say that this feat could not be performed by any one horse or horseman in the time given, especially as the ground was so soft, as to leave an impression, so plain that it could be followed at a very rapid gait.

"To be brief I am now of the opinion that the man was innocent of the crime alleged, and for which he has suffered death. Mr. Calleham wishes me to go to Sumner County and arrest the parties interested in the hanging, but without the assistance of the executive department I am totally unable to do anything, as I am in a poor fix financially to undertake so lengthy a journey. And as I have to deal with men who have themselves disregarded the law, I will necessarily have to take with me three men to assist in making those arrests. This of course will be some slight expense to the State, without which I am unable to operate.

"I hardly think it safe to entrust my business to the Sumner Co. Sheriff as I think that possibly he might convey the intelligence to them and thereby give the offenders an opportunity to escape.

"Yours Very
Respectfully
Chas. E. Bassett"

Aid, practical or otherwise, was

Kansas State Historical Society

Authentic photo of (standing) W. H. Harris, Luke Short, W. B. Masterson, W. F. Petillon and (sitting) C. E. Bassett, Wyatt Earp, M. F. McLain and Neil Brown.

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not to be had from the governor's office. Evidently, the case was allowed to fade away. On the first of May the governor's secretary answered Bassett:

"Chas. E. Bassett, Esq.
Dodge City, Kansas.

"Dear Sir:

"The Governor directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 28th ult. Though he is decidedly anxious that the parties who illegally executed young Callaham should be brought to justice, there is no public fund from which the expense of their re-capture can be defrayed. It is the duty of the local authorities to execute the law, and the governor hopes that the County board will provide the necessary means.

"Yours Truly,
Ward Burlingame,
Private Sec'y."

While not such a sure thing as Neil Brown, it is safe to add Bassett to the list.

Bill Tilghman.

In 1877 Tilghman was a saloon owner as reported by the Dodge City *Times* for July 21, 1877:

"Garris and Tilghman's Crystal Palace is receiving a new front and an awning, which will tend to create a new attraction towards the never ceasing fountains of refreshments flowing within."

In 1878 he was suspected of train robbery and horse stealing. His accuser on the latter charge was, of all people, Bat Masterson!

Dodge City *Times,* February 9, 1878:

"Wm. Tilghman, a citizen of Dodge City, was arrested on the same serious charge (As some others had been) of attempt to rob the train (at Kinsley, Kansas). He stated he was ready for trial, but the state asked for ten days delay to procure witnesses, which was granted. Tilghman gave bail. It is generally believed that Wm. Tilghman had no hand in the attempted robbery."

The *Times* for February 16, 1878, printed a letter telling of his release:

"Monday, Feb. 12th, 1878.

"Wm. Tilghman, Dodge City, Kansas.

"Dear Sir:

"Your case was called to-day for examination. There being no evidence against you, I filed a motion for your discharge and the court thereupon ordered your discharge, entering the same on his docket. I congratulate you on your discharge, hoping that you may be so lucky in the future as not to be ever suspected of crime.

"Yours very truly,
J. E. McArthur,
County Attorney, Edwards County,
Kansas."

Tilghman was not "so lucky" as wished for by the Edwards County Attorney. The following deals with the horse thievery episode:

Ford County Globe, April 23, 1878:

"JUSTICES COURT.

"On the 16th inst. several parties arrived in town looking for two horses, which had been stolen from M. A. Couch, of Ness County. The horses were found in H. B. Bell's livery stable, in possession of Jack Martin and Wm. H. Tilghman, who claimed to be owners of the property. A warrant was sworn out before Justice R. G. Cook, and the preliminary examination came off at once. Martin was bound over for the District Court, while Tilghman was discharged. Harry E. Gryden defended Tilghman, Martin having no counsel. Martin has since employed Gryden who has sued out a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Peters, which will be heard on the 30th. What the result will be, cannot at present be told, but the chances are decidedly in favor of Martin's discharge."

Obviously, there was no repute involved in such goings on (in fairness to Bill Tilghman it must be mentioned there was a character named *Tilman,* who may have been the man the law was after). Add Tilghman to our tally, even though later in 1878 he was an *untitled* member of a posse that captured Jim Kennedy, the man responsible for the death of the entertainer, Dora Hand.

Bat Masterson.

Masterson was in and out of Dodge in its early days, but was by no means considered a gunfighter. His associates knew him as a buffalo hunter (he participated in one of the most famous fights between white men and Indians, the Battle of Adobe Walls) and civilian scout for the Army. During 1876 he was supposed to have killed a Sgt. King over a woman at Sweetwater, Texas. On June 6, 1877, Bat took part in a rather one-sided brawl at Dodge. The *Times* reported on June 9:

"THE GANG CORRALED.

"THE OPENING OF THE CATTLE TRADE CELEBRATED IN THE DOG HOUSE.

"Bobby Gill (Robert Gilmore) done it again. Last Wednesday was a lively day for Dodge. Two hundred cattle men in the city; the gang in good shape for business; merchants happy, and money flooding the city, is a condition of affairs that could not continue in Dodge very long without an eruption, and that is the way it was last Wednesday. Robert Gilmore was making a talk for himself in a rather emphatic manner, to which Marshal Deger took exceptions, and started for the dog house with him. Bobby walked very leisurely — so much so that Larry (the marshal) felt it necessary to administer a few paternal kicks in the rear.

This act was soon interrupted by Bat Masterson, who wound his arm affectionately around the Marshal's neck and let the prisoner escape. Deger then grappled with Bat, at the same time calling upon the bystanders to take the offender's gun and assist in the arrest. Joe Mason appeared upon the scene at this critical moment and took the gun. But Masterson would not surrender yet, and came near getting hold of a pistol from among several which were strewed around over the sidewalk, but half a dozen Texas men came to the Marshal's aid and gave him a chance to draw his gun and beat Bat over the head until blood flew upon Joe Mason so that he kicked, and warded off the blows with his arm. Bat Masterson seemed possessed of extraordinary strength, and every inch of the way was closely contested, but the city dungeon was reached at last, and in he went ..."

Masterson first put on a badge when be became under sheriff of Ford County in the summer of 1877. His susequent service as a lawman — like Tilghman's — is history. The point being that at the time Bat's peace officer duties began Ned Buntline was at his home in Stamford, New York, nursing the gout.

Wyatt Earp.

Now we come to the man upon whom this whole business seems to hinge. Without a moment's hesitation we can add him to the list! A few newspaper items are all that is needed. From April, 1875 to April, 1876, Wyatt was on the police force, but at Wichita, Kansas, not at

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Oklahoma State Historical Society

A retouched version of the group photo wherein the figure of William M. Tilghman has been substituted for Petillon. Curiously a picture of Tilghman in his later years was used when in fact he was probably one of the youngest of the eight men pictured.

Dodge. Ironically, the following, which appeared in the Wichita *Beacon* for January 12, 1876, is like something one would expect to find in Buntline's writings, but in a farce rather than an epic:

"Last Sunday night while policeman Erp (sic) was sitting with two or three others in the back room of the Custom House saloon, his revolver slipped from its holster and in falling to the floor the hammer which was resting on the cap, is supposed to have struck the chair, causing a discharge of the barrels. The ball passed through his coat, struck the north wall then glanced off and passed out through the ceiling. It was a narrow escape and the occurrence got up a lively stampede from the room. One of the demoralized was under the impression that some one had fired through the window from the outside."

Earp became a Dodge City lawman for the *first* time in May, 1876. The *Ford County Globe,* in its issue of May 14, 1878, voiced approval when he was again appointed:

"Wyatt Earp, one of the most efficient officers Dodge ever had, has just returned from Fort Worth, Texas. He was immediately appointed Asst. Marshal, by our City dads, much to their credit."

What these five men did in later years is not relevant in examining the tale of the Buntline Special. Ned Buntline could not have been in Dodge City — if he was ever there at all — later than 1875. In that era none of the five were renowned, although Masterson was a local notable of sorts.

If anyone still has any doubt concerning Wyatt Earp's lack of eminence and the non-existence of the Buntline Special, I call their attention to a booklet by F. Romer, put out by the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company in 1926 (fifty years after the alleged presentation of the Buntline Specials). It is titled *Makers of History, A Story of the Development of the History of Our Country and the Part Played in it by the Colt.* Therein you will find mentioned almost every character we associate with the old West (including such Dodge City and Tombstone denizens as Masterson, Tilghman, Curly Bill and Ringo). It is not surprising to find Bassett and Brown missing from its pages, but Wyatt Earp? There is not a single reference to him, nor the Buntline Special!

The Colt Company will candidly tell you there is no reason to believe Ned Buntline ever made such a purchase as stated in the myth. Nevertheless, they realize the name is firmly established as an Americanism and call their long-barrelled revolvers Buntlines. Why Not? Earp and the Buntline Special have a place — albeit based on legend — in the lore of our early American West. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

George Hart Western Americana Collection.
Kansas State Historical Society Collections.

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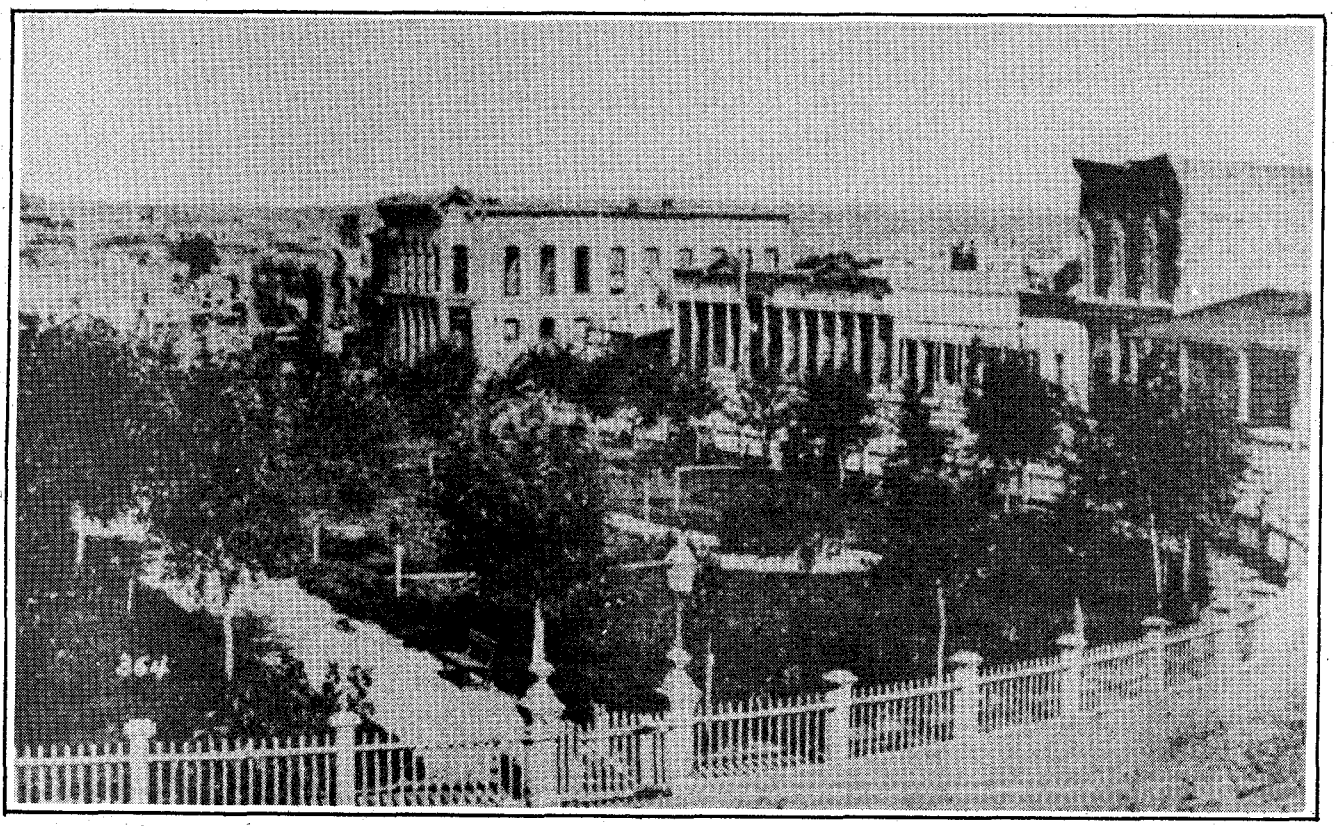
By
Maurice Kildare

NEW MEXICO'S

The newspapers called it a cold-blooded murder when Juan B. Patron was shot dead in Puerto de Luna saloon one April night in 1884 but the facts seemed to dispute that claim. Patron probably started the gunfight that ended in his own death.



Photos furnished by the author.

Las Vegas, New Mexico. Mitchell E. Maney was taken from Puerto de Luna to Las Vegas for trial.

It was a balmy, starry night when Juan B. Patron and his brother-in-law, Cresenciano Gallegos, entered the saloon connected with the general store of Governour Moore in Puerto de Luna at ten o'clock Wednesday night, April 12, 1884. Ten minutes later he lay on the floor, shot dead.

A controversy raged for the next half century about how it happened and why the twenty-nine year old young man with a great political future was killed.

New Mexico newspapers headlined the killing with, THE HONORABLE JUAN B. PATRON MURDERED BY AN UNKNOWN COWBOY, PATRON MURDERED WITHOUT ANY REASON, PATRON DID NOT KNOW DRUNKEN TEXAN WHO KILLED HIM, and so on.

The facts are that Patron, a handsome young attorney and likeable in most respects, started the senseless argument leading to his death. In the saloon and not unusual for a New Mexico territorial political big shot, he started throwing his weight around in a threatening manner.

An inoffensive cowboy named Mitchell E. Maney, generally called "Mitch", had come into the saloon after buying some clothing in the store. He stood alone at the front end of the bar when Patron and Gallegos entered, and was minding his own business.

Although newspaper accounts reported later that he was an unknown Texas cowboy, the fact is that he was known enough to enjoy a good reputation. He then worked for cattleman George C. Peacock.

Patron and Gallegos had a glass of beer. Looking around, Patron spotted the tall, lanky, brown headed cowboy. His dark eyes began sparking fire. Setting down his empty glass he rudely thrust through other customers in the place to confront Maney.

He said in a high, angry voice, "The other day when I found you on the range I told you to leave the country. Peacock has no business on grazing land that rightly belongs to us much less hiring Texas cowboy gun packers to enforce his false claims.

"Besides that, you was in the Lincoln County war on the wrong side. For the last time I am warning you to leave the country and you had better be out before the next sundown."

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PATRON KILLING

Peacock ran cattle on what was generally acknowledged to be public domain, which he had a right to do. But some sections of it were in dispute, allegedly in land grants which were then in the federal courts awaiting a decision. The Patron and several Baca families, allied with the others, had some financial interest in these claims (which they lost) and were trying to run out all angles.

Patron's reference to the Lincoln County war was a very sore spot with him. His family residing in Lincoln County at the time, had sided with the faction composed of John Chisum, A. A. McSween, J. H. Tunstall and William Bonney better known as Billy the Kid.

Patron's father had been killed during the extensive fighting between this faction and the Dolan-Murphy crowd. He had taken a hand in it himself. The bitterness engendered in the partisans on both sides lived as long as they did. Patron had accused Maney before of having been a gunswift on the Dolan-Murphy side.

Now when accosted by Patron in the saloon Maney said, "I told you before that I was not even in New Mexico during those years. Mr. Peacock pays my wages so I am going to look after his cattle. Several people have been beefing some of his stuff and if I ever catch any in the act, they're going to die right then and there just like any other thieves."

"You lay your hand on a Mexican and I'll personally see that you're hanged!" Patron shouted hotly. "You're another Texas gringo who hates Mexicans."

"Go away," Maney replied. "I'm having a drink before going back to the ranch."

"I told you twice to leave the country. Vamoose!"

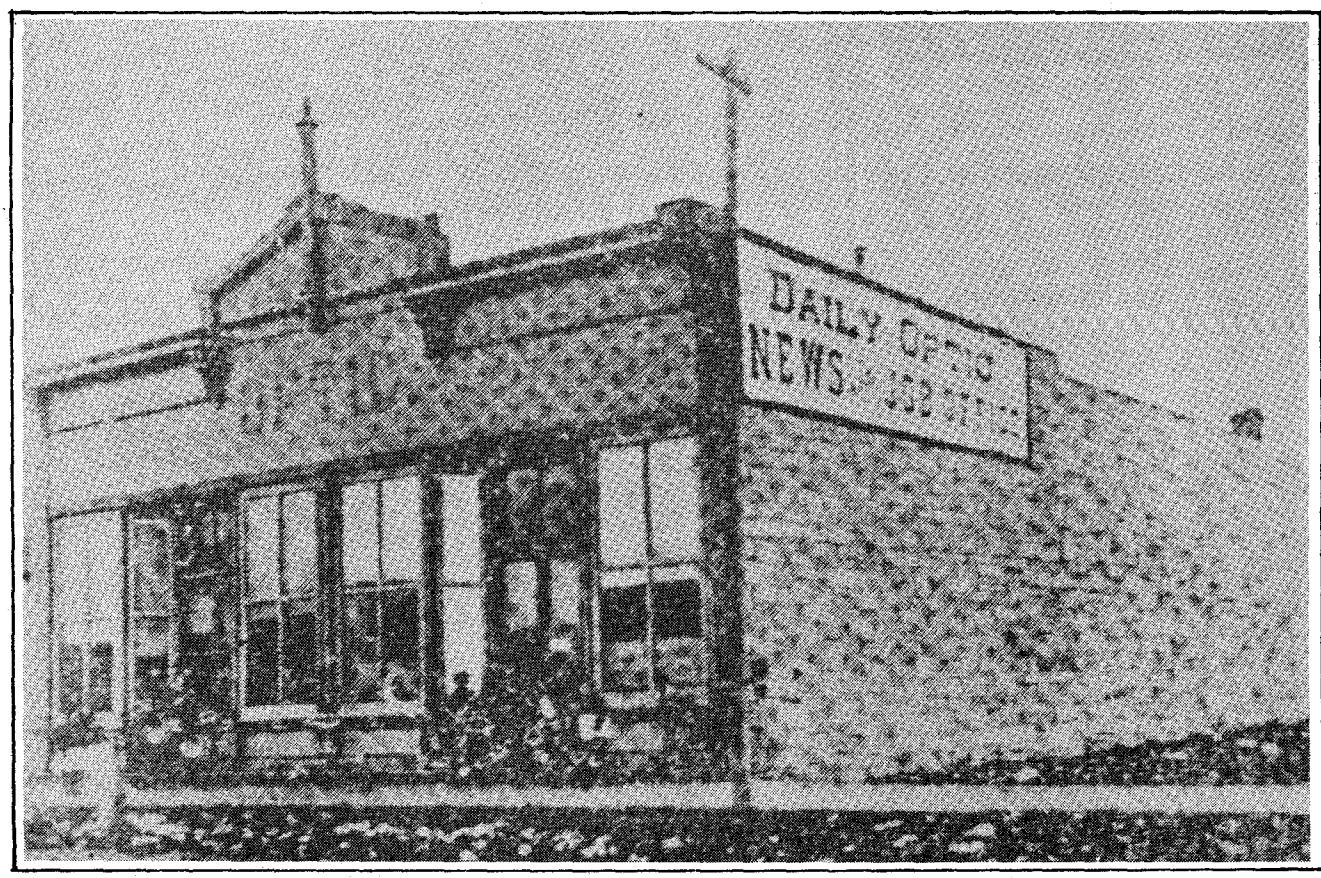
"No Mexican is ever going to scare me into doing anything, much less one like you."

"You're asking for it, you gringo son-of-a-bitch!" Patron cried. By that time he had attracted a crowd of spectators with his loud voiced argument.

Maney was startled and did not want to draw his gun despite the words. There were usually an instant fighting challenge to a Texas cowboy. Patron was an important man in the area and he was drunk. But he had little choice.

His hesitation gave Patron time to get a gun from his trouser waistband under his coat. Having fought in the Lincoln County war he considered himself real tough, a bad man to cross and supposedly feared accordingly. It was on this reputation that he was elected from Lincoln County to serve in the territorial legislature before removing to Guadalupe County.

As his sixgun came up for firing Maney grabbed it with one hand while partly clutching with him. He thus managed to stall a shot, shoved him backward and was then able to get his .44 caliber Colt from the holster.



Photos furnished by the author.

The Las Vegas DAILY OPTIC kept the public informed of all developments in the Patron murder case.

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Photos furnished by the author.

Billy, the Kid was on the side that the Patron family favored in the Lincoln County War. Maney was thought to have fought on the other side.

Only one shot crashed out. Losing his weapon as Maney retreated a couple of steps, Patron fell sideways and flopped dead on the floor.

Silence had already come to the barroom. Amid it Maney backed out of the saloon with smoking gun in hand, wary against being shot in the back. Reaching his horse he rode out of town for the Peacock ranch. On the way there he stopped at the ranch of George V. Davidson in Canyon Juan de Dios.

At the coroner's hearing and later at Maney's trial Gallegos swore that Patron said to him, "The beer has made me sleepy. Let us go home."

He also claimed not to have known Maney by sight or otherwise and that Patron had never mentioned the cowboy in his presence. He said that when they started from the bar, "This unknown cowboy threw his arms about Patron and said, "No, don't go yet. Have another drink.'"

This invitation was refused and for that Maney shot him through the heart.

Others swore in court that the *assassin* continued firing, wounding Gregorio Barrios. Then having emptied all the chambers in his gun he departed without doing any further damage.

Maney fired only one shot, a fact proven in court by his defense attorneys.

An hour after the killing men began collecting in Puerto de Luna. It was difficult for most of them to believe that Patron, the voluble young man with a bright future, had been slain. This included anglos as well as Mexican-Americans. One of the most vociferous was Miguel A. Otero of Las Vegas (later territorial governor) who held steady to the conviction that Maney was an unknown Texas cowboy who murdered Patron just for the hell of it.

Despite all the rumors and prejudiced tales related afterwards, Patron actually brought death on himself by mistaking Maney for a former enemy in the Lincoln County war. That is, if he did so. He may have hated him because he was having personal difficulties with Peacock.

The excitement in Puerto de Luna soon became intense. A mob was formed with the intention of apprehending Maney and executing summary justice. Fifty to one hundred men were quickly in saddles sashaying around the countryside trying to find him.

During this uproar Gallegos told Nicolas Griego that Many was employed by Peacock and that the cowboy had been warned by Patron ten days before to get out of the country.

Taking ten Mexicans, Griego sped towards Peacock's Double Bar P ranch. On entering the wide, low walled Canyon Juan de Dios he halted the party.

Advancing alone and on foot he went to the ramshackled barn about three o'clock in the morning. He did not know the description of Maney's horse but he found one still wet with sweat and a damp saddle blanket. Retreating, he told his men that he believed the wanted man might have stopped there on his way to the Peacock ranch.

His bunch decided to wait around instead of attacking the Davidson ranch immediately. There were several cowboys in the crew who would surely kill most of them if shooting broke out. Although not hired gunmen as Patron had claimed, most Texas cowboys were expert shots and always fought desperately.

When dawn began breaking and smoke appeared from the kitchen smoke stack Griego went in alone. His men surrounded the buildings.

On his knock Davidson opened the kitchen door and allowed him to enter. The two men knew each other well and Griego was a community leader. Maney sat at the kitchen table preparing to eat breakfast with the others. The meal was being prepared by Mrs. Davidson. Doing no talking at this stage Griego was invited to eat and did so.

Near the end of the meal he cautiously informed Davidson that his ranch was surrounded and that his posse was after Maney. Davidson, knowing how Mexicans operated supposed that there was upwards of a hundred in the surround.

The situation was bad because his wife and four children were in the house. In a general attack some of them would surely be killed or badly wounded. Maney realized their danger but Davidson refused to let him surrender without precautions.

Following breakfast he argued with Griego for some time, obtaining the promise that Maney would not be hanged on the way back to Puerto de Luna while in his custody. Griego assured him this would not happen.

Griego's promise could be overruled by the others. So Davidson took some of his cowboys along, accompanying the bunch back to Puerto de Luna to see that Maney was not strung up on the road.

That same day an inquest was held on the body of Patron. Maney was taken to the office of the Justice of the Peace Pablo Annala for the hearing.

It was reported that excited crowds bent on hanging Maney collected outside the JP office but that prominent citizens prevailed on the mob to go away and let justice take its course. It was claimed that any jury would surely find him guilty of premeditated murder and assess the death penalty.

This statement occasioned newspaper reports that he had been hired to kill Patron by political enemies. No suspects were named, except that survivors of the powerful Dolan-Murphy faction helped by territorial lawyers were behind a bought murder.

This situation was also another reason advanced for Patron's killing being a hired job. It was additionally said that he had gathered

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Photos furnished by the author.

Patron was after some men who were careless about branding other owners' cattle.

too much evidence against a gang of livestock thieves in Guadalupe County. He was not the district attorney but had a number of the stockmens' cases in which he was personally interested.

At the hearing before the JP Maney was bound over for grand jury action and held for the August term of district court without bail. Twenty men were picked for a posse to take him eighty-five miles northeast to the Las Vegas jail. It was believed that there he could be held secure against mob violence or a break-out if he tried one.

Peacock came to his defense immediately. He hired Robert Lee, J. C. Fort and the to be infamous lawyer Thomas B. Catron to defend him. Most of the money to engage counsel came from Maney's father, who was a prominent attorney in Dallas, Texas.

In an interview with a reporter of the Las Vegas *Optic* Peacock stated that he had never seen Maney drunk, or even drinking heavily. He discounted all reports that the cowboy deliberately killed Patron while drunk just to see "a Mexican fall".

He further stated that Patron had visited him at his ranch on at least five occasions threatening him with violence if he did not quit grazing livestock on a portion of the Bartolome Baca land grant. This grant had been allegedly sold to Gervacio Nolan and Joel P. Whitney in 1881. The brother of Joel Whitney, James G., was in partial possession of it and the adjoining Antonio Sandoval grant.

These two grants, which were later disallowed by the U. S. courts, covered practically all of east central New Mexico. Involved in the Baca grant claim were the two Otero families, Manuel Antonio Otero who claimed to have purchased the grant from Baca heirs in Mexico City in 1874, and his brother, Miguel Antonio. The former was the father of Miguel A. Otero, then in jail at Santa Fe for contempt of court.

The Otero and Patron families were inter-related by blood and marriage ties. The deceased Patron ran sheep on part of the grant in the northeast corner of Terrance County and in the northwest corner of Guadalupe County. This last range reached to Pintada which took in the grass range on which Peacock grazed cattle.

Patron had dispatched several bands of armed vaqueros onto this range, driving cattle from it and attempting to kill cowboys. Peacock had developed watering tanks (dirt) and put in several windmills. These were seized as well as cabins built for guards and herders to hold the watering sites.

Peacock was a hardened cattleman. He dispatched his crew of cowboys to run the interlopers out, which they did. One of them was Maney. The cattleman always believed it was due to these circumstances that the young lawyer hated the cowboy. Not only Maney but any other cowboy employed by him for he was already ready to accuse them of any overt act entering his mind.

Following the forced removal of Patron's men he got a court order prohibiting further action until a permanent injunction could be handed down against Peacock. The land grant matter still being in the U. S. courts, the injunction was not granted despite Patron's flowery oratory in two languages trying to persuade the district judge to decide in his favor.

Not having removed his cattle, Peacock continued grazing the disputed range.

An Otero had recently been killed by James G. Whitney in an argument over possession of the grant. Tempers were running high at this time because it was said that

(continued on page 74)

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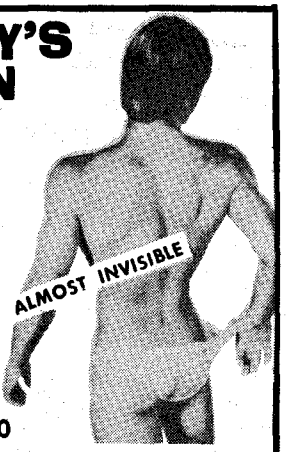
TODAY'S MAN



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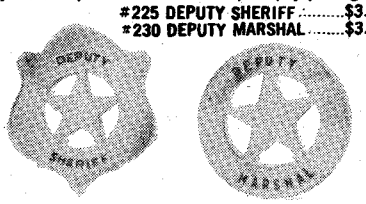

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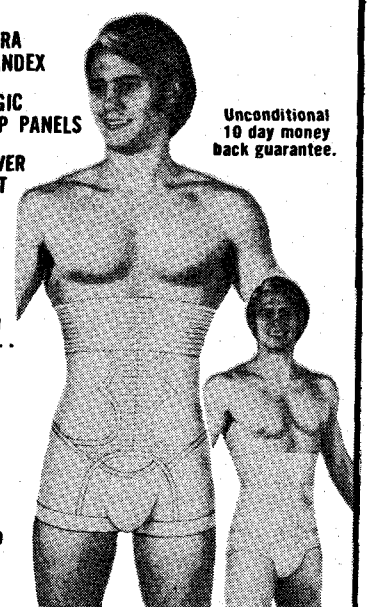

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SILVER CITY

(continued from page 23)

Former hospital, now a private residence.

Photo by Doris Cerveri

to "jest step out of the crowd 'till he'd show him how clean he could blow the top of his head clean off." Meanwhile one of the bartenders jumped up on the counter, drew out a revolver and shouted:

"I'll blow the brains out of the first man that shoots in this house."

"Many think this is fine sport," quipped the *Avalanche* editor, "but such goings on is certainly a disgrace."

When such an incident occurred, citizens hid under their houses or in prospect holes until it was over. When the excitement died down one could see heads popping up everywhere just like champagne corks.

Again, if the editor happened to be in a particularly bitter mood, he would expand on the subject of Silver City's wickedness and eloquently declare, "The people of this town are certainly distinguished, to an extent unknown elsewhere, by profaneness. A stranger might infer from the tone of popular conversation or from the exclamation of excited individuals, that we acknowledge the Almighty for no other purpose than we might have a name to swear by, or a convenient expletive to fill up the chasms of discourse."

Church services were held intermittently, there being no resident ministers. In this respect a visitor to Silver City noted once that in most mining towns he had visited on Sunday, 'the solemn echo of the tolling church bell was unheard.' There was a church, though, in Silver City, built on a patch of rocks high on a hill by the Episcopalians who sold it in 1933 to the Catholics. Today it is boarded up, but looks to be in good condition.

Sunday was usually the day when miners and merchants settled their accounts. As one wag remarked, "The merchant presents a villainous scrap of paper filled with figures; the other a long, greasy poke, full of gold dust, nuggets or gold coin.

About the Sabbath, the *Avalanche* had this to say:

"Last Sunday was an unusually lively day for Silver—boss packers, bull whackers, etc., acted as if they hadn't had anything to drink but Snake River for two months."

One of Silver City's most notorious thoroughfares was Dead Man's Alley which runs between the White Front Saloon and a butcher shop, originally the photography establishment of Hedum and Bishop. The alley was the scene of several lurid killings, one occurring in 1890. This was the year Al Meyers, a teamster, ran for election as town constable but was defeated by Dan Chrisman. When Chrisman

(continued on page 80)

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FORTS OF THE WEST

(continued from page 49)

tucky and who was one of the few friends that Yuma had. Yuma told Crittenden of his find and the two secretly made their way to the deposit in the desert. They encountered no one and were able to take about fifty pounds of the precious metal from the depression. In their haste they forgot to make a monument to their field. They returned to Tucson and had the ore assayed. It ran more than $40 to the pound!

They intended to go back and erect a monument but somehow their secret leaked out or rather the fact that they had made a rich discovery on the desert, and a veritable gold stampede occurred. But luckily the teeming mass of gold crazed hunters went to the southeast away from the mine. Still Yuma and his friend knew better than to return to the mine with the public interest at white heat. So they agreed to go about their business as usual until the hue and cry died down. Yuma went back to the desert and got his wife and went on a trading trip. He was never seen again and neither was his wife. The mysterious desert had seemingly swallowed them.

Crittenden waited in vain for Yuma to return and finally concluded that his friend had met his death out there in the desert. And even though the Apaches were on the war path Crittenden decided to go back to the mine and get more gold. He stayed at Camp Grant for several days and then took off saying that he would return to the post that night.

He did not return that night nor any night thereafter. A few days later his horse was found hobbled about ten miles from Camp Grant but there was no sign of Crittenden. He was never seen after he left the post. It was assumed that the Apaches had learned who was robbing them and that when he returned to the mine they had killed him.

Crittenden had told some of the soldiers at Camp Grant the story of Yuma and the mine and it was passed on, told and retold until it became a legend in Arizona Territory.

And so the rich mine became lost and lost it has been since Crittenden went out of Camp Grant and disappeared. Perhaps some day some lucky some one will happen upon it and tap its golden riches. Yuma and Crittenden disappeared in 1871.

After the Civil War, Fort Yuma kept its place as a vital defense post in Arizona Territory. In 1875 it was decided to erect a Federal prison in the town of Yuma. The garrison of Fort Yuma being nearby affected this decision greatly. Plus the presence of a military garrison reflected the fact that the town was surrounded by a trackless desert. So at the confluence of the Colorado and Gila Rivers on a high bluff was built the grim prison built of adobe with walls 18 feet high. At each corner of the prison fortress was a watch tower.

The grim and forbidding prison stood for 33 years and because of the terrible conditions there imposed by the intense desert heat it became known as the Hell-Hole of Arizona. During its time some of the worst bad men of the Territory were incarcerated there. Also during that time occurred several bold escape attempts and a bloody riot. One time some of the prisoners killed the guards in the towers and were running for the gates when stopped by a Gatling gun in one of the towers. The person manning the grim weapon was no less than the wife of the warden, a Mrs. Ingalls, and she prevented the escape.

During the time the Yuma Hell-Hole was in existence thirteen women prisoners were kept there. The most famous of these female prisoners was Pearl Hart, the Arizona stagecoach bandit. When she was pardoned the authorities at the prison breathed a sigh of relief for she gave them no end of trouble.

There was a famous badman sentenced to Yuma Prison who never got there, escaping while enroute, leaving a trail of blood behind him. This badman was the Apache Kid. The Kid was once the fair haired boy in the famous Al Sieber's band of Indian scouts but one day he forgot his duties and got drunk. Sieber arrested the Kid and the other scouts who had gotten drunk on the job. Sieber was upbraiding the band when someone shot him in the ankle. Nothing could convince Sieber that the culprit wasn't the Kid. He was highly instrumental in having the Kid convicted of attempted murder

(continued on page 76)

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

ENJOYED 4TH OF JULY ARTICLE

Could anyone read Stephanie Shulsinger's "FOURTH OF JULY IN THE OLD WEST" (October 1972 issue of REAL WEST) without a glow of pride and appreciation for earlier Americans? It was exciting to read of early fireworks, bull fights, rodeos and other variants of "food, fun and whiskey" celebrations. Since I've never seen a parade with Uncle Sam or a beautiful young Statue of Liberty lady, reading of them offered a vicarious thrill. Thanks and give us more history in this well documented manner.

Sincerely,

Maureen Treadwell
2144 McClinton
Placentia, California
92670

MAMMY PLEASANT'S SUCCESSOR

Dear Sirs,

I've just read your latest issue, with the "Mammy Pleasant" story, and thought you might be interested in some information not so well known. On the Red Rock Hill area of San Francisco is a large 3-story Victorian house, now being used as a boarding house. This house belonged to a girl whom Mammy Pleasant took to be her successor. It is generally believed that Mammy gave this girl an immense sum of money, part of her hidden fortune. Needless to say, the mansion has been searched on a number of occasions in an attempt to find this hoard. However, the fortune has never been found (or at least that is the general opinion).

Sometime around 1930 or so, this woman died, and in the course of cleaning up the house, a trap door was found, with a skeleton beneath it. It was believed the skeleton was that of a detective who was trying to blackmail Mammy. In addition, there was a dry well in the back yard, with a Model T stuffed in it. When the car was removed, about a ½ dozen skeletons were found in the well. Because of the embarrassment, this would have caused police officials, this was never really brought out in the newspapers.

Yours Truly,

V.M. Greene
548 Elm St.
San Bruno, California 94066

BATTLE OF WASHITA

Dear Sirs:

I have been a reader of your Real West magazine for some time and enjoy every word of it. But in the Jan. 1973 issue, Mary'n Rossen, writer of "The Glory of Gary Owen" stands to be corrected on the location of the Battle of The Washita, Nov. 27, 1878. She states that this battle between General George Armstrong Custer and his 7th. Cavalry and Chief Black Kettle was fought in Wyoming. This battle was fought in what today is Roger Mills county of western Oklahoma close to the present day city of Cheyenne Oklahoma.

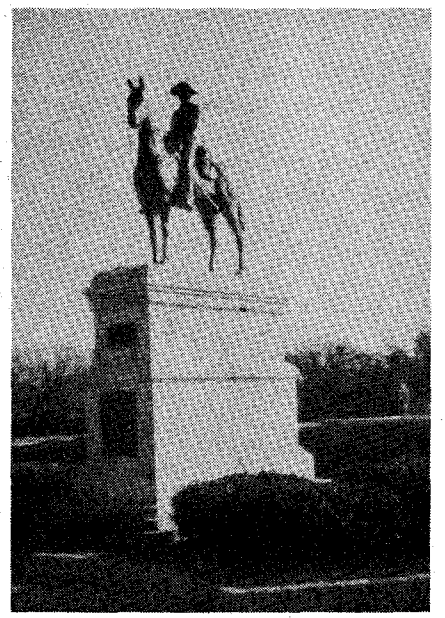
Am sending photos of the grave of Chief the last cavalry horse on the rolls of the United States Army, which is at Ft. Riley, Kansas near Manhattan, and the Trooper monument mentioned in the story.

The photograph of the original home of General Custer here at Ft. Riley is one of the old stone buildings built a century ago and still occupied by present day military.

Yours sincerely,

Fred R. Graybeal
608 Bluemont
Manhattan, Kansas. 66502

You are correct, the Battle of the Washita was fought near Cheyenne, Oklahoma, not Cheyenne, Wyoming.



Trooper Monument at Ft. Riley

CHIEF'S burial place

LIKES ARTICLES ON GHOST TOWNS AND FORTS

Partners:

I'm new to REAL WEST. I bought a lot of other western magazines but I didn't like any of them, but when I read REAL WEST, I sent away for six back issues right away. I love monster magazines but I'm NUTS about REAL WEST! I'll be reading REAL WEST a long time. How about some more articles on ghost towns and forts. Do you publish any other western magazine? If so what are their names?

Sincerely,

Keith Reamer,
34E Meyran Ave.,
Somers Point, New Jersey 08244

A new quarterly magazine called REAL WEST LIBRARY is about to reach the newsstands. Look for it.

SEEKS INFORMATION ON THOMAS G. ROGERS

Dear Sir:

I am looking for information from any reliable source about Mr. Thomas G. Rogers, one time U.S. Marshal in southeast Arizona. He was at various times deputy sheriff of Mariposa County, Arizona, a wagon train master on a trip from Texas to Southern California, an Indian agent, probably in southern California. He was also a preacher.

His public life began in the 1880's. He was a skilled tracker, reportedly following a suspect for 400 miles and apprehending him. His first wife was Mary Frances Yarnell.

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His second was named Lulu Barnes Pulham. Can anyone help?

Respectfully,

H. E. Parker
1248 Edgar Ave.
Beaumont, California
92223

REMEMBERS PARENTS DISCUSSING SITTING BULL

Dear Sirs:

I just read your story about Sitting Bull, Artist, in a recent issue of REAL WEST. It sure made me think of my father and mother. I was born in 1889 and they talked about Sitting Bull and Fort Randall so much that I can remember a lot. My father, Martin Finneran was at Fort Randall from 1881 to 1886 as a soldier in Company A of the 15th Infantry Regiment. My mother was a nursemaid for the Pratt children at Fort Randall's Post Store. That was where they met, in the post store and were married in 1887. My father went to work in this store after his discharge from the army. So you see I sure enjoyed your article. Around here if I talk too much about the past, they say you are living in the past. Thanks a lot.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Irma Derrigan,
57 Downey St.,
San Francisco, Calif.
94117

WANTS INFORMATION

Dear Sir:

I am writing you in reference to a box which was found by my husband, in California, near the Vasquez Rocks, and which was also near the Old Wells Fargo Trail. Near the lock is an emblem which has written on it C. Lihbrich (or it could be, C. Ligbrigh) Phila.

Also the date March 1852 patented. And a picture of the United States Eagle. The box is made of rough wood and pieces of tin nailed on by odd sort of nails.

I believe that the gold blocks or (bullion) as I was told they called it, was hauled in this manner to Washington.

I wish to find out what this antique is worth, and to whom should I write to find this information?

Anything you can tell me about this would be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,

Mrs. James Paulk
3310 Douglas St.
Pascagoula, Miss. 39567

WOULD LIKE ARTICLE ABOUT BRACKETTSVILLE, TEXAS

Dear Sir:

I enjoy reading your REAL WEST articles. I first read your magazine when I came West in 1967 and have been reading it ever since. I especially enjoy your articles on places that I passed through where western history was made. I would like to see an article about Brackettsville, Texas which is now a ghost town, though there are a few of the old buildings still standing.

John S. Cradosh, Box 11550349 Jones, San Francisco, Calif. 94102

Sincerely,

John S. Cradosh,
Box 11550349 Jones,
San Francisco, Calif. 94102

CORRECTS PICTURE CAPTION

Gentlemen:

In Real West, you put out a fine magazine but everyone goofs once in a while.

In the November 1972 issue on page 37, you carried a picture of Tahza, the oldest son of Cochise, from the collection of Ronald Joseph. The item below the picture is as follows "Real West Indian Portrait No. 48. Naiche. Rare photo of Apache Chief Naiche." This is in error.

Naiche was never a Chief of the Chiricahua. The hereditary Chief was Tahza and Tahza was the one that served as a scout for the army and not Naiche.

Very truly yours,

Willard K. Baker
4722 East Seneca St.
Tucson, Arizona 85712

A LETTER FROM POKER ALICE'S HOME TOWN

Dear Sir:

Having just read my first REAL WEST Magazine (November 1970), I was interested to find a story about Poker Alice. Sudbury, where she was born is just a few miles away from my town of Ipswich. Could any of your readers help me? I would like to know how the word, "Morningstar" would be spelled in Comanche and Apache. Also is it any trouble to buy post cards views of the old West. If any of your readers would like to know anything about England, they can write to me. I have a few books on the old west, but would like to buy more about gunfighters and outlaws. Hope to be reading more of your magazines as the West is more interesting than English history.

Yours sincerely,

Danny Saunders
39 Belle Vue Road,
Ipswich, Suffolk, England ●RW

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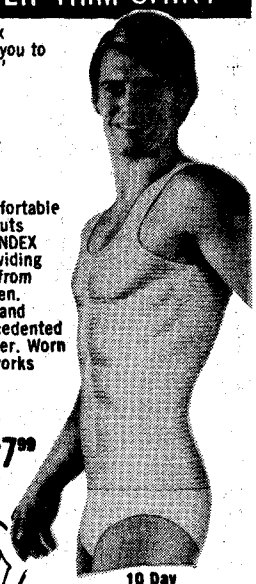

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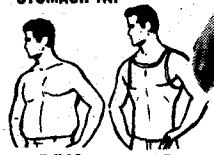

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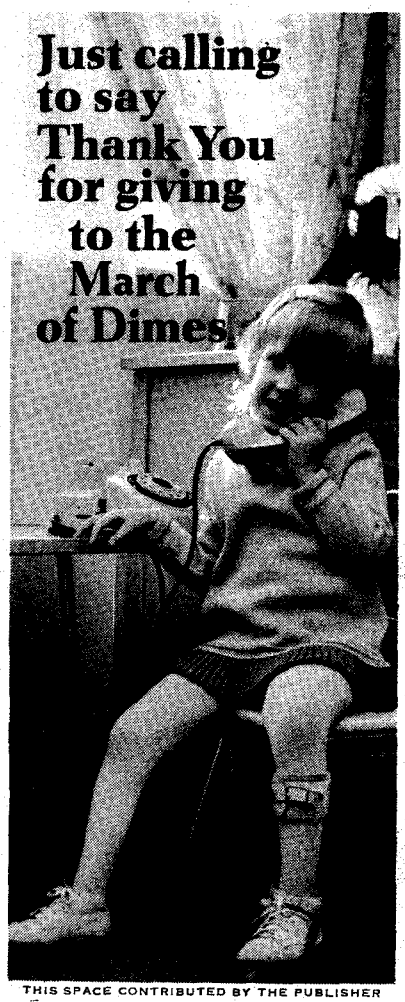

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

HYDRAULIC MINING

(continued from page 19)

Long Tom, $1; and with the hydraulic, $0.20."

The *Sacramento Weekly Union* of July 22, 1854, recognized the potential of the new process at once:

We stated yesterday that a claim at Iowa Hill had been worked into the hill by the application of hydraulic power, until it was *one hundred and twenty feet from the top of the hill to the bed rock in the claim.* With a perpendicular column of water 120 feet high, in a strong hose, of which they work two, ten men who own the claim are enabled to run off hundreds of tons of dirt daily.

So great is the force employed, that two men with pipes, by directing streams of water against the base of the high bank, will cut it away to such an extent as to cause immense slides of earth which often bring with them large trees and heavy boulders.

Harper's Magazine of April 1860 goes on:

To shovel a mass of several million tons of earth into this sluice for washing would, of course, prove a profitless job. It is now that the art of hydraulic mining is called into play, by which the labor of many men is cheaply performed and the hill torn down to its base. The operation is simply throwing an immense stream of water upon the side of the hill with hose and pipe, precisely as a fire-engine plays upon a burning building, and a few who have not witnessed it can imagine the effect.

The water is led through gutta-percha or oftener double canvas hose, and generally from a great height above the scene of operations. It is consequently thrown with such force as to eat into the hill-side as if it were made of sugar or salt. Neither man nor beast can stand for a moment against the projectile power of the hydraulic hose; they become a weapon of defense, and a miner with a hose-pipe in his hand need not fear the advance of half a dozen adversaries.

Several of these streams directed upon a hill-side bring down more earth than a hundred men with shovels and picks could throw. But the art of the miner does not rest here. It is his constant aim to undermine as well as to break down; he consequently works, in a single day, huge caverns into the hill-side with his water-batteries, until by certain indications he knows that a cave-in is about to take place.

Then everybody flies from the spot. The earth far above their heads begins to quake and crinkle, and slowly the face of the precipice topples over and falls to the earth with the noise of an avalanche. Thus the miner makes one of the simplest laws of nature subservient to his will, and hundreds of tons of earth are leveled down for washing.

The water carried the gravels to and through the extremely long sluice, completely disintegrating them and allowed the gold to lodge in the riffles. Thus men were able to work gold-bearing gravel at a profit, even when it contained only $0.30 gold per cubic yard.

In spite of the high volume of gravel which was mined by hydraulicking, the system was not really very efficient. A lot of fine gold got away in the fast moving water which poured through the long lines of sluices. The tailings were rich enough to warrant another mining, and enterprising miners working behind the hydraulickers often did fairly well. The effects of this hydraulic sluicing process were soon seen.

The entire face of the country was being changed by the removal of hill and filling up of flats and canyons. Some of the larger mountain streams of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers were filled with the deposits which constantly poured into them from the hundreds of sluices, each discharging its daily tonnage of earth. The muddy current extended the entire length of the Yuba River into the Feather River, and into the Sacramento River and its delta. Soon even San Francisco Bay was threatened with being clogged by the silt.

But without water the richest mines were not workable. Many of the most famous *placers* were discovered at elevations well above the level of the nearby water-courses. Enterprising companies created an artificial supply by diverting the mountain streams from their channels through many miles of ditches and canals. They followed the curves of the hills at proper grade by

(continued on page 72)

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STEAMBOAT

(continued from page 10)

not one of them was equal to old Steamboat. There may have been other horses who have thrown more men; but just remember this, no one was ever given the opportunity to ride Steamboat unless he was classed among the world's best."

I asked Clayton what made Steamboat worse than any other horse and he replied:

"It was his strength. He was dynamite. He turned inside out. He had his own way of bucking — he would throw his hind legs one way and his front legs another in a twisting kicking motion all his own. Everyone who rode him said the same thing."

As a final testimony, here is the record as it appeared in The Wyoming Tribune, October 14, 1914: "Old Steamboat, the worst bucker in the world was killed today. Steamboat was probably the most famous of all horses. Every rider in this and other lands during the past 15 years has been familiar with his record. No other horse could buck so hard, nor was any other outlaw possessed with such endurance or wicked resourcefulness. Fifteen years of his life was spent in combatting would-be conquerors. Hundreds of the best riders in the world tried, but none succeeded."

This famous bucker stood 15 hands high and 1,100 pounds. He was coal black except for a white star on his forehead and three white feet. His long mane and tail added extra glamor in the arena. The blood of the wild Mustang and the fast Morgan flowed in his veins. He had the muscles of a plow horse, but the speed of a Greyhound. Steamboat had breeding, stamina, strength, speed and a heart that refused to bend to human will.

This great horse was branded and castrated when he was three years old. At this time he threw his head on the ground so hard he broke a bone in his nose. From this time on, whenever he breathed hard he made a strange whistling sound. Jimmy Danks remarked, "He sounds just like a steamboat," and that is how he got his name.

It was Jimmy who spotted him as a bucker. He was breaking horses for the Foss and Langford outfit, when this black colt was run in. Jimmy reported he never rode anything like him in his life. He asked the foreman to turn him out, saying the horse was too much for him to handle.

A short time later Dunk Clark bought the black bucker for his Denver stock show. Steamboat was now on the road to a long, colorful career as King of the Buckers, a title he may never have to relinquish.

We have our buckers today such as Descent, the bucking horse of 1966, Question Mark, War Paint, Sandhill, Jesse James and Trail's End, but none of these rank as high as Steamboat. He came out of our horse population when it was at its peak. We had 500 to 1,000 horses then to every one we have now.

It must be remembered that in Steamboat's heyday the tin Lizzy, the bus, the gas tractor, the jeep, the tank, or the airplane had not made their appearance. The horse was our only means of local transportation. We farmed our ground, moved our freight, fought our battles, and policed our world with the horse. We had millions of horses to choose a bucker from, in comparison to the few thousand we have now. Steamboat was not one out of a few thousand, he was one out of several million.

For 15 years he traveled the rodeo circuit and certainly reigned as king of the roughest string. Bob Burns called him, "Wyoming's hard-hitting, straight-shooting knight of the rodeo" — a well-deserved title, for he never kicked or stomped a rider after he was thrown.

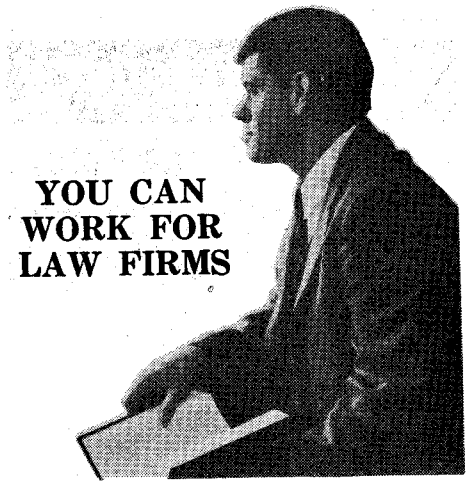
In the fall of 1914 he was injured in Salt Lake City, and was shipped back to Cheyenne, where he slipped in a box stall during a thunder storm. This accident caused injuries of a critical nature, and he was shot with the rifle made famous by the outlaw, Tom Horn. It was a 30.40 Winchester model 93 — Tom had used it to shoot settlers. Steamboat was buried in the famous Frontier Rodeo grounds at Cheyenne, Wyoming, where the buckers of today try to equal his record, but never succeed. ●RW

DUEL IN VICTORIA

(continued from page 12)

Another passenger worth mentioning was a young woman. Pale and thin, her expression one of "wretchedness and misery," she first attracted Higgins' attention one afternoon while slumped dejectedly in a chair on deck. Despite her obvious sorrow and harried appearance, she was attractive, and he had been about to approach her when pushed aside by a burly figure who, without so much as a blush, introduced himself as Liverpool Jack.

(continued on next page)



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From that moment on, Miss Bradford, as she was named, and the garrulous gambler were inseparable — at least, such was the relationship Jack tried to establish by seldom leaving her side. He did take a moment out from his attentions, however, to mention to Higgins that her mother had died but days before. The women had planned to open a boarding house in Victoria but now she would have to return to San Francisco, alone and penniless as she had been robbed of her savings while aboard.

And so it went, day after day, as the puffing *Sierra Nevada* labored northward. Upon another bright morning, the observant Higgins noticed that Miss Bradford had found a new friend, his roommate, George Sloane. When the exuberant youth told him of their meeting, George Wright cautioned him against antagonizing Liverpool Jack. But Sloane was unimpressed, replying with the suggestion that they subscribe to relieve the girl's financial embarrassment, beginning with his own donation of $20. Within 10 minutes, he had collected $100.

Then, subscription in hand, Higgins at his side, Sloane approached the girl as she sat in her usual chair, a glowering Liverpool standing behind and watching their arrival with undisguised hostility. When a stammering, blushing Sloane extended the proceeds of his campaign, after a halting explanation, Liverpool responded angrily. Grabbing the money from Sloane's hand, he threw it over the side, shouting: "Look here! This girl is not a beggar, and if she stands in need of money I have enough for both."

Outraged, Sloane replied, "You damned cad!"

As Miss Bradford threatened to faint, Liverpool lashed out with a right hook, catching Sloane squarely between — and blackening — both eyes. Staggered by the blow, Sloane stumbled backward when, shaking his head and recovering his balance, he lunged forward. Clutching Liverpool about the throat with his left hand, he pummelled him about the face with his right, a dozen pile-driving blows instantly reducing the gambler to a bloodied, semi-conscious pulp which his antagonist unceremoniously dumped into the chair hastily evacuated by the object of their struggle. At which point Higgins had helped his friend to their stateroom, where a steward attended to his blackened eyes with a piece of raw meat.

Early the next morning, the *Sierra Nevada* disgorged her motley cargo at Esquimalt. Throughout the disorganized evacuation, Higgins kept his eyes open for either Liverpool or Miss Bradford, noting in his memoirs that he fervently hoped to sight neither. The reason for his aversion to the fair young lady was not because she repelled him — quite the contrary — but because of his concern for Sloane. Higgins was convinced that if the men met again, the result would be tragic.

But afternoon arrived without the dreaded meeting coming to pass, and the relieved journalist headed for Victoria with his companions. Hours later, the tiring hike completed, they gazed upon the boom town of Victoria for the first time. Even 40 years after, Higgins had marvelled at the incredible scene of 10,000 persons, from each quarter of the globe, of every nationality and hue, teeming restlessly as they prepared to move on to the gold fields of Cariboo.

The dirty streets of town, he recalled, were "alive" with people; even the swamplands of upper Fort and Johnson Streets were crowded with tents and lean-tos, as was the forest of oak, cedar and fir where the Parliament Buildings now stand.

With Sloane's two cabin mates, Crickmer and Johns, Higgins pitched camp at the present site of the Dominion Hotel, then just a clearing in the trees. Later, at their suggestion, Sloane rejoined the adventurers and, after a comfortable night on beds of fir boughs, they built a fire. To Crickmer went the honor of cooking breakfast, the American industriously setting to work.

Minutes later, he joined his comrades in the tent. Carefully dropping the flap over the doorway, he whispered: "Boys, who do you think are our next door neighbors? Guess?"

When the others shrugged, he exclaimed that the adjoining tent was shared by none other than John Liverpool and Miss Bradford.

With an oath Sloane jumped up, vowing that if Liverpool had wronged her he would kill him. Instantly, his three older, wiser companions were on their feet and restraining him from storming into the other tent. Higgins and the others pleaded with him to forget Miss Bradford, advising him that, when he had been around more, he would come to accept such things without wonder. Slowly the youth calmed down, finally promising them that he would scrupulously avoid both the girl and Liverpool Jack.

At this precise moment, their tent flap had lifted to reveal a grinning visitor who identified himself as a neighbor, saying he had been in Victoria for all of a month. Then he was gone, after warning them to watch for a desperado from San Francisco whom he had just spotted in the vicinity: Liverpool Jack.

His friendly tip was forgotten, however, as the four finished breakfast, each deep in thought. Then they had looked about town, bought lunch, and returned to their tent about 5 to begin a supper of bacon, beans and flapjacks. During dinner, their neighbors had appeared briefly, Miss Bradford hurrying into the tent without looking or speaking.

At seven Higgins and Johns left Sloane and Crickmer to attend a minstrel show at the Star and Garter Hotel. When they emerged two hours later, they noticed an excited crowd streaming toward camp and followed, to be met by a fearful Crickmer and grim tidings. He and Sloane had been smoking their pipes beside the fire, he recounted between sobs, when Liverpool appeared with several companions. The object of their visit, Liverpool made deadly clear by challenging Sloane to a duel. As a final insult, he informed the youth that he and Miss Bradford had been married that morning.

At first Sloane refused, denying that he owed Liverpool satisfaction. The latter replied that he would brand him as a coward and, advancing to within inches of the other, spat in his face.

"No!" cried Crickmer, vainly imploring his comrade, who now shook with fury, to ignore Liverpool. Minutes later, as the gambler's companions forcefully restrained Crickmer, the two combatants squared off. Armed with a borrowed revolver, Sloane squinted into the setting sun, Liverpool having enjoyed the choice of positions. When both acknowledged readiness, a second gave the order to fire.

Two shots exploded in the stillness and Sloane pitched to the ground with a cry of agony. His shot had spun harmlessly into space, Liverpool's had found its mark in

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his heart.

By the time Higgins and Wright viewed the forlorn body, George Sloane was cold, his handsome features glazed with a fine dew. All that remained to be done was for them to arrange his burial. The coroner's inquest ruled murder but Liverpool Jack, his bride and henchmen had vanished and no trial was held.

Although Jack escaped Canadian justice, his time was running out. Upon his return to San Francisco, he made the mistake of killing a seaman, for which he was swiftly executed. Crickmer, who also returned to California immediately upon Sloane's death, later wrote Higgins that he often saw the hapless girl who had inadvertently caused the tragedy — haunting the streets at night, eyes aglow, as if possessed by an evil spirit.

So ended the case of poor George Sloane, ill-starred hero of D. W. Higgins' first adventure in Victoria. As events were to prove, time and again, as has been noted, Higgins "seemed to have the knack of meeting extraordinary people in extraordinary situations."

It was during retirement, almost half a century after his arrival in Victoria, that Higgins recounted many of his exciting tales in a series of articles in the Victoria *Colonist,* then in book form. Never had he missed a chance to record some curious twist of speech, an acquaintance's description, the oftimes hilarious little incidents which had made frontier life anything but dull for a newsman. As a result of his labors, modern-day historians enjoy a unique opportunity of knowing life as it really was in pioneer British Columbia: the forgotten men and women who helped to carve a province from rugged wilderness. Statistics, Higgins left to others. His concern lay in the people about him, their triumphs and tragedies.

In short, the pioneers Higgins has sketched are full-blooded people in living color. Like a master playwright, he brings them to life once again so that, today, a century afterward, his readers can know them personally. His magic pen has immortalized such fascinating characters as Terrible Jim McLaughlin, Yale's "terror of the tenderloins"; Caledonia Collins; Happy Tom; Captain John; Victoria's "haunted man," tragic George Sloane — and so many, many others. ●**RW**

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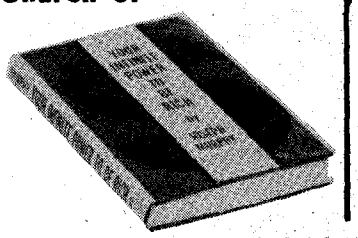

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(1) how numerous people make use of a certain formula for paying bills with marvelous results (p. 37)

(2) how a poverty-stricken couple received $10,000 "out of the blue" in response to their request (p. 25)

(3) how a man was able to triple his income in three months with a certain 28-word prayer that takes only ten seconds to repeat (p. 98)

(4) how L.T. used a one sentence prayer to rise from a job as an office boy to the owner of a 50 million dollar company (p. 178)

. . . or explain any one of the scores of wonderful things that happened to people who used Dr. Murphy's prayer techniques!

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● On page 24, you'll read of a woman out of work, trying to support three children, with the bills piling up rapidly. No sooner did she utilize a single prayer given to her by Dr. Murphy than a surprise gift of $5,000 in cash came out of the blue, from an almost forgotten relative she had not seen for 15 years!

● On page 98, you'll discover how a working man TRIPLED his income in just three months, through the power of a certain prayer. This prayer contains 28 words. It takes only ten seconds to repeat. You will find this prayer given word for word in the book.

● On page 109, you'll read the true story of Maria, a little 8-year-old Spanish girl in New York, who wanted nothing in all the world more than a new bicycle. Her parents could not afford such a gift, but Dr. Murphy, who was then her next-door neighbor taught her how to Ask . . . and her prayer was answered . . . she got her brand-new bicycle ONE DAY LATER.

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JACK LONDON

(continued from page 15)

Another Mountie came upon three men fighting over a canoe paddle. They were splitting up, and there were four paddles. He suggested the same solution that had worked in the frying pan caper, and the three men agreed. They stood there on the river bank, passively watching the offending fourth paddle sail down the river untouched.

When one pair of former partners decided to split up, instead of dividing their goods in a logical way, they cut everything in half, including their flour sacks. Each departed, leaving a trail of flour behind. Split-Up Island was the scene of some very strange dramas.

The freeze was still not complete, so Jack and some of his partners decided to go by river down to Dawson, and later to walk back over the ice. On October 16, they set out, but when they arrived in the boom town, they found it starving and inhospitable. However, Jack stayed around for about six weeks, frequenting the saloons, talking, and listening to everyone who had a story to tell. He always had a ready smile, an argument, and on little provocation, could be drawn into a fight. Here is a description of him by a man who met him in Dawson at that time:

"I remember him as a muscular youth of little more than average stature, with a weather-beaten countenance in which a healthy colour showed, and a shock of yellow hair, customarily unkempt and in keeping with his usual slovenly appearance. It seemed to me that whenever I saw him at the bar he was always in conversation with some veteran sourdough or noted character in the life of Dawson. And how he did talk."

On December 7, Jack and Thompson returned on foot to the cabin on Split-Up Island, a five-day trek through the frozen wilderness. November 29 had seen the temperature fall to 67° below zero. Jack must have gathered plenty of first-hand information on this trip for his great classic story, "To Build a Fire."

Life on the island was reasonably comfortable. There were many other argonauts there, occupying all the other cabins, which had originally been built by the Alaska Commercial Company. There was plenty of good conversation, too, as the settlement included a judge, a doctor, and several seasoned adventurers. One of the latter, named Stevens, had brought along the only woman on the island, a jaded redhead who was living with him. She was obviously attracted to Jack, whose hard experiences in the school of life were belied by a frank, open grin and clear blue eyes. Stevens could see which way the wind was blowing, so one day when Jack was visiting their cabin, he invited him out for a demonstration of "straight shooting." He then fired ten quick shots into the center of a small tin marker on a tree. Jack London got the message alright, and from that day on, he never looked twice at "Mrs. Stevens".

The winter wore away slowly. Jack was glad he had brought along some favorite books to read, including Milton's PARADISE LOST and Darwin's THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES. However, with candles costing $1.50 each, reading was a luxury in the constant twilight or darkness, except by fire-light. Visitors came by often, and many of them later remembered the young man sitting on his bunk, whisking a curl back from his forehead as he spoke earnestly in a rather soft voice with a slight lisp about all sorts of things.

After awhile, Jack fell out with his cabin mates, one of whom later complained that London "never done a tap of work," and moved in with some new friends. But wherever he was, his cabin was the life of the camp. He alone never seemed to be bored by the endless monotony of the days of waiting until the ice would crack, and life could begin again.

There were things to do, of course. The men played cards, talked, and sang, and looked forward to their meals, although these often consisted of nothing more than the Three B's of the Klondike: Bread, Beans, and Bacon.

There was also the necessity of keeping the fire going, as it stood literally between life and death, and the men had to chip the ice off the inside of the cabin constantly. The moisture from their breath would freeze on the walls.

Jack became good friends with one "Doc" Harvey, a surgeon with a drinking problem, who was dubbed "Old Thousand and One Nights" Harvey, because he told so many tall tales. When the ice finally broke up, Jack and Harvey left together for Dawson.

Some time during his stay in Dawson, Jack London filed a claim, for "placer mining claim No. 54 on the Left Fork ascending Henderson Creek." However, as he never worked it, the claim was forfeited to the Crown. A miner by the name of Ritchie tried to work it in 1901, but it was soon abandoned. It may be that London intended to mine it, but was unable to do so because of a serious case of scurvy that had struck him while he was still on the island. The lop-sided gold-seeker's diet caused scurvy to become epidemic in all the northern gold rushes, and because of the lack of proper foods available, many died of it. During that one winter in Dawson, all the gold in Eldorado, one of the Territory's richest claims, could not have bought one fresh green vegetable or a single balanced meal, because not enough food had come in before the freeze.

With the help of Father William Judge, a Jesuit priest who had set up the only hospital in Dawson, Jack London recovered his health enough to start thinking about going home. He realized that life in the Klondike was not for him, but he wanted to return to California by a different route, down the Yukon to the sea. It would be less strenuous, and add to the variety of his adventures.

So with two new partners, he bought a small open boat from an emigrant who had just arrived on it, and set sail down the Yukon, pooling such provisions as they could scrape together, and the remnants of their money. Traveling six miles an hour with the current, the men smoked, talked, and loafed, with Jack steering. The enforced rest and the fresh air buoyed up his sagging health. The travelers bought new provisions in every settlement that had any. The Indians traded them "Beautiful king salmon, cool, firm flesh, fresh from icy Yukon," as Jack wrote in the notebook he had begun to keep, and a few raw potatoes were considered a real find.

Further down the river, in the Yukon flats, there were dozens of eggs waiting to be picked up everywhere, as this mosquito-infested, swampy area was a great nesting place for countless birds.

Finally they arrived in St.

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Michael, where Jack got a job as a stoker on a ship bound for British Columbia. From there on he made his way with difficulty, as he was flat broke. He later wrote:

"I brought nothing back from the Klondike but my scurvy."

But in 1903, after five more years of heartbreak and disappointment, THE CALL OF THE WILD was published, and made him famous. The long struggle upward was over.

Of Jack London's later years, of his notorious and rather sordid personal life, his widely publicized, tangled financial affairs, and his tragic death by suicide at the age of only 40, little is worth the telling. Despite his brilliant success, which earned him a million dollars, a trip around the world in his own boat, the SNARK, and fulfillment of his dream of owning a big California ranch, his latter days were empty, and ended in bitter disillusionment.

His trip to the Yukon Territory was probably the high point in Jack London's life, except for the triumphs that directly resulted from the experience. He acknowledged its importance in no uncertain terms, soon after his great success was assured, when he wrote:

"It was in the Klondike I found myself. There nobody talks. Everybody thinks. You get your true perspective. I got mine."

Most of Jack London's greatest work came back with him out of the Klondike in 1898. Let him be remembered for those wonderful stories, such vivid pictures of an exciting moment in western history, and treasures of enduring value.

●RW

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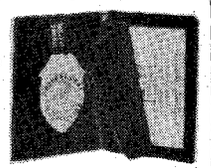

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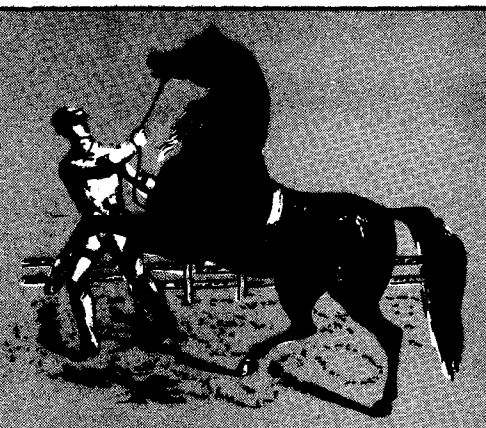
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

SIOUX REFUSED TO SIGN TREATY

The solemn conference at the Standing Rock Agency, in Dakota, came to an ignominious end on the 31st of July by the positive refusal of the Sioux to sign away their lands. The eloquence of the Commissioners and the threatening language of the chairman, Pratt, were equally wasted. The Indian chiefs had held a conference the night before, and had unanimously sworn by the Great Spirit that they would sign no paper offered them. It is impossible not to commend their spirit and their good sense. They have been taught by their own experience, as well as by their observation of what has happened to other tribes, that the white man is not to be trusted; and every right-minded American must say, at whatever cost to his national pride, that the red men do well in holding the Government to its plighted faith, according to the bond.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 11, 1888

TEMPERANCE IN LEAVENWORTH

The hotel-keepers in the City of Leavenworth, Kansas threaten to close their doors, claiming that they cannot run their business profitably unless allowed to sell liquors.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 15, 1888

SPOTTED TAIL TO BE REPLACED

Spotted Tail, the Indian chief, has removed his children from the training-school, and the tribe have asked the President to depose him and appoint a new chief.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 7, 1880

"BAD LANDS" OF MINNESOTA

The so-called Bad Lands of Minnesota turn out to be very good land, and settlers are raising first-rate crops this season. A branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad is penetrating the region, which is being rapidly settled.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 7, 1880

CHIEF JOSEPH A CLERGYMAN?

Chief Joseph of the Oka (Canada) Indians, is quite a scholar. He has recently been ordained a clergyman. He has already translated the four gospels from the French into the Iroquois language, and hopes to complete the translation of the remainder of the New Testament during the year.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 7, 1880

UTES SIGN TREATY

The Utes have at length been constrained, by menace and intimidation, to sign the treaty ratified at the last session of Congress, under which they are to be removed from their reservation to agricultural lands in Colorado and Utah. They have objected to the removal because they are essentially a mountain tribe and abhor agricultural pursuits, and for the further reason, as they allege, that the lands to which they are to be sent are worthless. But greedy speculators covet the rich lands the tribe now occupies, and so the Government compels compliance with its demands. It may yet find it necessary to send troops to kill off a portion of the Utes who still hold out, in order to make way for the prospectors whose lustful eyes are fixed on the White River country.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 21, 1880

LORD GORDON-GORDON IN PRISON

His Lordship Gordon-Gordon, who fled to the Rocky Mountains a few weeks ago, was captured near Fort Garry, and is now in prison in Winnipeg.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 4, 1873

SIOUX CHIEFS TO VISIT WASHINGTON

The Sioux Indian Chiefs will visit Washington to confer with the President in reference to the Land Bill. They ask that the Government buy the land outright at fifty cents an acre, and they do not care what the Government sells it for. This would take $5,500,000. Some of the land could be sold for $1.25 an acre, while some of it could not be sold at all. The Government would favor the purchases on these terms, but proposes to make the payments as fast as the lands are sold.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 13, 1888

CIVIL WAR GENERALS TRAVELING IN THE WEST

General Grant recently visited New Mexico, having public receptions at Santa Fe and elsewhere.

General Sherman is on a visit to Manitoba, where he has been cordially received and hospitably entertained.

MASSACRES IN NEW MEXICO

Dispatches from New Mexico state that Cook's Canyon is full of Indians, and a number of massacres are reported. Five bodies have already been found in the canyon.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 19, 1880

SURRENDER OF HOSTILE SIOUX

On Monday, June 14, a body of five hundred of Sitting Bull's Sioux surrendered at Fort Keogh to General Miles. They came from the British possessions, where starvation for the tribe seems impending. These are the results of General Miles' work for the past four years. He has fought them when necessary, has avoided it when unnecessary, treating them humanely when they had surrendered — a fact which the Sioux now appreciate. They declined to surrender except to his force at Keogh. The Sioux who surrendered in 1877

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under his terms, and who have been under his supervision since, are prosperous and contented. Their fair treatment no doubt led to the latter surrender, and will probably tend to the ultimate surrender to him of thousands of the once hostile Sioux.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
July 31, 1880

PASO DEL NORTE CHANGES NAME TO JUAREZ

The town of Paso del Norte, in Mexico, is hereafter to be known as the City of Juarez, in honor of President Juarez, who moved the seat of government to Paso del Norte in 1865, during Maximilian's brief career as Emperor of Mexico.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 29, 1888

INDIAN SETTLEMENT IN COLORADO

The Utes of Colorado have agreed to give up the San Juan mining region, about which there has long been contentions between miners and Indians.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 4, 1873

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
July 24, 1880

INDIAN TERRITORY INVADED

The Indian Territory is reported to have been invaded by 300 men from Kansas for the purpose of establishing a colony in defiance of the authority of the Government.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
July 24, 1880

RED CLOUD AND SPOTTED TAIL VISIT WASHINGTON

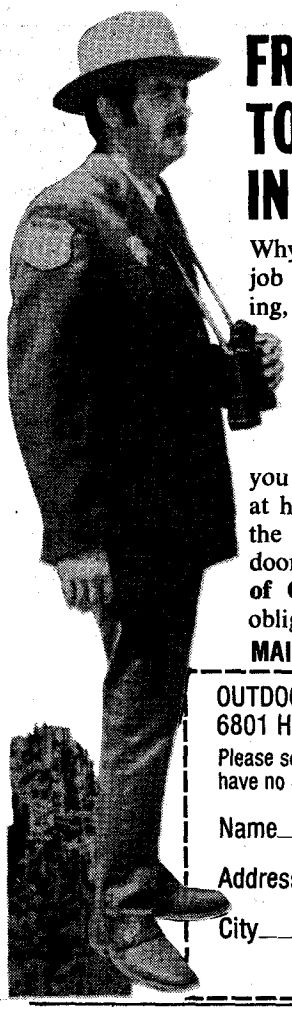
Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, with their troop of Sioux Indians, who have been on a visit to Washington, last week spent some days inspecting the Indian school at Hampton, Virginia.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 26, 1880

TEXAS GROUP TO INVADE MEXICO

Fears are entertained in Texas that a body of men known as the Grand Army of Occupation contemplate an invasion of Mexico. It is said that if the Government does not interfere, serious trouble will result.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 21, 1880 ●RW



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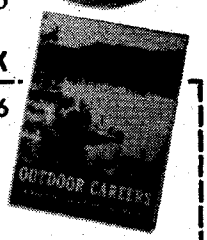

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HYDRAULIC MINING

(continued from page 64)

use of flumes supported by stout pine trestle-work. It was often necessary to go miles back into the Sierra Nevada and tap some river near its headwaters. Some of the aqueducts extended across valleys, through tunnels, and along the brow of mountains.

The water was supplied to the various mining companies by lateral branches, tapping the main trunk along its entire course. In many cases this exceeded fifty miles, and in a few it was well over a hundred. Water was sold by the miner's inch, or the amount of water which would flow through a hole one inch square during a period of ten hours, the opening being vertical and under six inches of water. All the hill diggings and hydraulic mining claims were supplied with their heavy demands for water by canals and aqueducts owned by the various water companies. In El Dorado County, for example, the South Fork Canal was 16 miles long and cost $275,000. In Calaveras County the Mokelumne Canal Companies line of flumes and ditches was 18 miles long and cost $250,000. The Tuolumne Water Company, formed to bring water to Columbia from a point 20 miles away, spent $200,00 without any success.

The ditch companies built their water systems so fast that in 1857 there were 4405 miles of canals, ditches, and flumes, constructed at a cost of $11,890,800 and in 1859 there were 5726 miles, costing $13,575,400. There were also 1,000 miles of small branch lines connecting with the main ditches. The biggest in the state in 1856 was the Eureka Canal in El Dorado County. Its main canals and branches extended over 247 miles, and they, together with the accompanying dams and reservoirs, cost $700,00.

Main ditches were usually 8 to 15 feet wide at the top, 4 to 6 feet wide at the bottom and three feet or more in depth. Water was carried across valleys and around rocky points first in the wooden flumes, which were later largely replaced by heavy iron pipes from 20 to 40 inches in diameter. In later years, after hydraulic mining was stopped, many of the canals and reservoirs became part of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company's hydro-electric system, and the Nevada Irrigation District draws its water from reservoirs and ditches of the water companies which once supplied the hydraulic mines of the Mother Lode.

This hydraulic water under pressure created devastation of unbelievable proportions. Between 1866 and 1884, the Malakoff Digging's, near North Bloomfield, California, were the scene of the biggest hydraulic mining operation in the world. They left the biggest hillside scar in all of the Gold Rush Country. The immensity of the North Bloomfield pits must be seen to be believed. Although excavated entirely by powerful jet of water, the pits compare in size with the open pit copper and iron mines which were excavated by modern mechanical means. The Malakoff pit west of North Bloomfield resembles a miniature Bryce Canyon. The soft clay and gravel walls were fluted and otherwise sculptured by erosion into "badlands" of great charm. The pastel-colored horizons in the pit gravels contrast strikingly with the deep red top soil and the dark-green backdrop of forest trees.

The amount of debris was estimated in scores of millions of cubic feet each year, and the farmers protested loudly and often violently. The heavier and coarser boulders lodged in the canyons nearby, the gravel and sand were deposited in the small valleys of the mountains and foothills, while the finer silt was carried on down the river channels. As the rivers became clogged, opposition to the hydraulic operations grew.

But still the miners continued to wash down the mountains of gravel. During seasons of heavy rainfall the coarser material was washed farther downstream and as time went on, the river beds became more and more choked with the debris from the hydraulic mines. The winter of 1862 with its torrential rains produced damaging floods and showed plainly the dangers of the unrestricted hydraulic mining. Since the filling of the river beds not only caused the surrounding land to be flooded, but it also effectively hindered all navigation, the farmer found other vocal allies for his cause against hydraulicking.

Hydraulic mining flourished for less than thirty years, then came to an abrupt and permanent end. Almost from the beginning determined efforts were made to have the lawmakers at Sacramento pass legislation prohibiting hydraulicking, on the ground that the vast amount of debris was not only hampering water transportation, but was causing the rivers to flood and ruin wide areas of fertile land. By the early 1880's this long-drawn out controversy between the mine owners and the farmers reached a stage which bordered on open warfare.

On a number of occasions the embattled farmers were suspected of resorting to direct violent action to gain their ends, including the blasting of company flumes and ditches and, on June 18, 1883, the blowing up of one of the High Sierra dams, releasing a flood of water which caused widespread destruction. Further violence was prevented by the passage in 1883 of a law drastically limiting hydraulic operations, and by a court decision the following year upholding the validity of the legislation. The statute prohibited miners from allowing the rubble washed down from the mines to flow into the streams. Any other method of disposing of the debris was impractical in most instances. All but a few of the owners suspended operations.

So, hydraulic mining ended in 1884, but it had done terrible things to the land. San Juan Ridge was resculptured by the hand of man. The natural slopes were gone, and in their place were miles of steep cliffs, badly gouged ravines, and acres of waste gravel. All trees and grass were gone, and only the naked rock stood in their place.

But, gradually nature softened the heavy-hardness of man, and people began to look at the "Diggin's" as an important historical site. As the landscape became softer, it was easier to forgive the men who created the terrible havoc on the hillside in their greed for gold. Water and wind rounded the steep slopes into spectacular minarets and pinnacles. Oxidized minerals tinted the gravels with pastel colors. Finally grass and trees grew again, and natural rain-fed lakes formed at the base of the eroded cliffs. What was once a source of embarrassment became an object of pride and wonder as a California State Historic Park.

●RW

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

He was chosen by Philip S. Sears, the sculptor, as his model for a bronze statue called "the Dreamer". At the height of his career an unfortunate hunting accident almost ended it; he received an injury that caused the loss of his right hand. To a lesser person this would have been a crushing defeat, but Wo-Peen refused to be disheartened. With slow, infinite patience, he did the impossible tormenting task of training himself to paint by use of his left hand. His paintings once again became beautiful.

FRANKLIN BELL - Choctaw, born in Mississippi. It was difficult for many Choctaws to acquire an education much beyond the elementary level in Mississippi. Franklin Bell was the first Indian to graduate from a state college in Mississippi and the first to complete public school.

Because of his race he was refused admittance to the county public school, and had a difficult time in getting an education. He could receive no help in getting into a college and so he worked his way through junior college, graduating with honors. He went on to complete his college work with the aid of the first Student Christian Fellowship scholarship awarded to an Indian.

ORANGE WALTER STARR Cherokee, born in Oklahoma. A family friend promised to send Orange Starr through college if he would study engineering but reneged when Starr decided to study medicine. Orange Starr sold his horse, mortgaged his Cherokee allotment, borrowed what else he could and started on his medical studies.

He was never sure from semester to semester if he could continue. When he did graduate he was heavily in debt. He entered the Army Medical Corps during World War I, and later went into private practice. Faith in himself and his heritage carried him through all the rough spots.

These are but a few of the many Indians who have played a part, or are playing a part, in helping young Indians to have pride in their people.

There are many who may not be well known. If you know of any Indian, man woman or child, that you feel belongs on the honor list of Indians, write to me in care of the magazine. Give the name, tribe, and place of birth along with the accomplishments of the person, and at some future time, his or her name will be included among others. ●RW

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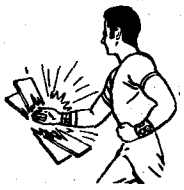

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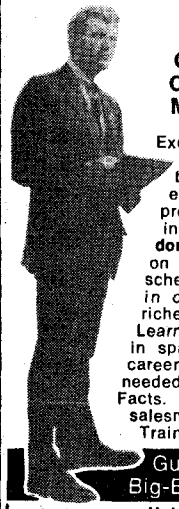

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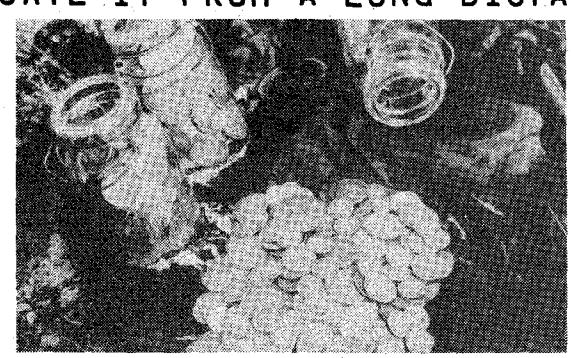

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PATRON KILLING

(continued from page 59)

an anglo could murder a New Mexican of any racial descent and get away with it (Whitney did).

Maney had not been in jail long when the citizens of Puerto de Luna became convinced that he would escape justice. More than a hundred mounted up, armed themselves heavily, and rode into Las Vegas bent on vengeance.

On reaching town they dispersed into the *tendejons* where cheap alcohol loosened their tongues. Their bragging purpose was soon revealed. This information was carried quickly to Sheriff Hilario Romero.

Forthwith he hired a dozen guards to implement his small force of deputies to protect the buggy jail, putting them around it in other buildings. Except for this resolute stand it is quite likely that Maney might have been the victim of mob rule that night.

Just before midnight the mob from Puerto de Luna approached the jail very quietly. Somehow those overly drunk had been brow-beaten into silence. The mob was allowed to get within twenty feet of the jail. Thereupon they were confronted by Romero and ordered to halt. He asked what they wanted.

"We want the gringo Maney," was the reply. "If you do not turn him over to us then we will take him!"

"He is in jail awaiting trial," Romero replied. "No one is going to take a prisoner from my custody by force. Now, you men go back to Puerto de Luna and behave yourselves."

"Not until we hang the Tejano even if we have to shed blood!"

"You hombres are loco," Romero retorted. "The cowboy is so guilty that there is no doubt of his conviction. Let the law take it's course."

The argument continued in a weakening vein. Finally Romero told them that they were actually in a trap. His extra deputies were all around them in hidden places to fire from. Many of the mob looked around uneasily and eventually, after bombastic threats, departed.

Romero was a brave man that night. A mob so large, even if a number of them fell under a hail of lead, could easily have battered the insecure jail apart to get Maney.

He came up for trial in district court December 5, 1884. The prosecution was joined by William Breeden, the territorial attorney general.

It appeared a foregone conclusion that Maney would be convicted. But attorneys fought hard to obtain an unprejudiced jury. Finally one of seven Mexican-Americans and five anglos were seated in the box.

Witnesses paraded through the court for three days but many of Maney's who were in the saloon the night Patron killed, had disappeared after receiving threats of bodily harm from the Patron and Otero families.

The jury after another three days deliberating disagreed on a verdict. Probably it was due to Gallegos' testimony. He swore at the preliminary hearing and at the trial that Maney was completely unknown to himself and Patron. But he had told Griego that the cowboy was working for Peacock and that Patron had warned him several times to leave the country. Catron hit Gallegos' two statements hard, driving his point home.

When the jury was discharged Maney was remanded to jail to await a second trial scheduled for the next month term of district court in March, 1885.

No less than Catron warned Peacock and Maney's father who came to New Mexico for the trial, "Next time we won't manage to get any anglos on the jury and the Mexicans will hang Mitch, paying no attention whatever to the evidence."

The cowman was already of the same opinion. He considered Maney not guilty of murder but that he had shot in self-defense. Patron braced him, intending to kill him and had been shot before he could do so.

Furthermore, rumors of organizing mobs were heard. It was too risky leaving Maney in jail despite the courageous Romero in the sheriff's office.

Quietly certain arrangements were made. These involved a night jailer. It is extremely doubtful that Romero was a party to what happened. He was a dedicated lawman, prejudiced neither towards Mexican-Americans or anglos.

One early, crispy February night Maney got out of jail. There was no breakout, no over-powering the jailer or anyone else. He simply walked from an unlocked cell, went outside and mounted a saddled horse waiting for him.

Waving goodbye to men unseen in the dark shadows, he headed for the Texas border.

His flight from jail was not officially discovered until the next morning when the prisoners were counted for feeding. A dozen yarns were ventured as to how he escaped. None of them were true.

One wag put it this way, "Ole Mitch just went yonder!"

An alarm was dispatched all over New Mexico to be on the lookout for him. At this time it was generally believed that he had been a Lincoln County "warrior", and that he would head for the mountains of the region to hide out with outlaw friends.

M. A. Otero, having been released from jail in Santa Fe, went to Lincoln County hunting with a party of friends. Several men in a covered wagon, all heavily armed, and a few riders accompanying it, regarded them with great suspicion.

When the party started out of Lincoln it was fired on by several of the riders. The hunters got out of there in a hurry. Having just heard of Maney's escape they imagined that he must be in the covered wagon being shielded by friends.

A few days later on return to Lincoln they learned at the general store that the riders with the wagon were central New Mexico lawmen hunting for Maney. The hunting party had been briefly mistaken as aiding his escape and that he was with them.

By that time Maney was already deep in Texas and never returned to New Mexico so far as known.● **RW**

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(continued from page 61)

and sentenced to the Yuma Hell-Hole.

The Kid and seven other convicted Apaches, along with a Mexican, were started via stagecoach, shackled and under heavy guard to the Territorial Prison. Sheriff Glenn Reynolds and a deputy by the name of Hunkydory Holmes were acting as guards for the prisoners.

The starting place had been Globe where Reynolds was sheriff. The man driving the stage was Gene Middleton. All went well until the party came to a long sandy grade a few miles past the Riverside Station. The grade was so steep that the four horses could hardly pull an empty coach up it. Reynolds ordered six of the Apaches who were handcuffed in pairs to get out and walk. The Mexican, Avott, was also ordered to walk.

Inside the stage were left the Apache kid and an Indian by the name of Hos-cal-te, shackled and handcuffed. The seven criminals, Reynolds and Hunkydory started to walk up the steep grade while Middleton drove the stage on ahead. Soon the stage rounded a bend and was out of sight. Avott walked ahead of the group. Next came Reynolds, shotgun in hand and behind him the six handcuffed Apaches. Hunkydory, also armed, brought up the rear. Holmes weighed down by his guns failed to notice that the Apaches were almost on the heels of Reynolds.

Suddenly a strident Apache yell rent the air and two of the Apaches, Pash-ten-tah and Hale, turned on Holmes and at the same time two more of the six, El-Cahn and Sayes, grabbed Reynolds. Reynolds was unable to move. Back of him Pash-ten-tah and Hale kicked and slugged Holmes into unconsciousness. The Apaches literally crushed his skull by stomping on his head. Suddenly Pash-ten-tah grabbed the deputy's rifle and sent a bullet crashing through Hunkydory's head.

Avott watched in horror the violence of the frenzied Apaches and started running up the grade to warn Middleton. El-cahn and Sayes kept a tight grip on Reynolds and disposed of him by shooting him with his own gun. The Apaches then took the keys from the sheriff's pocket and freed themselves and the others.

The Apaches then ran after the coach. Avott had in the meantime caught up with the coach and advised Middleton of the slayings. But the warning came too late as the Apaches were almost on Middleton the driver. Pash-ten-tah shot Middleton through the neck. As soon as he saw his fellow Apaches, the Kid inside the coach yelled triumphantly, so great was his joy at learning that the escape attempt had been successful, for it was his cunning brain that had planned it. The murderers quickly freed the Kid and Hos-cal-te. They left the unconscious Middleton for dead and rushed back to loot the bodies of Reynolds and Holmes. The Kid took a gold watch and chain which had Reynolds' name on it. The Kid then took charge of the group assuring them that he would lead them back to their homes. They followed him willingly into the wasteland of the desert.

An all out manhunt, the largest in the history of Arizona Territory, was started. Both the army and civilian peace officers took part. In time all the fugitives were captured but the Kid.

The hunt for the Kid increased as time marched on and rewards totalling $6000 were put on his head. Then came the report that the Apache Kid had escaped to Mexico.

In 1890 General Emilio Kosterlitsky and his mounted Rurales of Mexico were placed along the international boundary line in the Mexican state of Sonora. The General and his men killed three Apaches on a hill. On the body of one the general found the gold watch and chain of Sheriff Reynolds which was sent back to Globe.

Middleton who had recovered from his wounds knew that the Apache Kid had coveted Reynolds' watch and it was believed that the general had killed the Apache Kid. However no definite proof existed, although no more news was heard of him after the slaying of the Apaches in Sonora. In the records of the Gila County courthouse at Globe, the last official entry in case of the Apache Kid is, "whereabouts unknown." But — the Yuma Hell-Hole was cheated of its prisoner for the Apache Kid was never held there.

After the turn of the century it was decided to build another federal prison, one not so rough as the Yuma Hell-Hole with its intense heat, its reptiles and insects. In 1909 the prisoners were transferred to Florence.

In 1910 the Yuma high school burned and classes were held in the old federal prison until a new school was built. The school used the Yuma Hell-Hole until 1914. In 1941 it was converted into a museum which is open now to the public.

Some time after the westward movement began, triggered by the discovery of gold in California, one of the most flamboyant females of the old west came to Yuma. She was a huge woman over six feet tall with the colorful sobriquet of the Great Western. She had marched to the Mexican War with Taylor, being a laundress in the employ of the army, and had sweated out the entire campaign even entering Mexico with the troops. She opened a saloon in Yuma and operated it until her death in 1866. After the war she had been breveted a colonel for her bravery. She was buried with full military honors at Fort Yuma.

In December of 1874 a part of the reservation housing Fort Yuma was transferred to the Interior Department by the War Department. The fort remained active until 1885, at which time the post and depot were given up by the Army and the buildings were given to the Yuma Indian Reservation in 1892.

And so we come to the end of the dramatic story of old Fort Yuma established during the gold rush of 1849. In its day it protected travelers and hastened them west to the land of the setting sun. It acted as a bulwark against the numerous hostile Indian tribes of Arizona Territory. Truly it was an empire maker. ●**RW**

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(continued from page 34)

so no one but he and some of his friends were aware of it, and Otto Holmberg, the encumbent postmaster learned of it the hard way. Otto didn't know he was out of a job until he returned from lunch one day and found his post office gone, lock, stock, and barrel. To say Otto was flabbergasted would have been the understatement of the year, but as far as I know, he never contested its removal. I was living in the area when this happened, and in my opinion, the whole operation was a very sneaky one indeed.

Until this time, J. H. McDonald had Old Town tied up tight. However, he had no jurisdiction over the county road that wound its way through the town forming the main street. This street or county road, was the scene of a rather humorous incident centered around a Mr. L. L. Work, a banker by vocation. Mr. Work wanted very much to establish a bank in Molson, but was unable to find a building that could meet his requirements. Undaunted, Mr. Work came up with a solution that I have always considered the product of a very agile and fertile mind. His plan also had an essence of daring since he would be in a position of harassment by Mr. McDonald and county officials.

To put his plan into operation, Mr. Work built a small frame building and placed it on skids. Then he moved the building smack dab into the middle of the street and set up for business. Mr. McDonald nearly blew a fuse, but he was helpless since the bank was on county property.

In an effort to find a permanent location for the bank, Mr. Work moved the building from one location to another, being careful to stay on county land.

It didn't take Mr. Work long to discover that the moving game was not only costly, it was becoming a big pain in the neck. He had been keeping an eye on a vacant lot for some time. It was just the location he needed, but he had been unable to find the owner, or perhaps the owner didn't want to be found. At any rate, the banker decided to take possession of the lot, and made arrangements to have his building moved there. His plan didn't work out as intended. Seems as if the owner of the land got wind of Work's little scheme, so when the banker turned up with a team of horses to move the building, which was at that time, parked in front of the Tonasket Hotel, a wild melee erupted, and fists started to fly all over the place. By the time the law arrived, several black eyes, and bloody noses were very much in evidence. Some arrests were made, but when the time came for court to convene, there was a sudden shortage of witnesses.

Apart from the fact that the two towns were always fighting over one thing or another, the community as a whole did not seem to suffer too much from the constant bickering. As a matter of fact, when it became apparent that a new school was needed to take care of the ever increasing urban and nearly rural population, the farmers and citizens from both sides of the track got together and voted a bond issue. This enabled them to build a modern three story brick structure in 1914 that catered to grades from one to twelve. The school opened its doors in September 1915, and this writer was a charter student of the fourth grade. The site chosen for the school building was directly across the street from Potter Merchantile, and was centered directly between the two towns.

No one was aware of it, but prosperity was about to blow up in their faces. The mines and sawmills were working full time; grain was bringing a good price; the farmers were prospering; and Molson seemed destined to become the shopping mecca for the entire area. It was not to be however, for time was running out, and there would be no reprieve.

As I remember, the demise of Molson started in 1922. That was when the first drought hit the area. This development didn't appear to cause any great degree of concern among the farmers. Most of them had experienced dry seasons before, in Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska and points east. This would pass. Next year would see a bumper crop. But it didn't pass. 1923 was another dry year, and with no cash crops for two years, the farmers were beginning to feel the pinch. Most of them were forced to borrow against future crops, while others, using a more practical approach, borrowed on their land from the Federal Land Bank.

For the next eight years, the same conditions existed. No moisture and no crops. Slowly but surely, one by one, the small rancher was forced to auction off his stock and farm equipment and walk off his land. I attended a great many of those auctions with auctioneer Frank Mitchell, a relative by marriage.

Soon the area was spotted by myriads of deserted farm houses, decaying barns, and broken fences, and the local and federal banks were left holding the papers on thousands of acres of worthless farm lands.

This massive migration by the farmers seriously affected one other industry; the sawmills. Bereft of cash customers, Potter's sawmill, the largest in the area, ceased operations and the mill was dismantled. Others soon followed suit.

In spite of this near fatal setback, Molson refused to die. It hung on, hoping against hope that the dry spell would soon run its course. There was no relief, and the Okanogan Highlands never recovered from that terrible catastrophe. To my knowledge, the area's grain production is still far below the standards set between 1905 and 1920.

Since there was no income from the farms, sawmills or mines to bolster its economy, Molson quickly disintegrated, and by 1940 very little of the town was left standing. In 1951, when I last visited Molson, there were only five buildings still in evidence. All others had been razed and the lumber hauled away. A modern home graced the lot where once the Wallace Hotel had stood. A block away and still in very good repair stood the old Dunlap Merchantile building. A quarter of a mile south stood and still stands the brick school house. It appears to be a sentinel guarding lost memories, but it is still being used as a grade school.

This Potter Merchantile, across the street, now serves the community as a Grange Hall. The original post office building was also standing, but it was leaning badly and has probably disappeared from the scene.

Several years ago, a number of original inhabitants of Molson erected and dedicated a museum to the memory of the pioneers of the Okanogan Highlands, which, I am given to understand, has become quite a tourist attraction. ●RW

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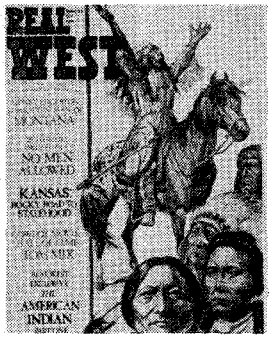

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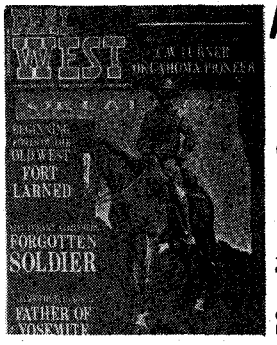

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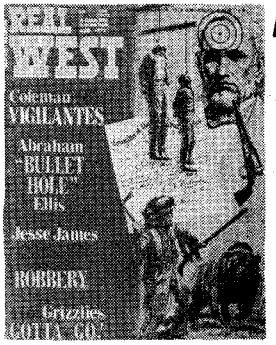

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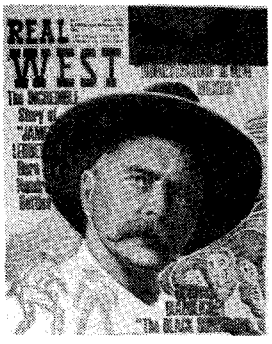

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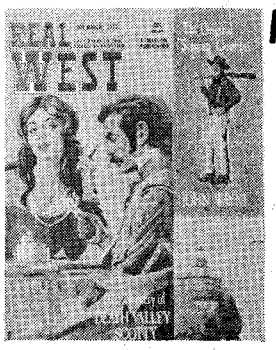

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SILVER CITY

(continued from page 60)

walked through the alley, sorehead Meyers shot him and was later indicted for murder. However, Meyers' boss hired a smart lawyer, William H. Borah, to defend him. Trial was held, resulting in a hung jury.

In 1892 a man named Koenig, employed at the White Front Saloon, asked Col. Wm. M. Dewey to come to a basement storage room for a drink. Koenig led Dewey down the alley and without warning began to shoot at him. He missed Dewey, who also pulled out a gun, aimed at Koenig and killed him. Dewey was tried and acquitted on a plea of self defense.

Over the years there were other murders and the alley seemed to be the favortie locale for dastardly deeds.

Silver City is considered one of the best preserved ghost towns in the west and is visited by thousands of tourists who take the rough, steep, one-way road to it each summer. In fact, about 50 people use the old residences every year for summer homes.

The Kiwanis Club of Payette, Idaho has labeled all the historic old buildings, the most interesting of which is the two-story, white schoolhouse. This edifice, built in 1892, has been restored by the Owyhee County Cattlemen's Association. All grades including high school were taught there. The school only experienced one problem — they just couldn't keep teachers, there were too many eligible bachelors looking for a wife.

Each summer cattle men descend on the town for an annual weekend bash and hold their meetings downstairs in the school. Upstairs is a museum filled with an excellent collection of early day relics. There is an admirable display of Chinese mementoes, a reminder of the town's 500 Chinese; a miner's corner; a cowboy's corner, Indian artifacts, ore specimens, etc.

Catching the eye is an unusual hand-made child's size coffin. On inquiring about this, it was learned that John Upham and Hank Townsend, carpenters and the town's undertakers, fashioned coffins of re-sawn lumber which was stained and built into unique pear-shaped receptacles Reportedly, gamblers and other undesirables were buried without benefit of a box.

The Oddfellows Hall, first built in 1868 as an apartment house, is still being used by Owyhee Lodge #2, who hold meetings in it twice yearly.

The cemetery, like most pioneer resting places, is interesting to visit. Many of the tombstones designate that numerous citizens were killed by Indians, died young from a communicable disease, or were killed in the Bannock Indian War.

Again, the *Avalanche* editor, who made many derogatory remarks about Indians, wrote "For over three years daring miners have been trying to develop this upper country. They have been met and surrounded by danger at all times especially from Indians."

In 1942, the last mines were shut down, and the following year the post office and telephone service were discontinued.

If ghosts are around in this quaint town they are permitted to slumber only during the long, quiet winter months. Soon as the road to Silver City is open, there is plenty of activity until the snow flies again.

●RW

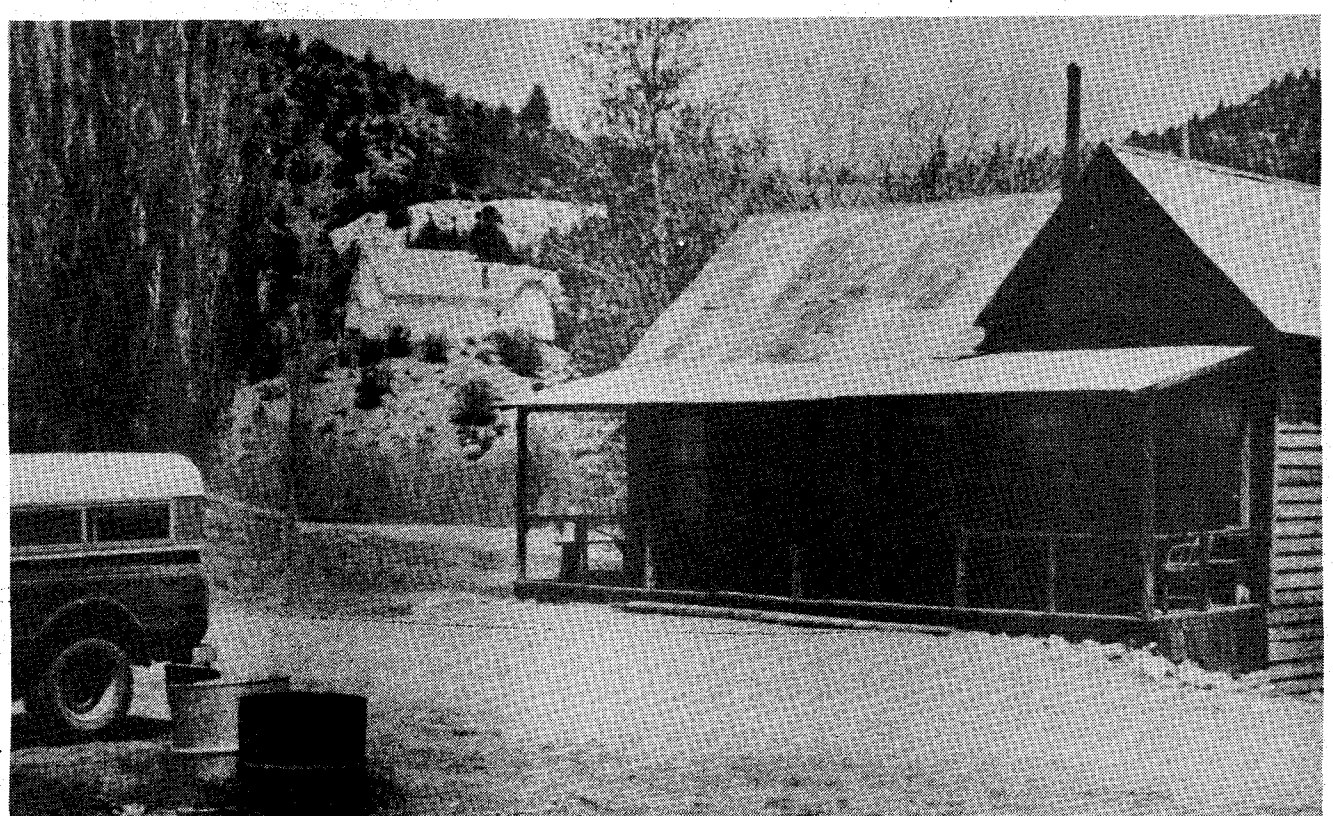

Photo by Doris Cerveri

A residence still in use during the summer months in Silver City. During the winter Silver City is quiet. But in the spring, summer residents arrive and soon a flood of tourists come to view the once boom town of Idaho's Owyhee district.

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An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

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Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

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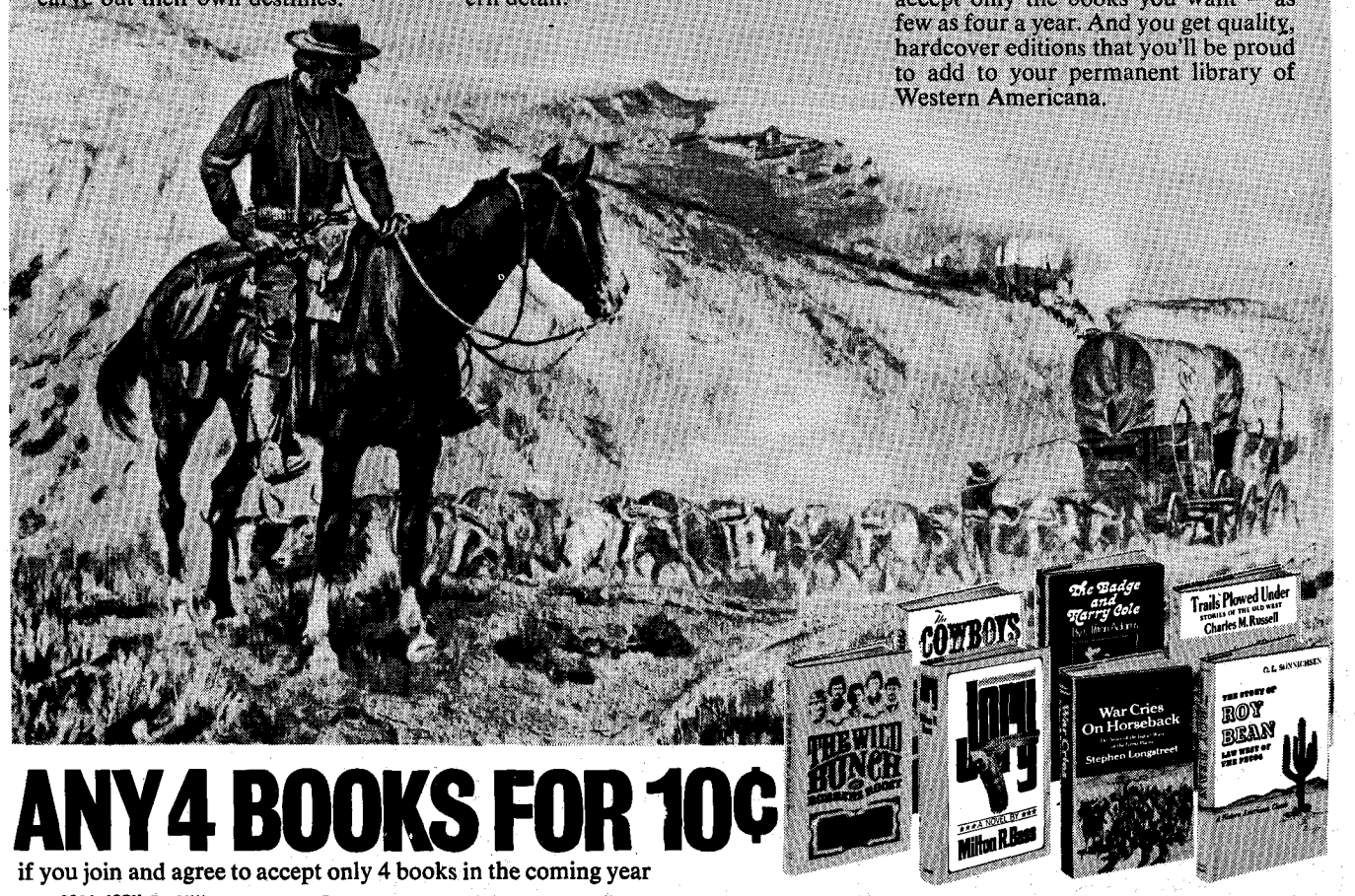

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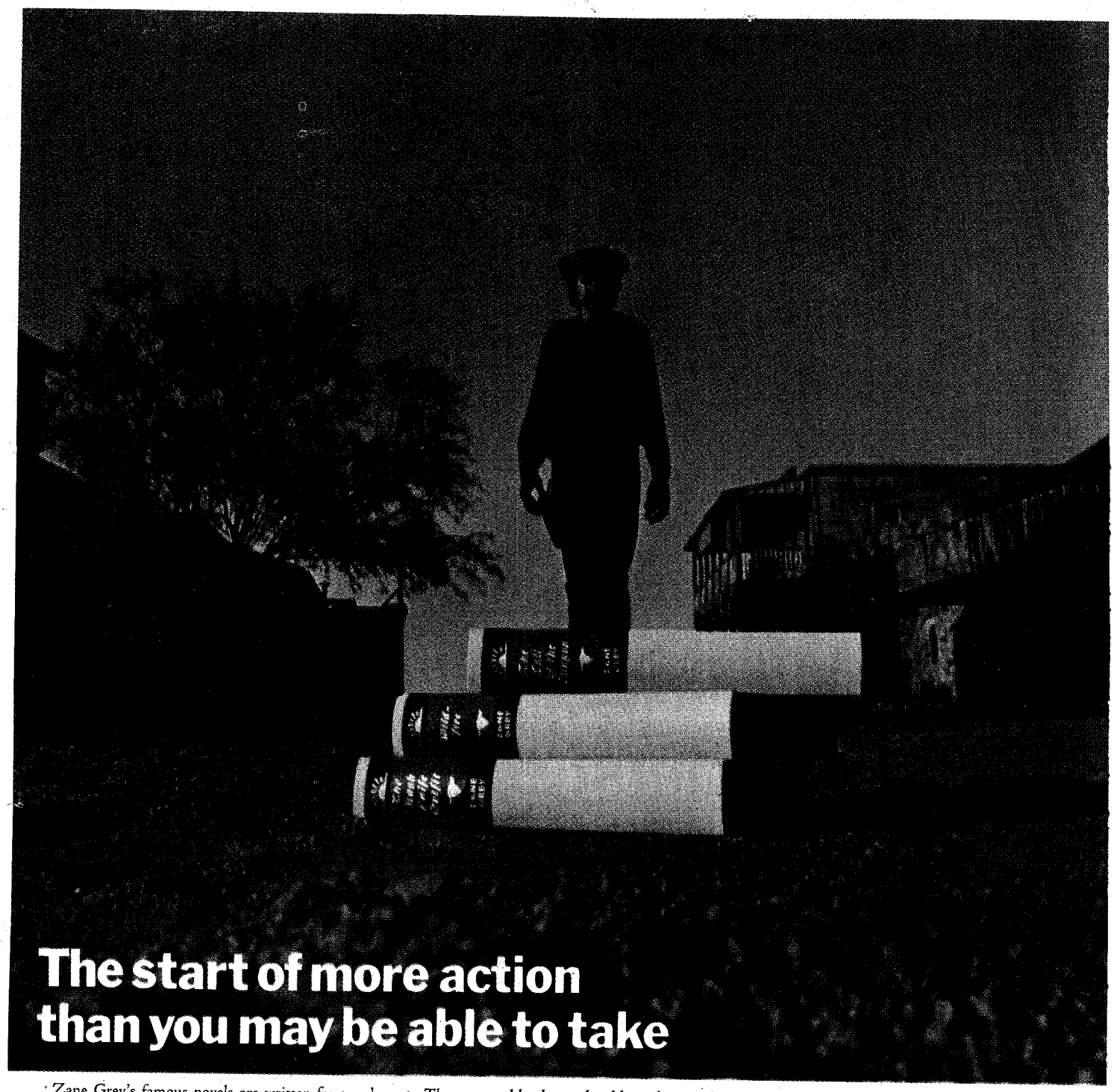

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